# MR PUNCH
# AND THE
# SERVICES

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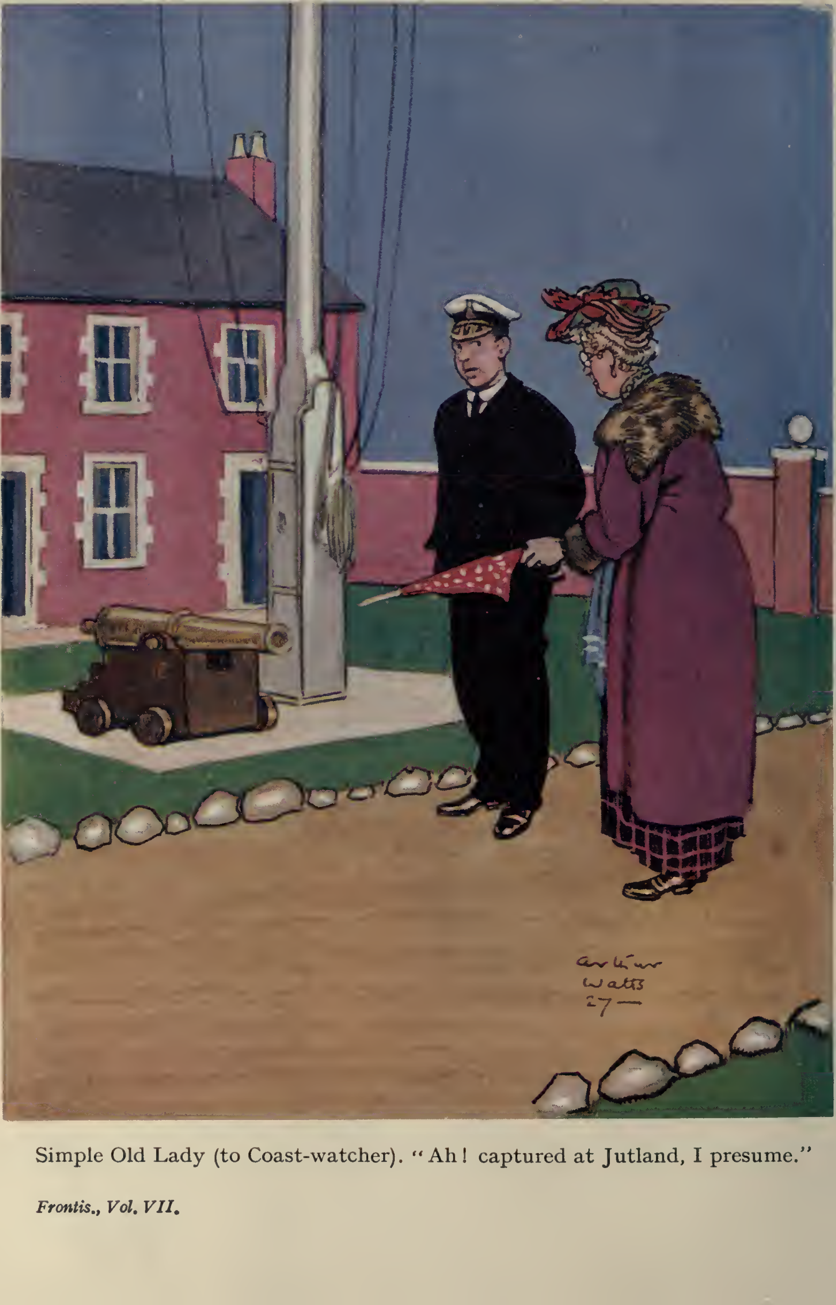
Edited by J. A. Hammerton

PRESENTING the cream of national humour contributed to "Punch" by our leading comic draughtsmen and humorous writers from the year 1900 to the present day

*VOLUME VII*

# MR. PUNCH AND THE SERVICES


Arthur
Watts
27—

Simple Old Lady (to Coast-watcher). "Ah! captured at Jutland, I presume."

*Frontis., Vol. VII.*

# MR. PUNCH AND THE SERVICES

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& Frontispiece in Colours

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ALTHOUGH ANOTHER VOLUME OF THE LIBRARY IS DEVOTED to Mr. Punch's experiences when war raged in the world, and he " joined up for the duration," it seemed well that one of the twenty should chronicle the peace-time activities and genialities of our sailors (including those of the merchant marine), our soldiers and airmen.

Early in his search for such items among Mr. Punch's store the Editor realized that his difficulty would be, not to gather a sufficiency of pictures and letterpress of the right, light brand, but to decide what should be omitted from a book that would need strong elastic covers if it were to hold all he would have wished to include. He has at least done his best to gather here only such contributions as he deems specially worth-while : mainly items that have a real bearing on the lives of men trained for the arts of war, but which are also of interest to all whose ways are those of peace.

Unit by unit, the Services would seem to be blessed with a real sense of humour, and the artists and authors whose job it has been to express that humour for the entertainment of Mr. Punch's patrons must have had a truly joyous task. Many of them have themselves been Service men, if only temporarily, and the persons or scenes they describe, according to the medium of their art, are, in the well-worn phrase, true to life. They have lived in the dug-out, the rest-billet, the camp, or the battleship, or they have sailed the seas in ocean tramps, and while doing so used their powers of observation to excellent purpose, as our pages prove.

MR. Punch divides his affection and admiration equally among the Services, and is as skilled and jovial a guide to the quarter-deck or the lower-deck as to the staff head-quarters or the quarters of men in barracks. The shipboard incidents included for our entertainment might justly claim " star " positions in the programme, for they have about them the very freshness and tang of sea-breezes, and in describing them the men who serve Mr. Punch at their writing-desks have been every whit as adroit as those who spend their working hours at their easels or drawing-boards. A special word might be said, however, for the art of Mr. Charles Grave as represented in this volume. Examples of his art appear in other sections of the Library, but it is never more telling in point or upheld by a keener humour of draughtsmanship than when applied to the men who go down to the sea in ships. Neither the Navy nor the Merchant Marine has ever had a better interpreter of its humorous side. Mr. Raven-Hill, who stands next to Mr. Grave in the number of his sketches chosen for this volume, is rather more attracted by military than by naval subjects. Both, at his hands, are endowed with the genuine qualities of humorous observation. In common with Mr. Grave's, his drawings have a humorous quality of line which makes an immediate appeal to one's risible faculty before the joke has been read.

AS the reader turns the pages of this book he, or she, will share in the workaday life of all ranks and ratings and realize anew Mr. Punch's genius for finding the bright spots and burnishing them till they shine again. As a master of satirical wit the famous little hunchback is no respecter of persons, and the general and the admiral are just as fair game for him as the rawest recruit or the greenest of ship's boys. Ashore or afloat, we are in tonic company, however, and if we learn something about the troubles and minor tribulations which come to most of our potential defenders, we learn too that, almost to a man, these defenders are as good-naturedly philosophical in peace as in war. Anyhow, Mr. Punch's merry men know how to turn a trouble into a triumph of humour, and how to endow the blustering sergeant or the ironical petty-officer with some compensating quality that makes him a positive joy.

IT should perhaps be said that, while this volume has by its very nature a special interest for members of His Majesty's Forces, former and future members, and what are legally styled " the families or dependents of such," it is intended for a much wider circle—a circle to which no age or other limit can be put, but which certainly contains within it thousands and thousands of a younger generation than that which saw the Services at work when the gods of battle were disastrously busy.

Here we see our soldiers and sailors going about their affairs, or the affairs of their comrades or shipmates, when the worst aspect of Service life is having to obey orders at personally inconvenient times. But fun can be extracted from that, and Punch, who is unofficially an admiral and a general and an air-marshal in addition to being a " Mr.," does not in the least care from what quarter fun comes, so long as it does come and its quality is good.

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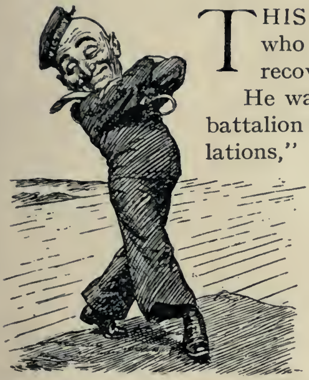
# MR. PUNCH
# AND THE SERVICES

## The New Subaltern



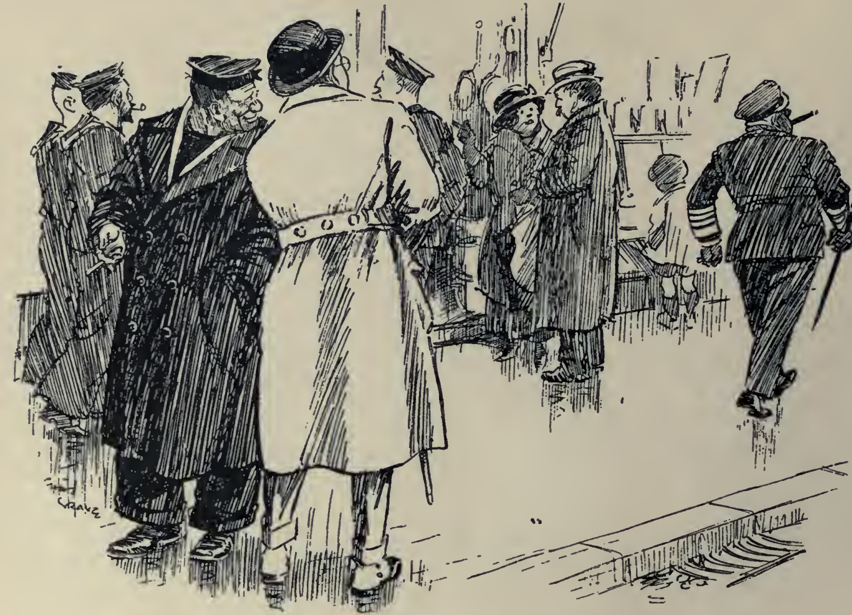
THIS is the sad story of Second-Lieutenant Swordfrog, who joined us a short while ago. He is expected to recover, but it will be a long business.

He was very conscientious. When he first joined the battalion he spent his afternoons reading up "King's Regulations," and, whatever they told him to do, that he did. Conversely, whatever they told him not to do, even if it were that he was forbidden to "fire guns at the funeral of a civilian functionary not entitled to salutes of cannon when living," he manfully restrained the impulse. He felt that he was learning. He felt that by getting to know exactly what should happen when "a vessel carrying the remains of a foreigner of high distinction arrives during saluting hours at any authorised saluting station," he was slowly making himself worthy of the single star upon each shoulder.

One afternoon he reached Para. 948 and got rather a shock. He read: "The hair of the head will be kept short. The chin and under-lip will be shaved."

He cast a glance at the suspiciously new-looking safety-razor on his dressing-table—a Christmas present from his young sister, "and please, *please* may I watch you using it the first time?" He had magnanimously granted the request, but had wished later he hadn't. He had always been led to understand that a safety-razor was one which could *not* cut you however unskilfully it was handled. Thereafter it was only brought into action on the first of the month, and even then more to mark suitably the day on which his pay came in than to rid himself of any encumbering growth.

He studied the Regulation again and caressed "his chin and under lip." He thought he could just detect—but no, it couldn't be; he had shaved only last Friday week. Ought he perhaps to run over it more frequently—say once a week instead of once a month? He searched further, but the Regulations didn't seem to lay down any particular routine to be followed. In fact, the



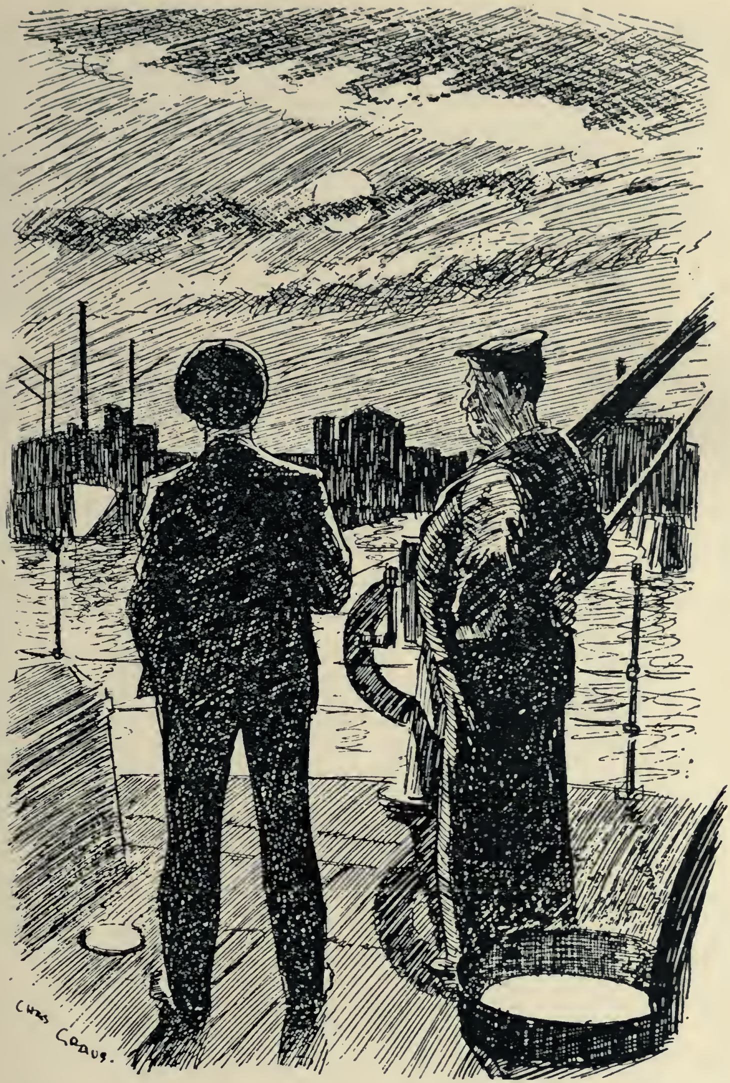
INTRODUCTION DE LUXE

STRANGER (*in Dockyard Town*). "Er—pardon me, but who is that officer?"
SAILOR. "Wot—don't you know 'im? Why, that's 'Port Wine Percy.' "

only other reference to facial hair was that " whiskers, if worn, must be of moderate length," and he was quite safe about that.

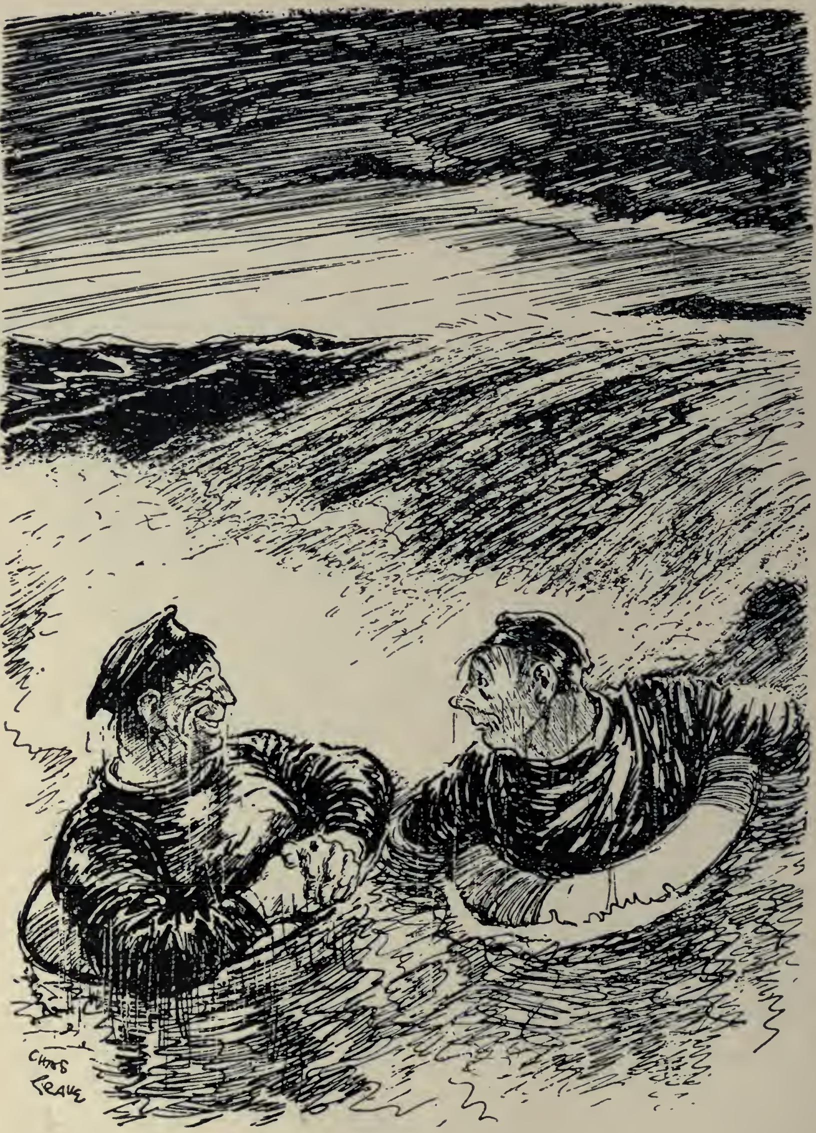
He wondered if by any chance an explanatory Army Council Instruction had been published on the question : " Shaving—Second-Lieutenants," or " Notes on Relative Smoothness for Subaltern Officers." Or in default of such an instruction perhaps the whole matter was left, like many other things in the Army, such as obtaining leave and platoon-drill, to the initiative of the junior officer. In that case he ought to shave every day ; for the private soldier was expected to do so, and no good officer should shirk anything that he expects his men to do.

He decided that he had better do the right thing. The Adjutant was rather a terrifying person and the Colonel worse, and whatever he did he must not attract their unfavourable attention at the outset of his career. Supposing —a horrible thought struck him—the Colonel were to ask when he had shaved last and he had to answer " Last Friday week, Sir " ?

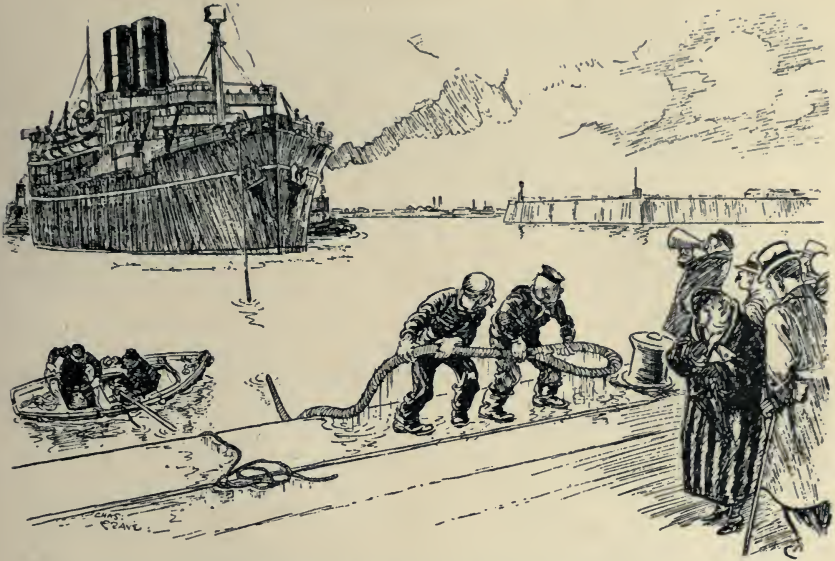


OFFICER. "When you see a moon like that, Thompson, doesn't it sometimes make you feel a little bit sentimental?"

P.O. "No, Sir, I can't say it do. The on'y time I gets sloppy now is when I've 'ad a few nice-lookin' pints o' beer."



"Well, boy, this is where skill ends an' luck begins."



LADY. "Really, Harold, is there *no* way of getting that huge ship along but by making those wretched men drag it?"

He got up, unearthed the bright razor and shaved. It was rather like running the lawn-mower over the parade-ground.

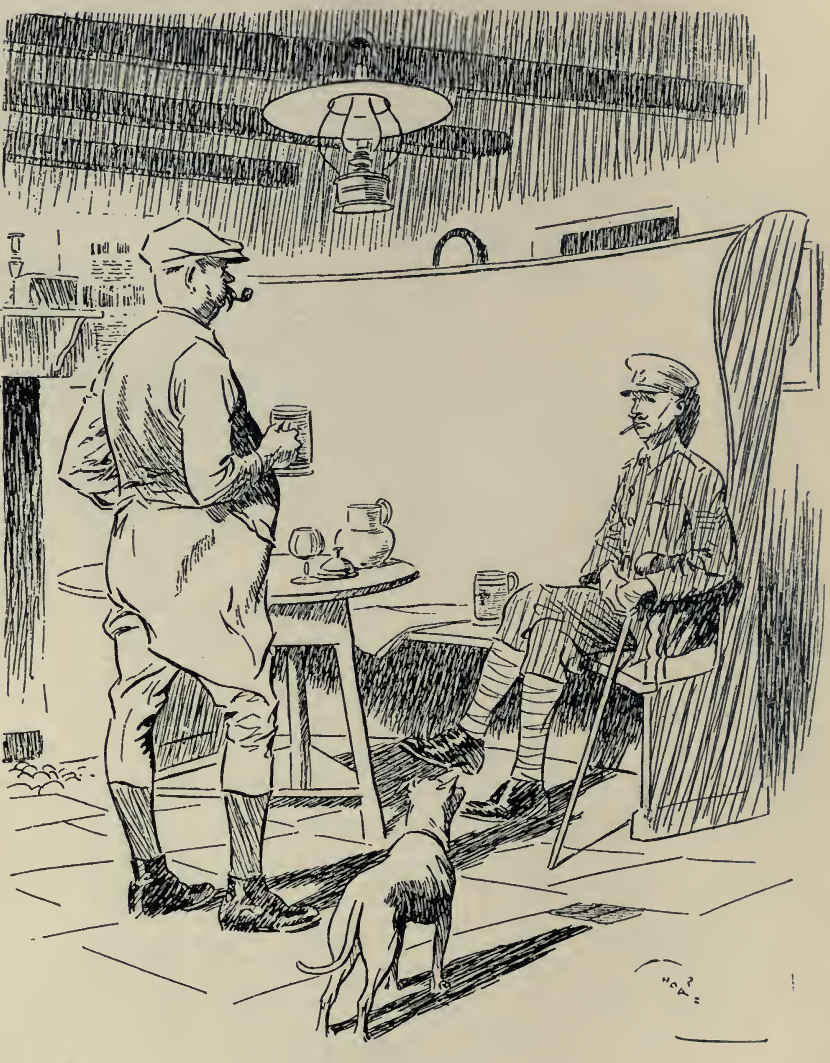
When he had finished he studied his chin carefully in the glass. He decided it was smooth enough for any Colonel. Then he turned his scrutiny to the upper lip. Quite a different matter this. His moustache was coming on finely, though he could feel it better than he could see it. It had improved this last month ; there were two on one side and three on the other now.

He threw out his chest and walked proudly out of his quarters and promptly met the Adjutant, who said, " By the way, Swordfrog, the Colonel noticed you on parade this morning."

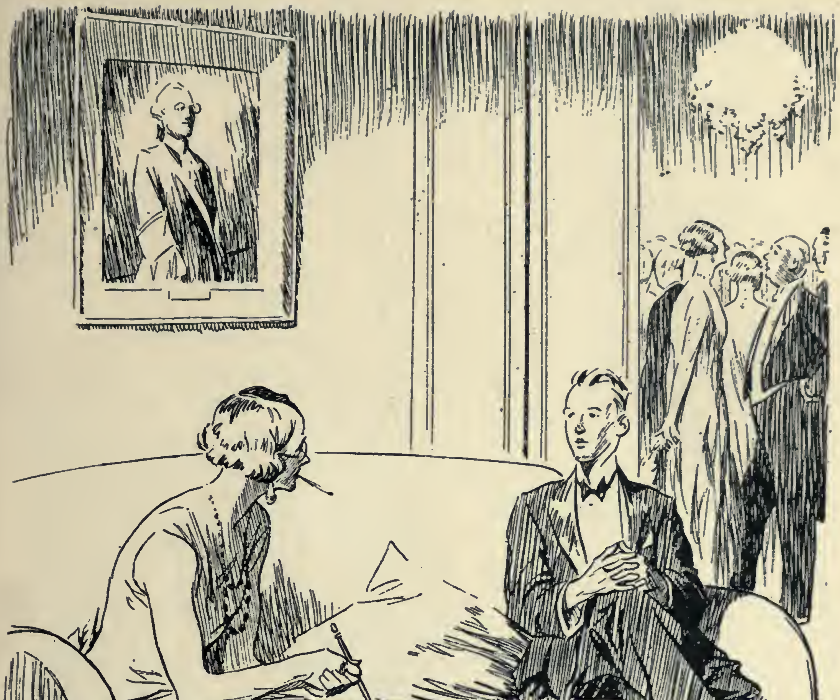
Second Lieutenant Swordfrog's heart fell. After everything his shave had been too late.

" He wishes it brought to your notice," went on the Adjutant, " that it is the custom of our regiment for an officer to wear a moustache. He would be obliged if in future you would cease to shave your upper lip."

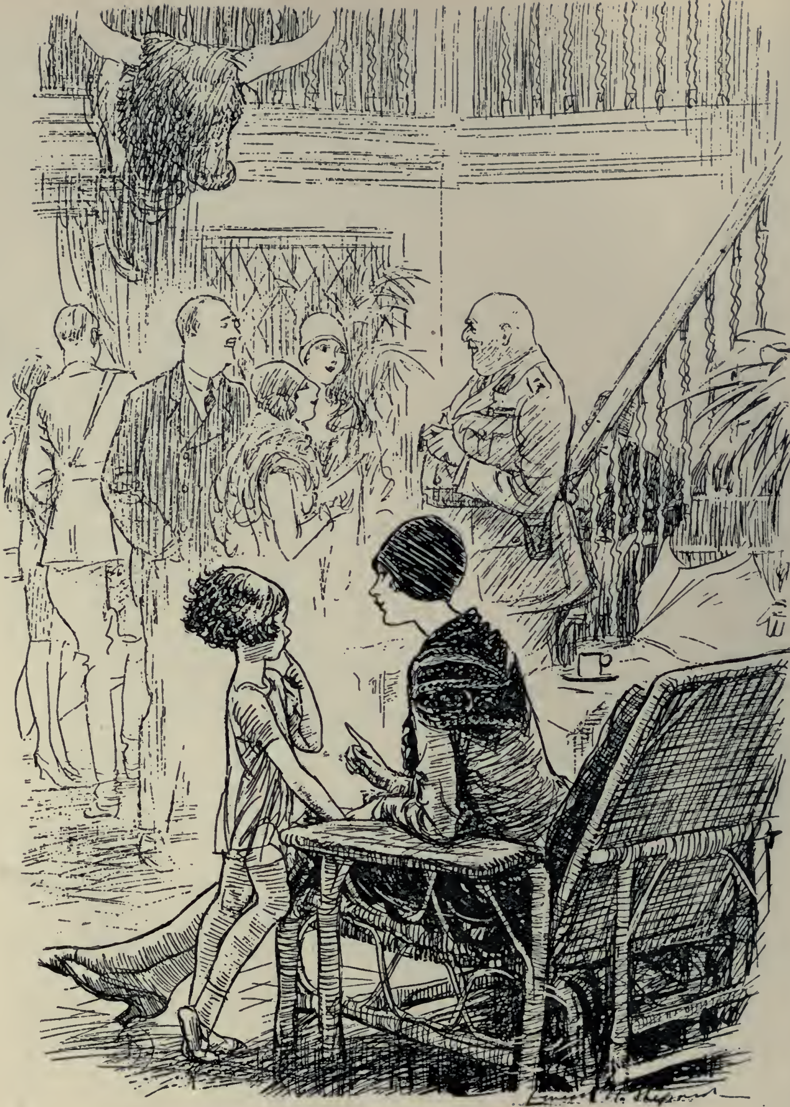
A. A.



VETERAN (*recounting war experience*). "Sort of bloke he was as'd swoon at the sight of a blood-orange."



YOUTHFUL SUBALTERN. "I'm afraid I haven't read any of your books."
VERY MODERN LADY-NOVELIST. "I should think not, indeed, at your age!"

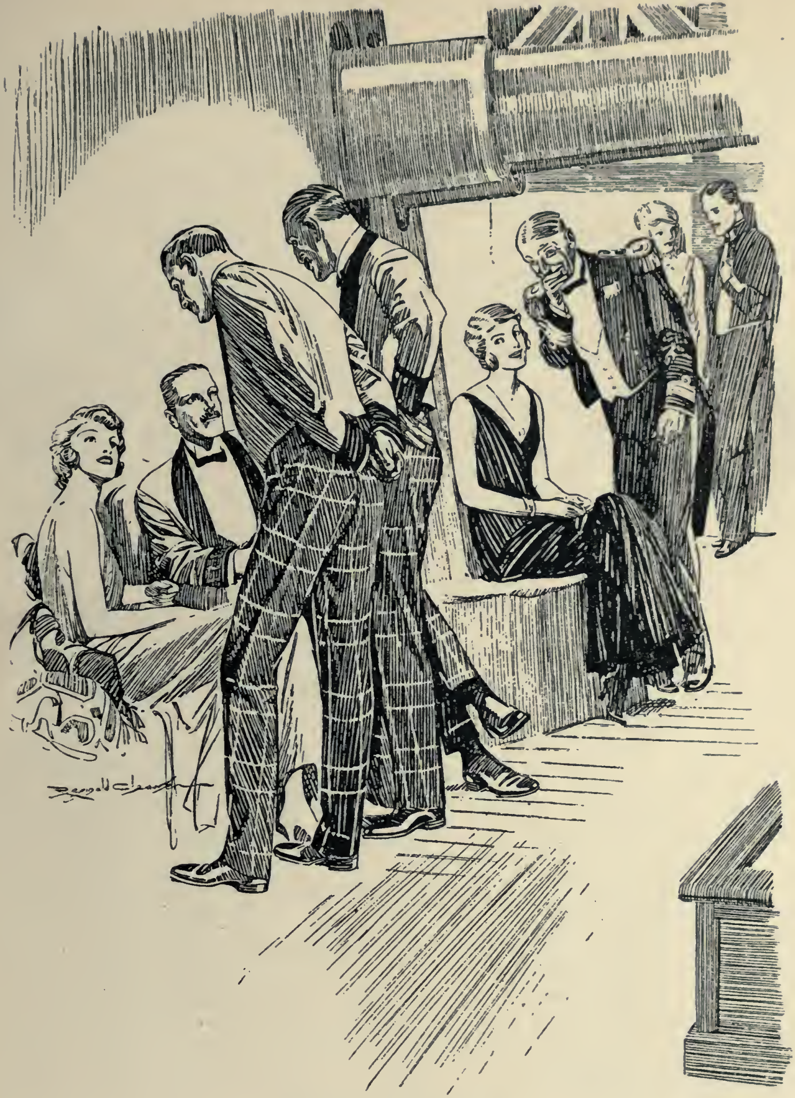


*Scene: Lounge of Hotel in Garrison Town*

PHYLLIDA. "Mummie, who is that fat man?"

MOTHER. "Sh-sh, darling, he's the Quartermaster."

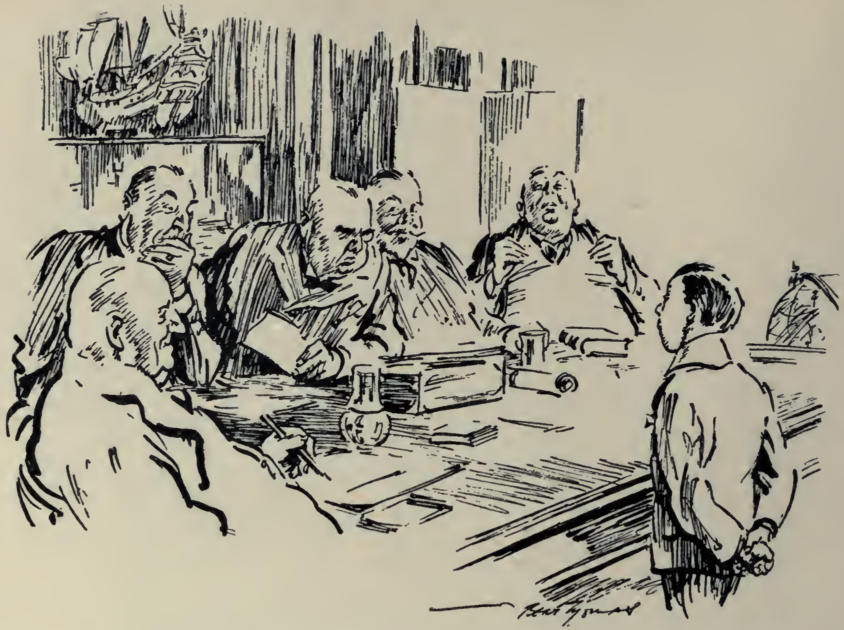
PHYLLIDA (*after thinking deeply*). "Mummie, what must a *whole* Master be like, then?"



In Scottish Waters

NAVAL OFFICER (*to American girl at a dance on a Man-o'-war*). "May I find you a partner?"

AMERICAN GIRL. "Thank you; you certainly may. I guess I should like to dance with one of those steamer rugs."



REAR-ADMIRAL (*to Navy Candidate*). "How would you define a Rear-Admiral?"

BOY. "The lowest type of Admiral, Sir."

## The Shovewood

ABLE-SEAMAN BADGER placed his empty tankard on the bar-counter and resumed his train of thought.

" Bit o' plain writin' as anyone could read, an' it would have been all right," he grumbled half-aloud.

The naval rating beside him spoke. " Got a bit of a grouse on, ain't yer, mate ? What is it now ? "

" This 'ere eddication. Classes for this 'ere an' courses for that there other. We ain't 'ad pianner-playin' nor yet basket-makin' on the lower deck yet, but they'll come. An' where does it get yer ? An' then when it comes to a bit o' plain writin'——"

" Orl right, mate. 'Ere, 'ave one with me an' get it orf yer chest."

" I expect you 've 'eard it. Anyways, you 're the first 'umin being I 've met in Plymouth what 'asn't, if you ain't." He paused.

" Bein' dropped on, like, for storekeeper at a minute's notice means you 'as to keep a cool 'ead. 'Arry 'Iggs, our storekeeper on the " Belligerent," 'e goes into sick bay with a poisoned foot. An' 'Arry 'e says to me, ' Bill,' he says, ' you keep that there store-book to tally with the stuff in the store. Don't let none o' them thieves 'ave no stores without a chit. Make your stock tally with the store-book an' you 're right.'

" An' I was too. I 'ad it all taped, from spare gratin's down to tin-tacks. When 'Arry was a fortnight gone in sick bay I could lay me 'ands on anything.

" Then one day I checks orf me stores. Went through the book from ' A '—axes—to ' S '—shoes ; an' then I sees ' Shovewood (one).'

" I spends the day lookin' for it. An' when you spends a day lookin' for a thing you wouldn't reckernise if you see, it begins to tell on yer.

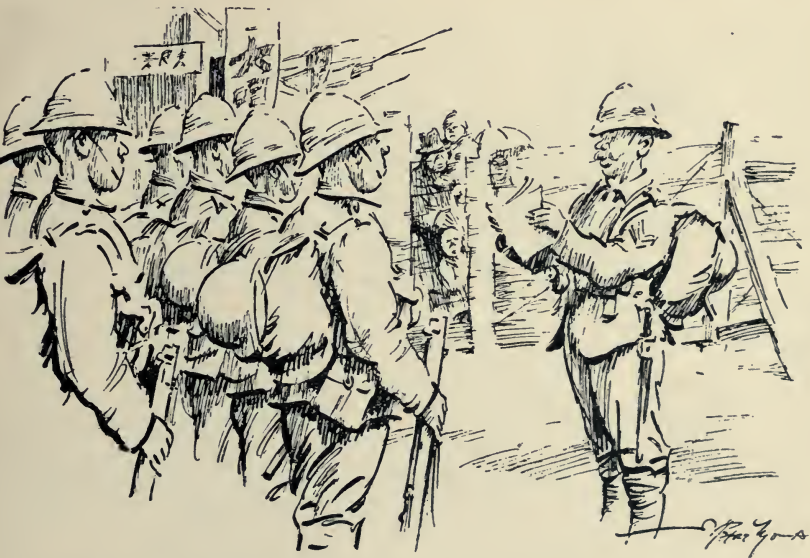
" So I asks about. I asks one or two what a shovewood is like an' they laughs an' passes it orf. So I asks what it 's for, an' one bloke says it 's for shovin' under a baulk o' timber—' like a wedge,' he says.

" Me an' the Navigatin' Orficer bein' pretty thick, an' 'im 'avin' the eddication, I pops 'im the question.

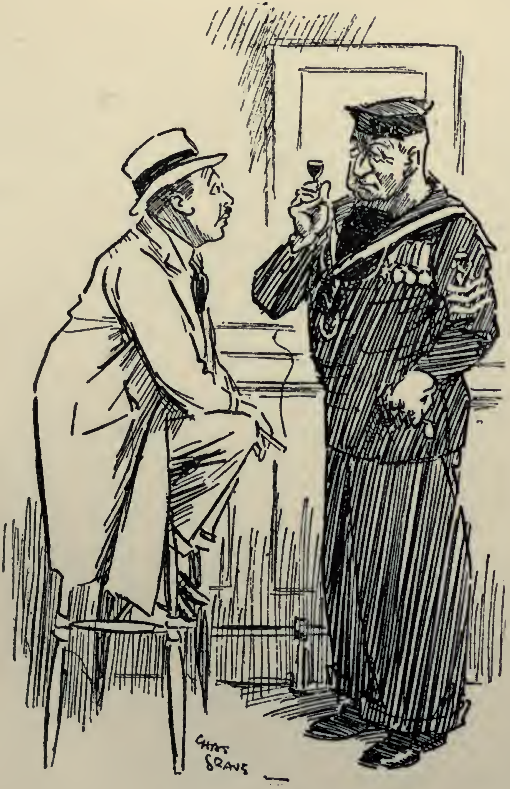
" ' A shovewood, Badger ? ' he says. ' Why, it 's a—a kind of a gadget for —er—shoving wood. Sort o' timber-tug, I think—like a trolley.'

" With that as a cloo I goes below an' puts in three hours 'avin' another look. Blimey, there wasn't nothing like it !

" I went to see 'Arry 'Iggs, but 'e 'd been sent ashore to 'orsepittle, 'is foot

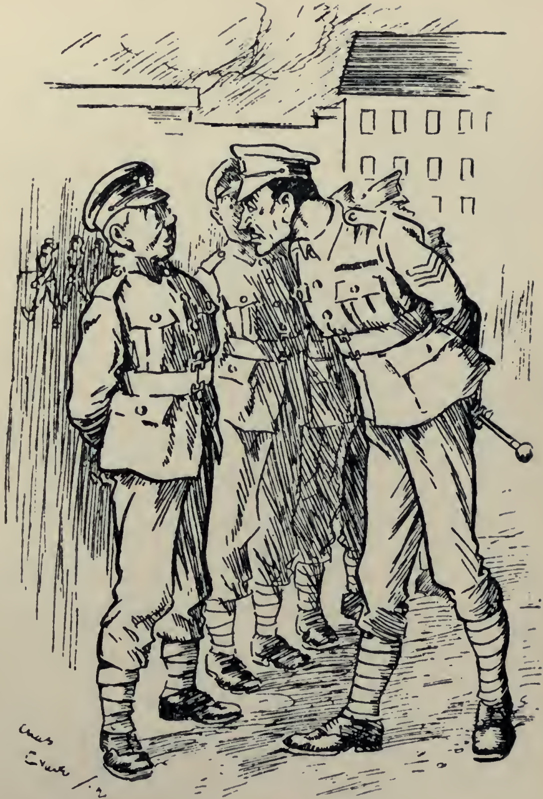


SERGEANT. "The order is that no one is to refer to the native population as Chinks. It seems the word in Chinese means a 'ole in the wall."



CIVILIAN. "If they reduce the Naval Estimates by five millions what effect will it have?"

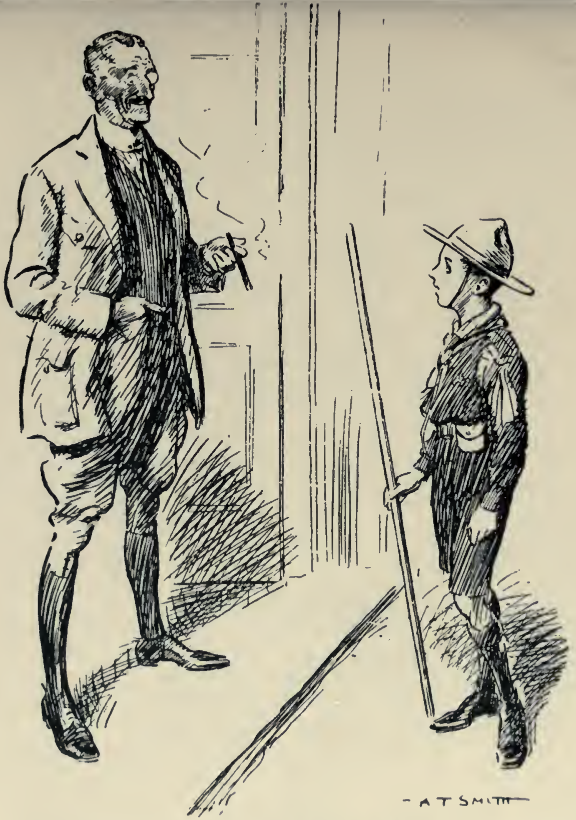
BLUEJACKET. "Well, it won't affect me much. Out of every five millions the Admiralty gets, my share of the swag works out to about the size of this very little drink what you've stood me."



SERGEANT OF DEFENCE FORCE. "Are you one of them spiritualistic mediums?"

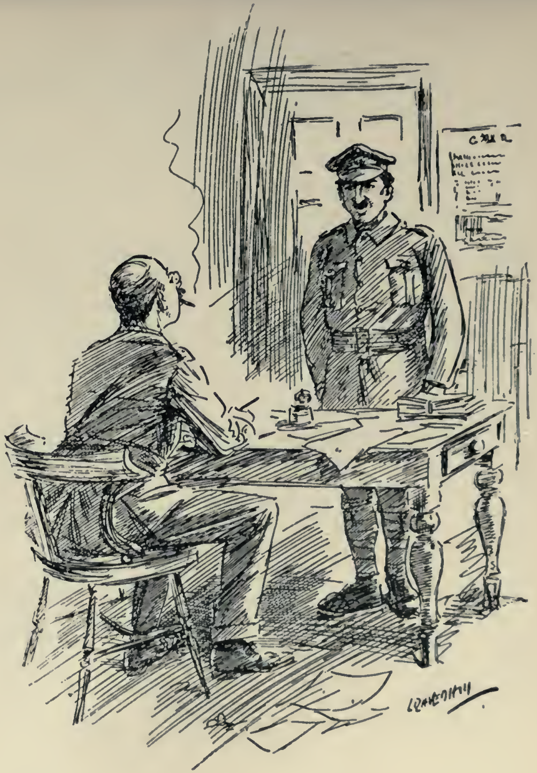
RECRUIT. "No, Sergeant."

SERGEANT. "Ho! Then why do you fall into a trance every time I give an order?"



MAJOR BANGSTICK (*of the Indian Army*). "Tell your Scout-master that, now I'm home, I shall be pleased to help him, if he'd like it, with field-work and so on."

HORACE. "Thanks awfully, Dad, but—er—are you *quite up-to-date?*—drill's altered a lot since you were home last."



DEMOBILISATION OFFICER. "What is the number of your group?"

PRIVATE. "I don't know, Sir. I was a turf accountant."

DEMOBILISATION OFFICER. "Ah! Agriculture—Group 1."

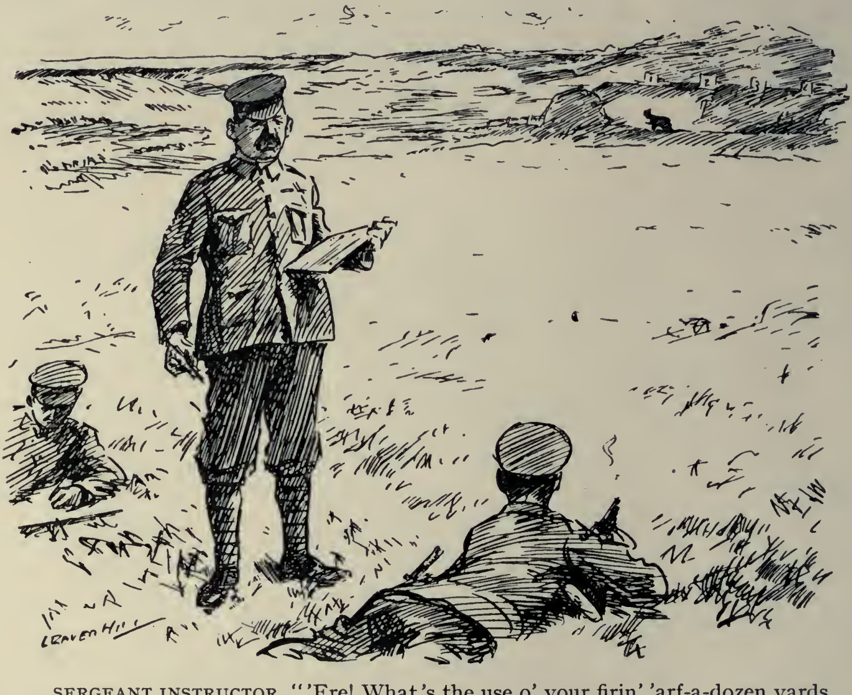
'avin' took a change for the worse. Well, it was 'is job, so I thought this 'ere shovewood could wait for 'im.

" Then one day the Commander 'as all 'ands on deck an' says the Admiral's makin' inspection next week. The Commander 'e says 'e knows 'ow 'e can rely on all things being ship-shape for the inspection, an' 'ow 'e will raise all 'ell if they ain't.

" That 'it me 'ard, it did, me bein' one shovewood short. So two of my chums an' me, usin' tack with the Engineer Orficer, we 'ad one made.

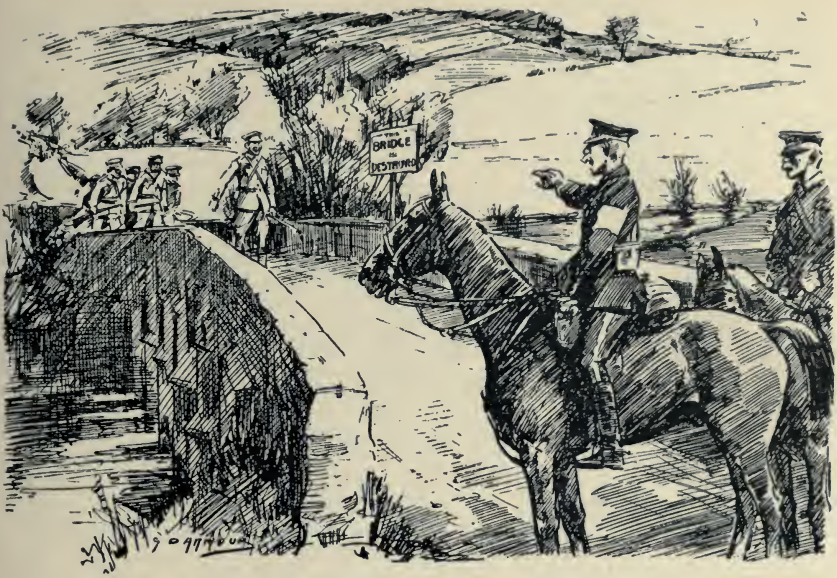
" Wheels it 'ad to 'ave—I stuck out fer that. Flat it was, with springs under the chassis. It was narrer in the bows an' rounded in the stern. The Engineer Orficer 'e couldn't do enough to it. It fair fascinated 'im, 'e said ; but after a bit 'e said it was too like a scooter, an' 'e 'ad a little steering-wheel put in. When it was painted Service-grey it looked a fair treat.

" The Engineer 'e says ter me, ' There 's yer flaming shovewood,' 'e says, ' an' you 'ide it away in yer store ready fer a Christmas bazaar on shore,' says 'e.



SERGEANT INSTRUCTOR. "'Ere! What 's the use o' your firin' 'arf-a-dozen yards be'ind that runnin' man?"

THE INTELLIGENT TERROR (*after much cogitation*). "I thought as it might catch 'im as 'e comes back!"



A World of Shams

officer (*of Umpire Staff*). "Hi, you there! You mustn't cross here! Can't you see the notice? This bridge is supposed to be destroyed."

subaltern (*cheerfully*). "Oh, that's all right! We're supposed to be swimming across."

" I puts it down in the store an' covers it up with a tarpaulin.

" Well, we comes to inspection-day, the Admiral aboard, brass 'ats all over the place, an' the 'ole ship's company gettin' in each other's way.

" After 'e'd bin over the engine-room an' through the fo'c'stle, down through the store-room 'e comes, an' the 'ole circus—orficers, marines, paymasters an' clerks.

" I stood by me desk, books all in order, shelves all dusted.

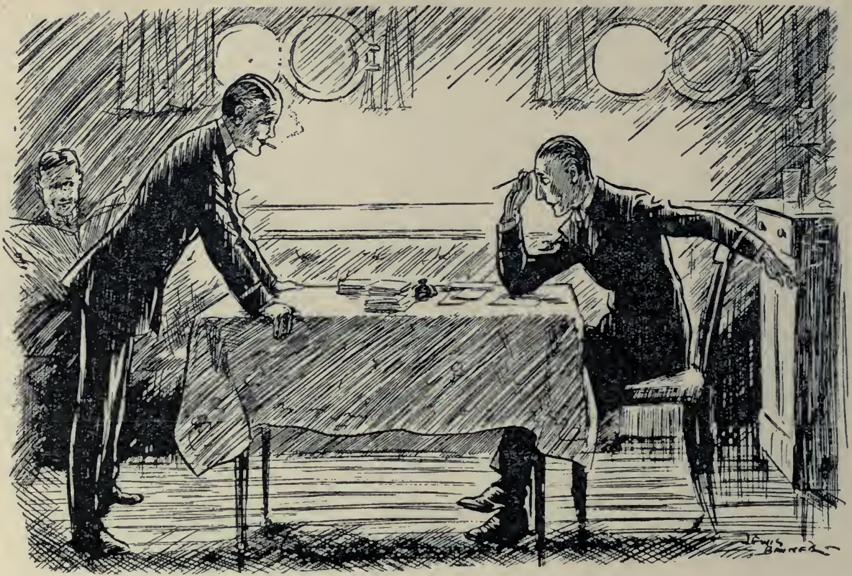
" The Admiral—you know 'im, 'im with the lobster-coloured face—'e comes in all smilin' an' sayin' narsty things polite-like, an' 'as a look round.

" An' blow me if one o' them attendants of 'is, running 'is finger round things lookin' fer dust, don't pull the tarpaulin orf of the shovewood !

" It catches the Admiral's eye an' 'e pulls up in 'is own length, like. Just be'ind 'im was the Captain, an' there was a Commander or two 'angin' round.

" 'Ah ! an' what 'ave we 'ere ? ' 'e said.

" The Captain 'e looked 'ard an' turned to a Commander. ' What is it ? ' 'e said.



A NAVAL DISASTER

SUB. "Dash it all! I've clean forgotten the name of the girl I'm writing to!"

" I stood me ground, dazed-like, an' then I 'eard the bo'sun's voice speakin' ter me. ' Now, you,' 'e says, ' what's that ? '

" ' Shovewood,' I says prompt. I 'ad the book to prove it.

" The information gits passed up higher an' the Captain 'e says to the Admiral, very calm, ' A shovewood, Sir.'

" ' Ah, yes, of course,' says the Admiral ; an' the circus moves along.

" When the coast was clear I goes up for air. I wanted some.

" Next day 'Arry 'Iggs comes aboard, discharged from 'orsepittle, an' he takes over.

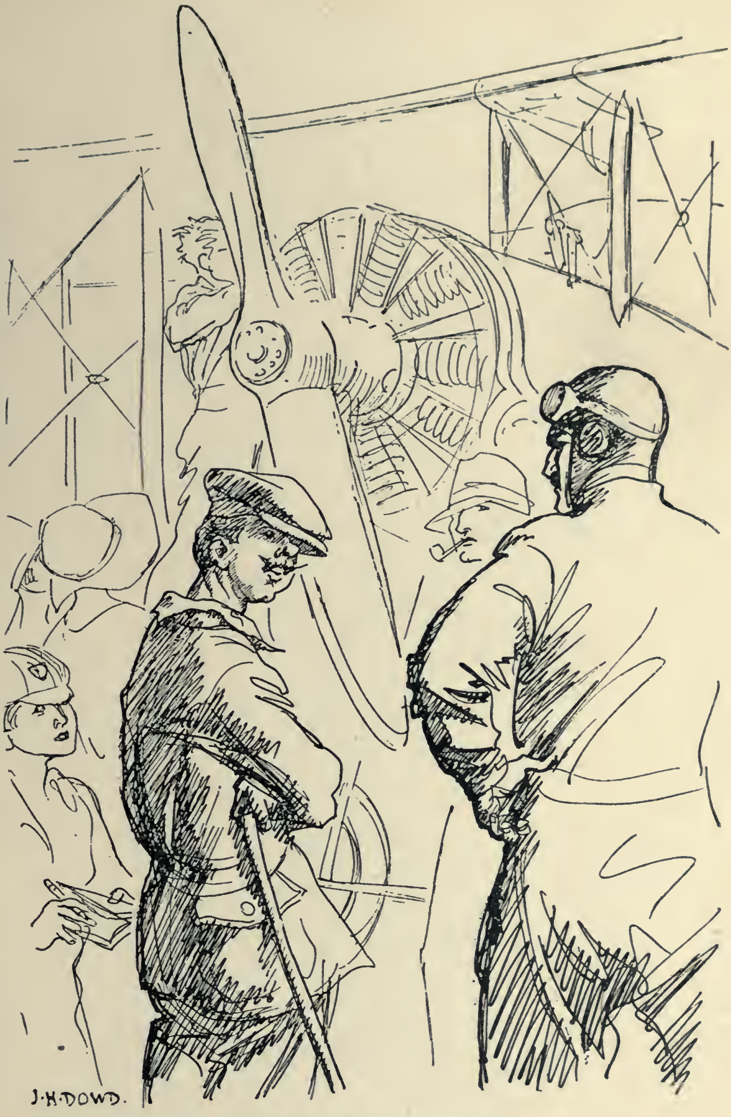
" First thing 'e sees is that there shovewood.

" ' Wot's this 'ere ? ' 'e says, indignant.

" I tells 'im, an' 'e says there ain't no such thing.

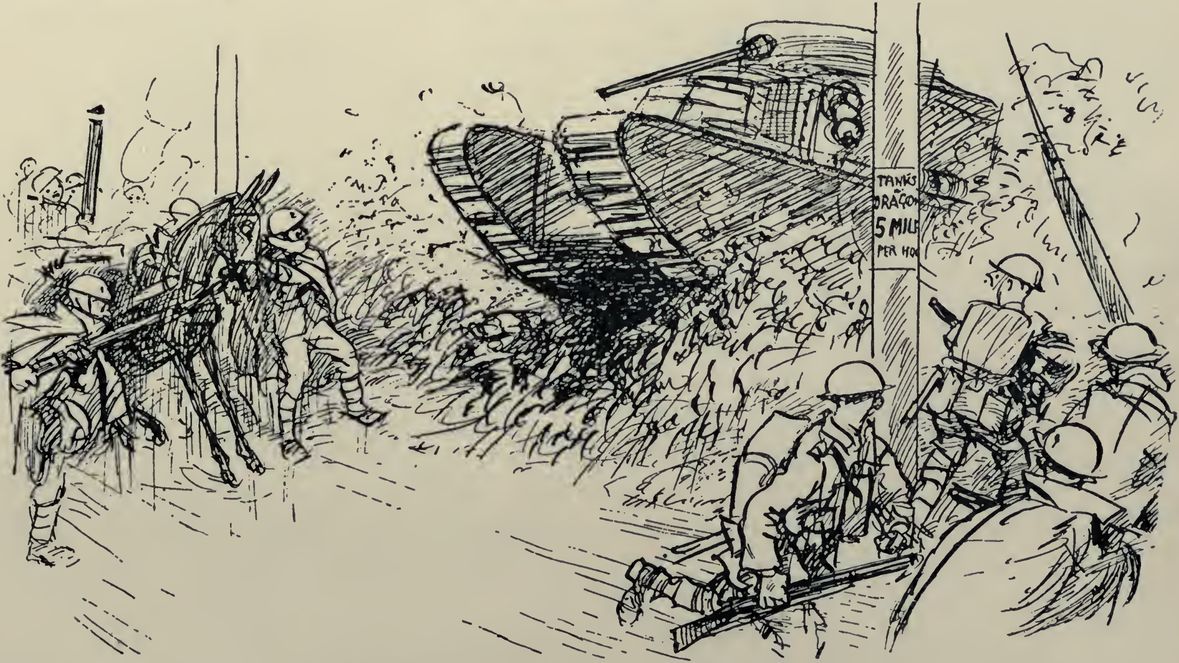
" ' It's in your book, any'ow,' I says. ' 'Ere you are—" Shovewood (one)," ' I says.

" ' 'Ere,' he says, ' carn't you read ? That's " Shovel wood (one) "—see ? In other words, " One wooden shovel "—there it is over there. An' take that awful-lookin' pram to 'ell out of 'ere !' "

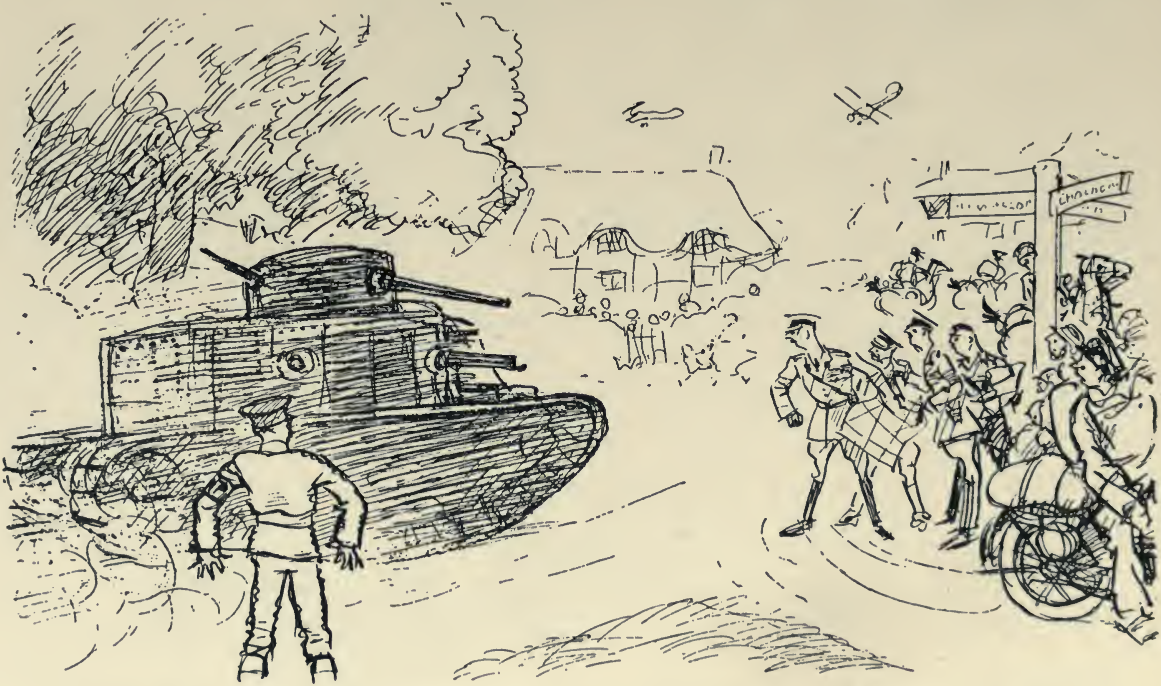


"And what exactly is the function of the propeller?"
"To keep the pilot cool."

## The Tank's Progress


TANKS
DRAGO
5 MIL
PER HO

It was the first that ever burst upon that country road.



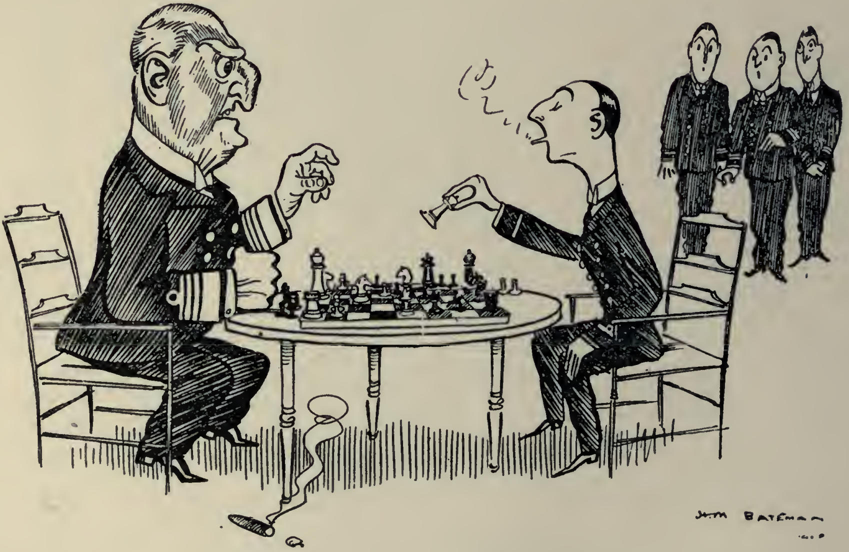
STAFF-OFFICER. "You have crossed a bridge that was already blown up. You therefore do not exist."

## Our Battalion Match

THE great event of each summer is for us neither Ascot nor Wimbledon. It is our big cricket-match of the season—Officers *v.* Sergeants. It is largely attended, for the troops take what is called " a thoroughly healthy interest in the sport of their seniors," which means they have all got their last week's pay on the result. The sergeants always say confidently they are certain of winning and have backed themselves to do so. The officers too always say they are certain of winning, but it is generally found they have backed the sergeants.

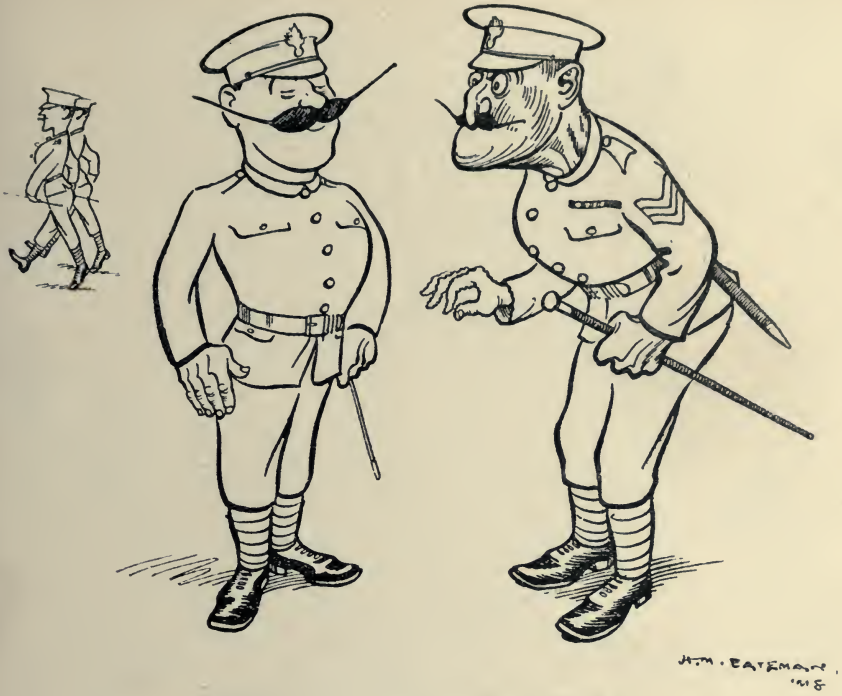
The teams consist of thirteen—eleven players, one umpire and one scorer per side. The scorer and umpire are very carefully chosen by their captains. They must be good men, for often the winning of the match rests entirely with them.

Our match this season was very closely fought out. The sergeants won the toss and put us in, and Captain Bayonet set forth to " take," as he expressed it, " the edge off the bowling." I don't quite know what taking the edge off the bowling is, but Captain Bayonet spent twenty-two minutes doing it, made up as follows: Ten minutes buckling on pads and gloves, one



DEEDS THAT OUGHT TO WIN THE V.C.

The Sub-Lieutenant takes the Admiral's Queen.

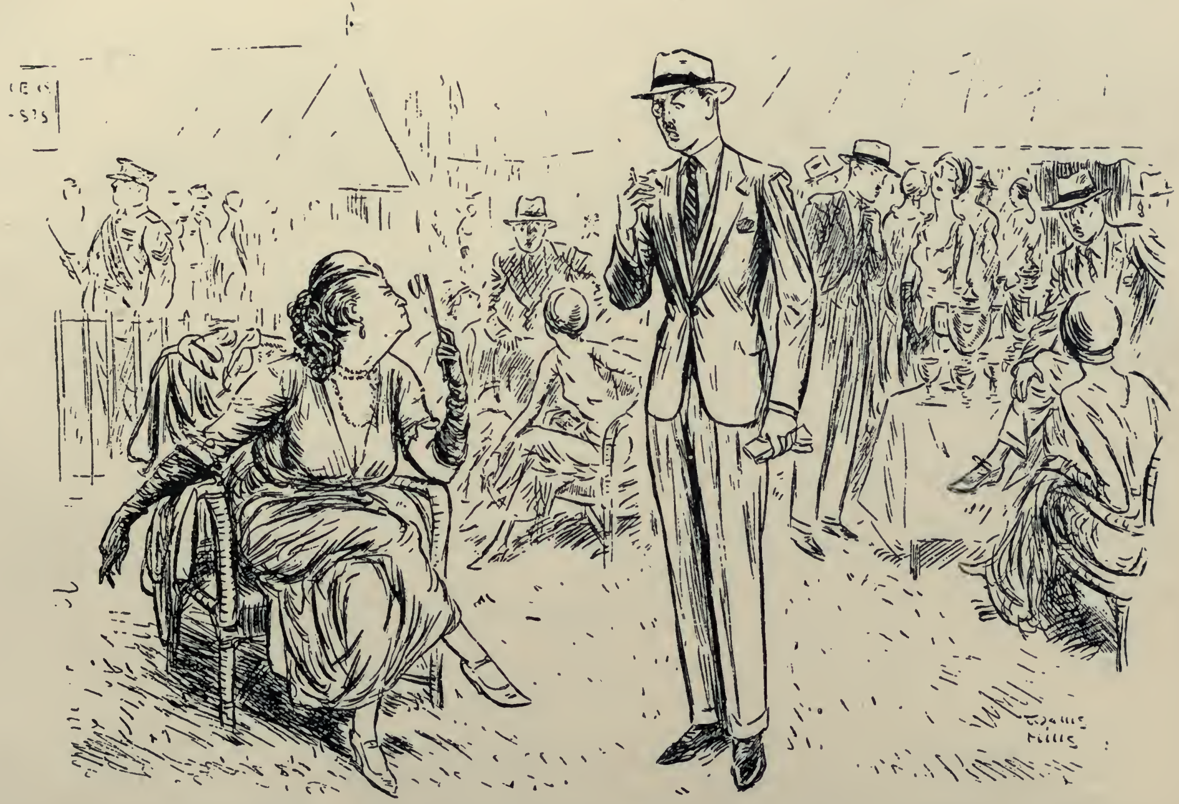


DEEDS THAT OUGHT TO WIN THE V.C.

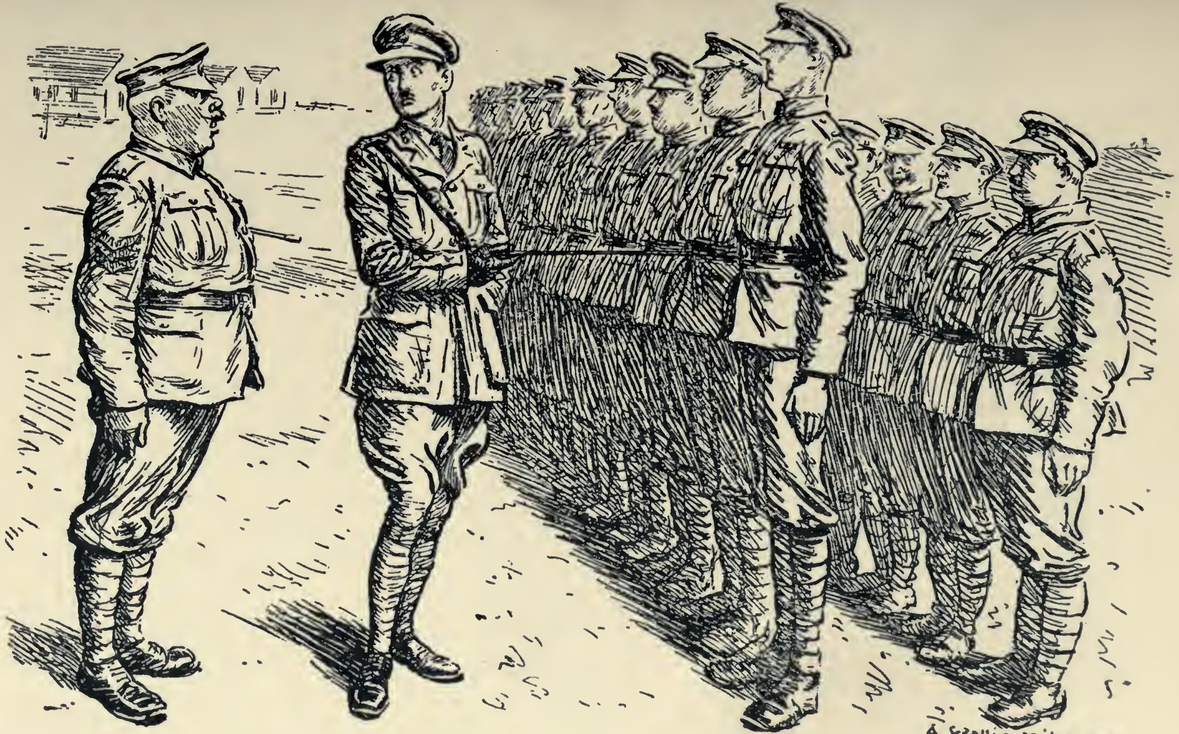
The private grows a better moustache than the sergeant.

minute's sharp walk (half-a-minute out and half-a-minute back), fifty-nine seconds taking guard and ten minutes unbuckling pads and gloves. Possibly it was rather blunt sort of bowling and hadn't got an edge. Captain Bayonet maintained that it wasn't fair and that he was still looking round to see where the field was placed.

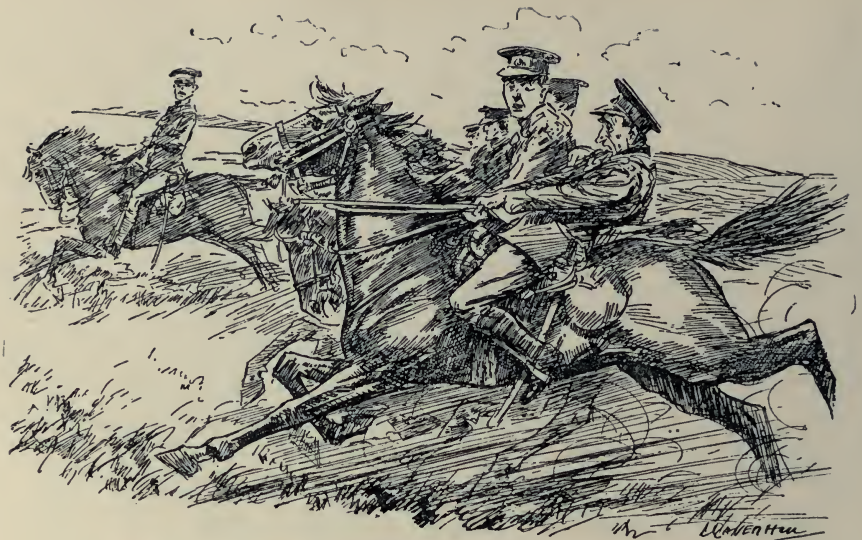
After an hour's play we were forty-seven for eight wickets. As far as I could gather from those eight we had had rotten luck. One said he had been given the wrong guard; one swore the ball touched his bat before his leg and therefore he couldn't have been out l.b.w.; and one swore the ball touched his leg before his bat and therefore he couldn't have been caught at the wicket. Three claimed to have been bowled by the best ball of the game up to that point, and of them Captain Bayonet, who had been bowled the first ball of the match, certainly spoke the truth. Another had the sun in his eyes, and the last said truly that his bat wanted re-stringing. Certainly we had had rotten luck; and even then a bold attempt to stump the Adjutant when half-way up



NOT VERY POPULAR LADY (*at Regimental Sports, trying to get young officers for her party*). "Extraordinary—you are the *seventh* young man who is Orderly Officer on the same day."


A Wallis Mills. 1919.

**OFFICER.** "What on earth made you size the men like this?"
**SERGEANT.** "Very sorry, Sir. Thinking of me old trade, Sir."
**OFFICER.** "What was that?"
**SERGEANT.** "Fruiterer, Sir."



INCOMPLEAT YEOMAN. "Bill! *Bill!* This 'ere 'oss is getting away with me!"

COMRADE. "Then for goodness' sake take your foot out of my stirrup!"

the pitch was only frustrated by the fact that luckily he was at *our* umpire's end. It is difficult to stump or even catch out our Adjutant, even in a game of cricket.

Our innings closed at sixty-three, and Captain and Quartermaster Ledger, who had been scoring freely all round his person, received an ovation. His total was seventeen, of which sixteen were grouped under the generic euphemism of "leg"-byes. He retired to the pavilion for massage.

From a quarter to four to six was the tea interval, a posse of fatigue-men having been all afternoon unloading several dozen of tea. At six we took the field again, full of tea and hope.

With the help of our man at point, who made a sharp clicking noise with his mouth and then said, "Oh, well held, Sir!" we got five men caught at the wicket. After that we lost his services owing to the deceitful behaviour of Sergeant Grenade, who took guard and stance as a left-hander till the first ball was on its way, when he reverted to his normal right-hand position and executed a fine pull to what should have been square leg. Unfortunately it was still point. Our man fielded it brilliantly though inadvertently, and no doubt will soon be about again as well as ever.

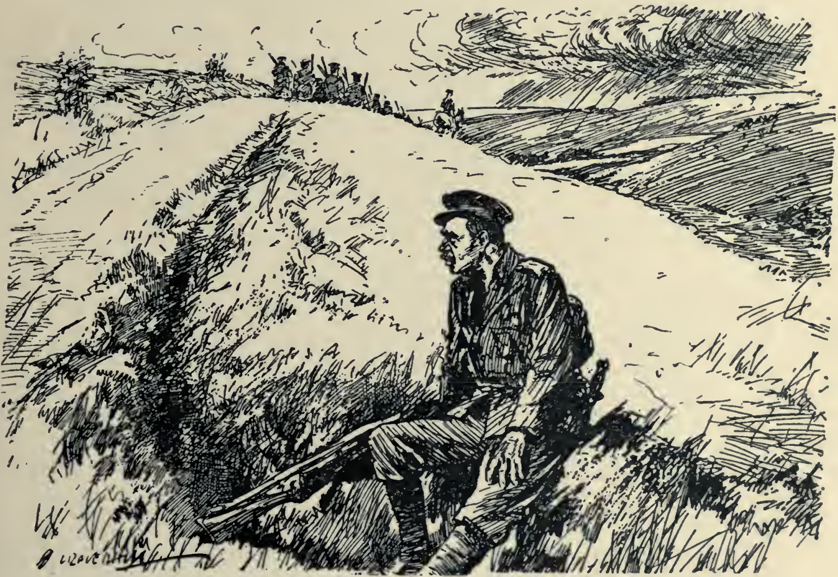
With the score at thirty-two Captain Ledger bowled an over and the score went to fifty-four. Captain Ledger has such a slow and reluctant delivery that one would think each ball was on his charge. However, it was soon "struck off."

We next put Lieutenant Holster on, our best bowler having sprained his elbow during the tea interval. Lieutenant Holster bowls very fast and round the umpire, generally while the batsman is taking guard. He secured us four wickets, including that of Sergeant-Major Magazine, whose late cuts had been getting later and later. In fact, one was at last so late that we had to get a substitute wicket-keeper.

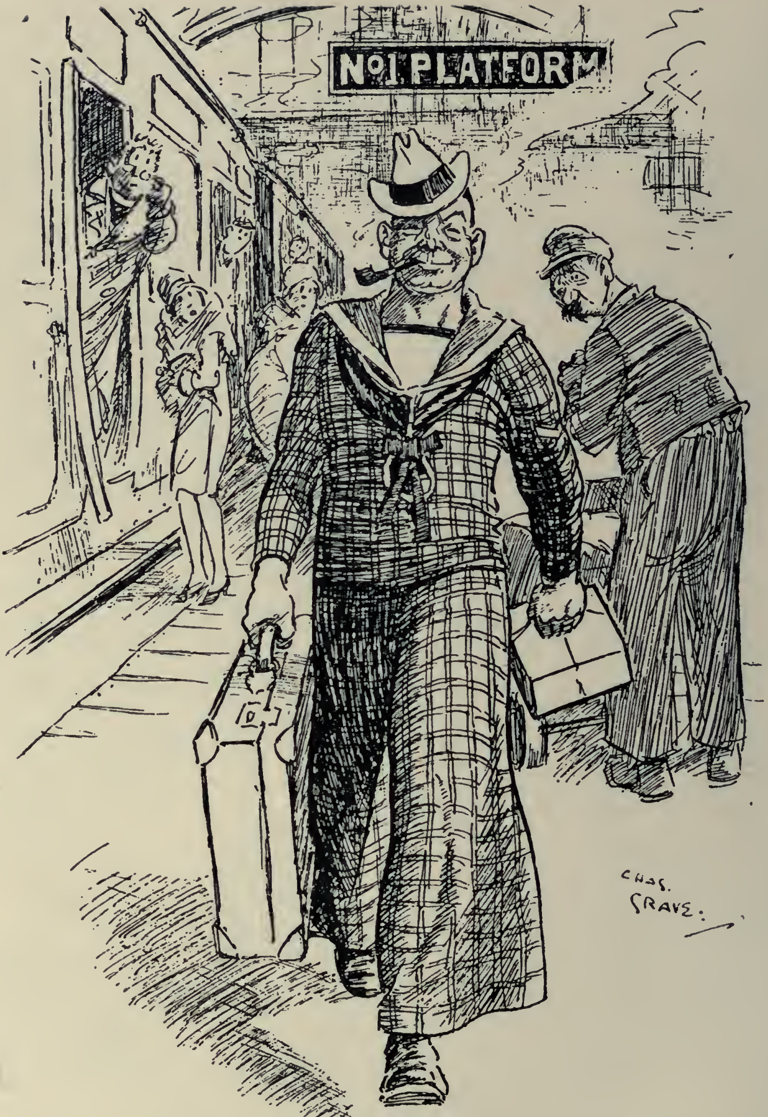
With the last man in, Lieutenant Holster adopted the leg theory, against which for a long time Quartermaster-Sergeant Fourbytwo fought a successful rearguard action. At length Lieutenant Holster sent down the fastest ball of the match and secured a decision of l.b.w. The umpire telephoned to the hospital to inform the batsman he was out and stumps were drawn at seven-thirty.

The score was then found to be sixty-three all. After a recount had been demanded, it was re-edited at sixty-three to the officers and fifty-nine to the sergeants, the pay-sergeant, who was scorer for our opponents, having carelessly added in the day of the month.

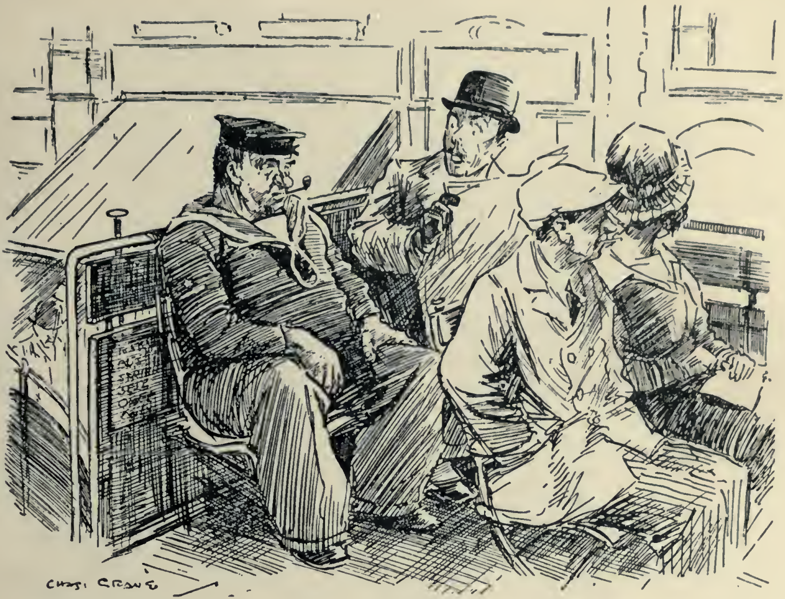
Thus the officers won the match and lost their money. A. A.



WEARY TOMMY. "An uneducated blighter the bloke what called this Salisbury Plain."


No1 PLATFORM
CHAS. GRAVE.

Naval Ratings are asking to be allowed to wear civilian clothes when on leave. We do not want our sailors ashore to lose their characteristic appearance altogether, so why not compromise?

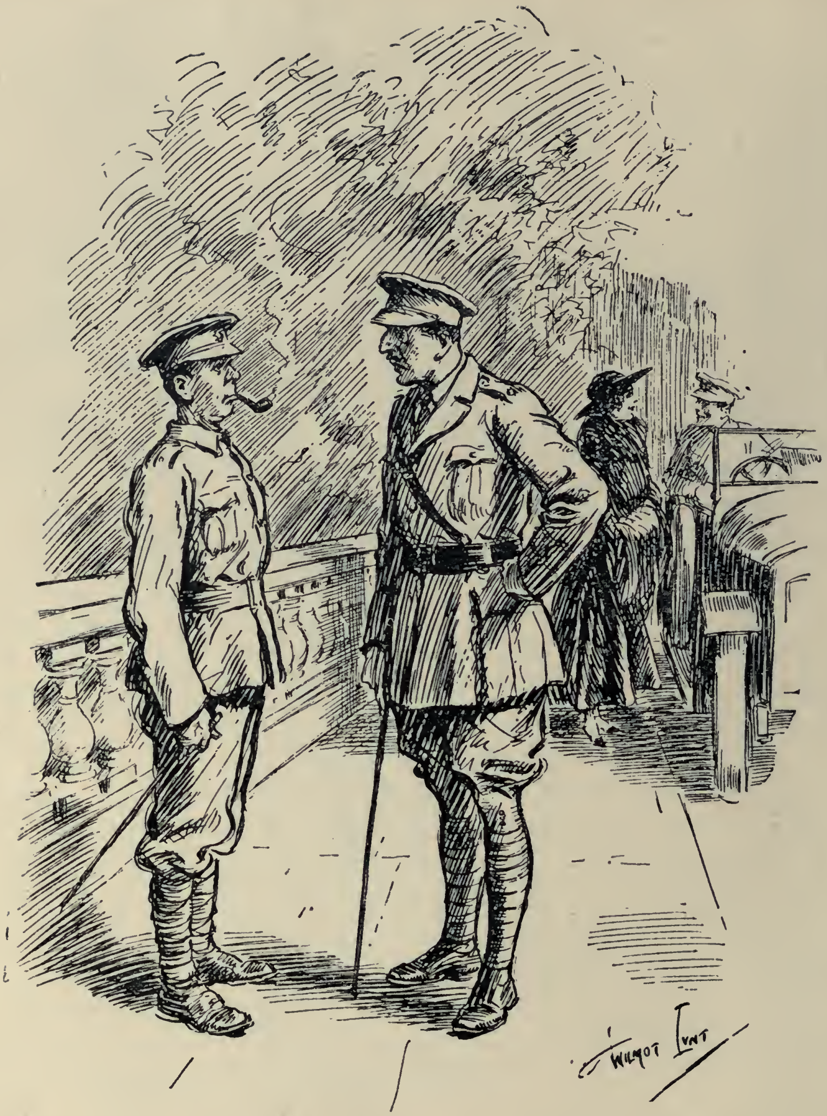


PERFECT STRANGER. "I think the Navy's absolutely priceless. They fought, they pumped out the coal-mines, and now I see they're carrying letters and parcels. What'll you do next?"

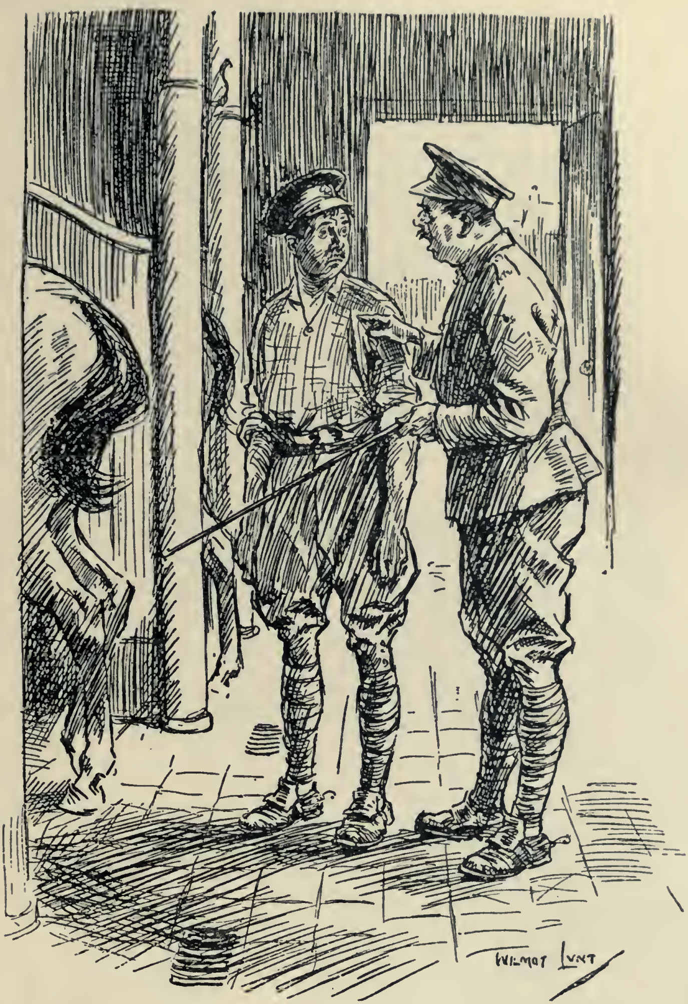
SEAMAN GUNNER. "The 'ousing problem. 'Aven't you 'eard? In three weeks we're bringing a cargo of ready-made mud 'uts from Zululand."

## The Thoughts of a Sailor who Left the Sea

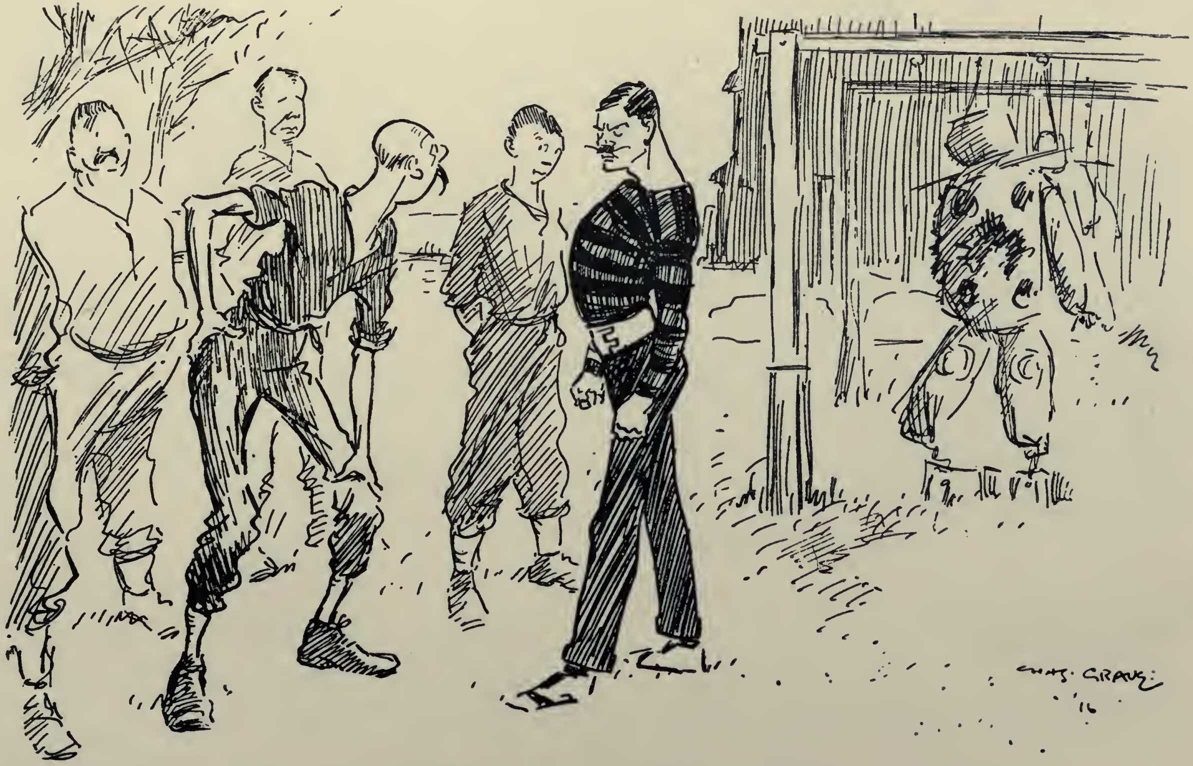
ONCE I ploughed the ocean
  And now I plough a dyke ;
Once I sailed a liner,
  And now I ride a bike ;
Once I kissed a thousand girls,
  But now I don't kiss one,
For now I am a married man,
  And, oh ! where's the fun ?
What's the use of thinking
  Of the jails that I've been locked in ?
I might as well be thinking
  Of the cradle I was rocked in.
I've served my time in sailing-ships ;
  I've sailed the sea in tramps ;
I've seen a hundred countries
  (My mother has the stamps) ;
I've been in big Cunarders
  And I've crossed the Pond in cattle-ships ;
A month or two in coasters
  And a year or two in battleships ;
I've carried sheep and pilgrims,
  But I don't like hens ;
I've seen a lot of water
  That is flatter than these fens.
What's the use of grumbling ?
  I've a nice expanse of sky,
But Molly's in a temper,
  And I'm damned if I know why.



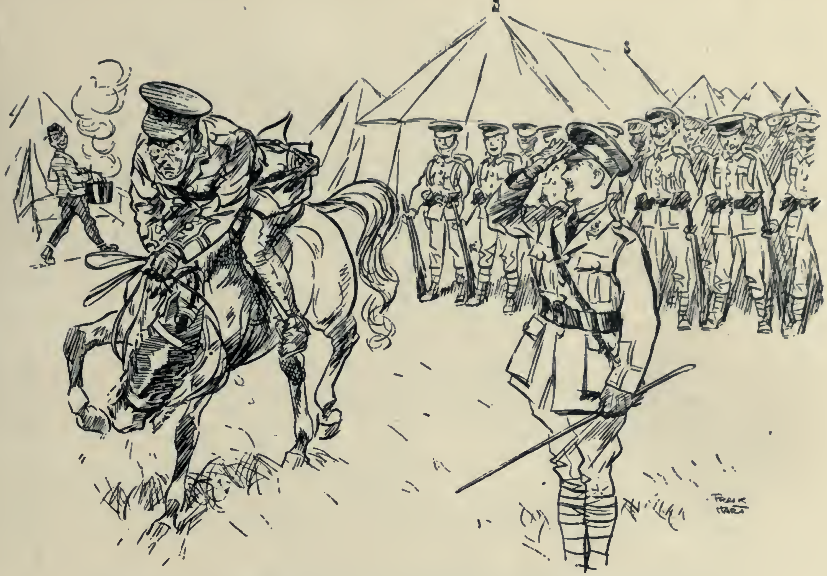
PUNCTILIOUS OFFICER. "Don't you know that you must salute an officer?"
RECRUIT. "Yes, Sir; but I was told never to do it with a pipe in my mouth."



SERGEANT (*out of patience with awkward Recruit*). "Never approach the 'osses from be'ind without speaking to 'em. If you do, that thick 'ead of yours'll get so kicked we shan't 'ave nothing but lame 'osses in the stable."



RECRUIT (*trying to shirk at physical drill*). "But, Sergeant, it catches me horrid in the kidneys."
GYMNASTIC INSTRUCTOR. "Kidneys! You've been here long enough to know that there's no such thing as kidneys in the Army."



JUNIOR SUB. "The Colonel says will you dismiss the parade, Sir?"
NEWLY-MOUNTED CAPTAIN. "Confound it! Do it yourself, Smith. I'm busy riding."

## Sky Pilotage

"EVERYBODY aft to church, Sir," reported the Commander.

"Thank you, Commander," said the Captain.

But he was not really in the least grateful. Fate had placed him, of all men, in command of a ship which carried no chaplain. This necessitated his reading prayers on the quarter-deck every morning and conducting a full-length service every Sunday. He had never got used to doing either.

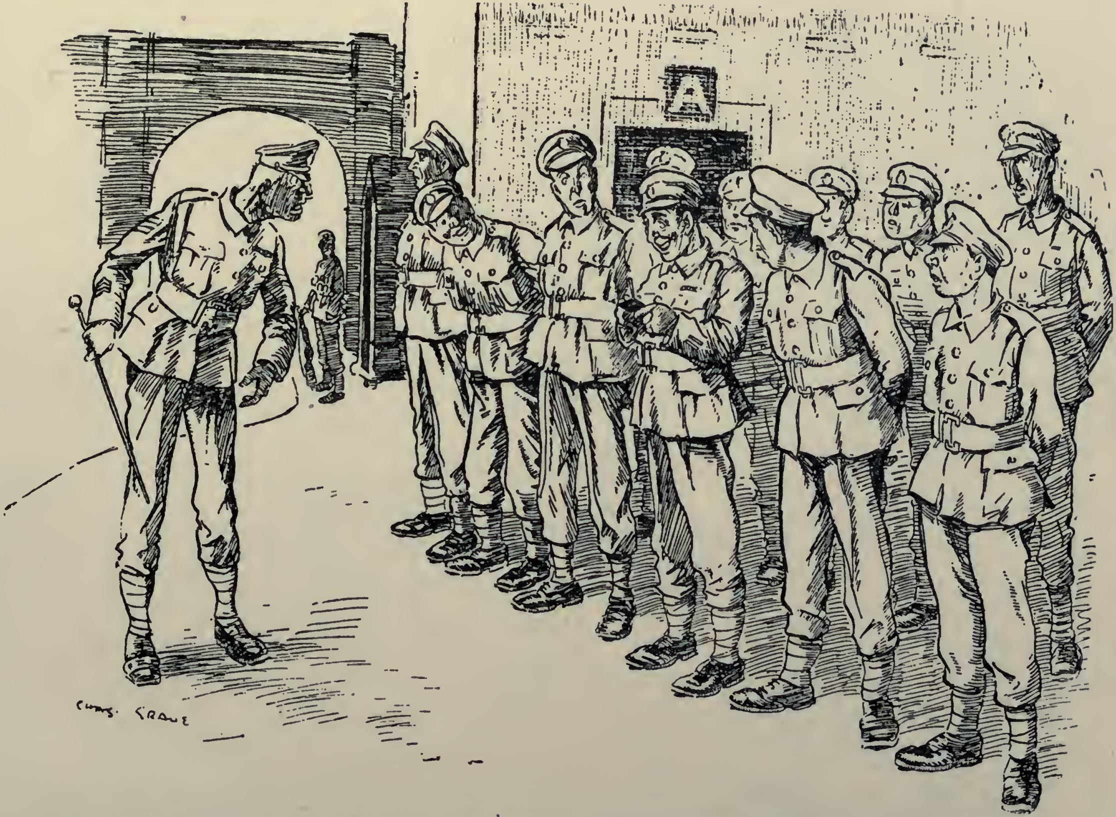
" And you won't forget to give out my banns of marriage, will you, Sir ? " continued the Commander anxiously.

" No, no ; of course not," replied the Captain.

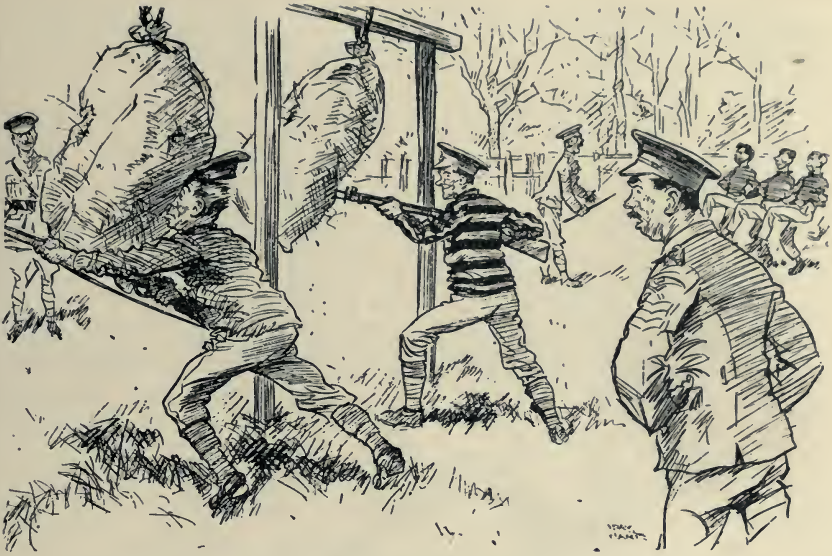
In the effort of finding the correct Order of Service the previous Sunday he had omitted to mention to the ship's company, who were the " parish " within the meaning of the Act, that the Commander was going to get married at last.

" I think that you have to read them out at the place where the sermon would be in a proper church," suggested the Commander helpfully.

" I don't know where that is," replied the Captain miserably. " No, I'll



SERGEANT. "'Old yer 'eads up! All the fag ends was picked up long afore you—— 'Ere, what the——?"
OLD SOLDIER (*who has produced a small note-book*). "All right, Sergeant, I'm only keeping a record of the 'fag end' joke. I've now heard it two thousand four hundred and seventeen times."



DISGUSTED INSTRUCTOR. "Now then, none o' them peace tactics! 'Ere I'm trying to teach yer 'ow to kill the enemy, and yer goes and kisses 'im!"

kick off with them ; then there'll be no risk of leaving them out in the heat of the service."

" Very good, Sir," said the Commander and led the way.

* * * * * * *

" I publish the Banns of Marriage between——"

" Lumme !" observed Pincher Martin to his pal on a back bench of " church," " the Bloke's getting spliced. Pore gal !"

"——If any of you know cause or just impediment——"

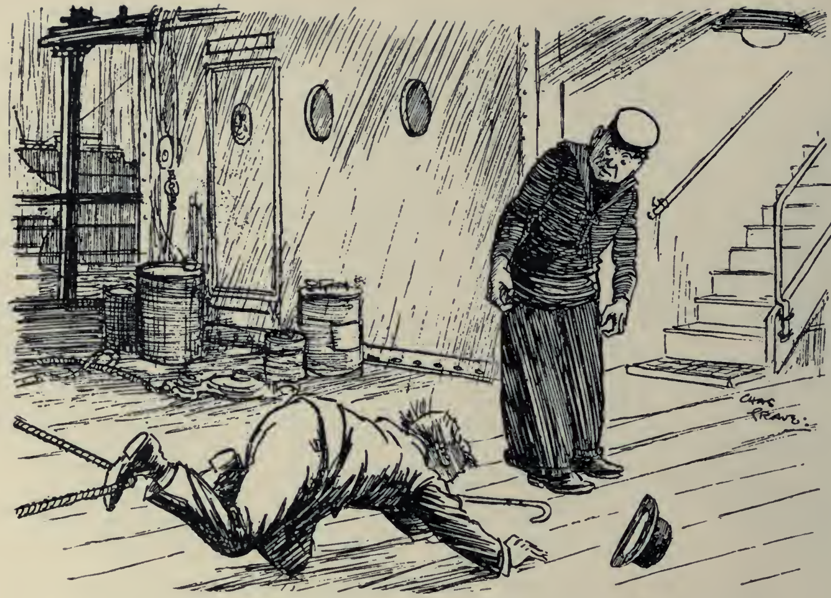
" I wonder," mused Pincher, " what would 'appen to a cove what impedimented the Commander of 'is ship when 'e was wishful to get spliced—cause or no cause."

"——ye are to declare it," concluded the Captain, and the ship's company sucked their teeth in respectful chorus.

With a sigh the Captain opened the Service Prayer Book at the first place into which he had inserted a slip of paper and read from the top of the page :—

" When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed and doeth that which is lawful and right——"

But not even the Naval Discipline Act could control the mirth which such



SAILOR (*piloting Visitor to Officers' quarters*). "Ah, that's a rope wot you've tripped over, Sir."

an unfortunate sequence of announcements induced.

" Dearly beloved brethren," went on the Captain rapidly, lifting his eyes momentarily from the book to glare angrily at his said " dearly beloved."

The congregation subsided into subordination and the " Minister," determined to take no further risks, read the rest of the service, paragraph by paragraph as printed in the book, in a loud and commanding voice.

" Pipe down," he ordered at last and put on his cap pugnaciously to indicate that he had reverted to the rank of Post-Captain, R.N., from that of Acting-Parson.

" Unrig Church," said the Commander when the wail of the boatswain's pipe had died down.

" I'm always sorry," observed Pincher Martin as he lent a hand to dismantle the wash-deck buckets and mess-stools which are the ingredients of Naval " Church "—" I'm always sorry when Church in this 'ere ship is over. The owner 'e 'as a wonderful knack of puttin' in little tiddly bits of 'is own what makes it more novel and interesting."

" 'E should study the roobrick," said a messmate darkly.

" What the 'ell's that ? " asked Pincher irreverently.

" Ah ! " replied the other still more darkly, " Bert knows." He jerked his head towards another A.B., who nodded.

* * * * * * *

" These two men, Sir," said the Master-at-Arms, ushering two sanctimonious sailors before the Captain the following morning, " wish to state a grievance."

" Well," said the Captain, " what is it ? "

The bare toes of the aggrieved ones waggled uneasily.

" Come on. Out with it," said the Captain.

" Well, Sir," said one of the men sheepishly, " it 's with reference to Church yesterday forenoon."

The Captain's face darkened. " What about it ? " he asked brusquely.

" The forgiveness of sins, Sir, as you might say," was the unexpected reply.

" What d'you mean ? "

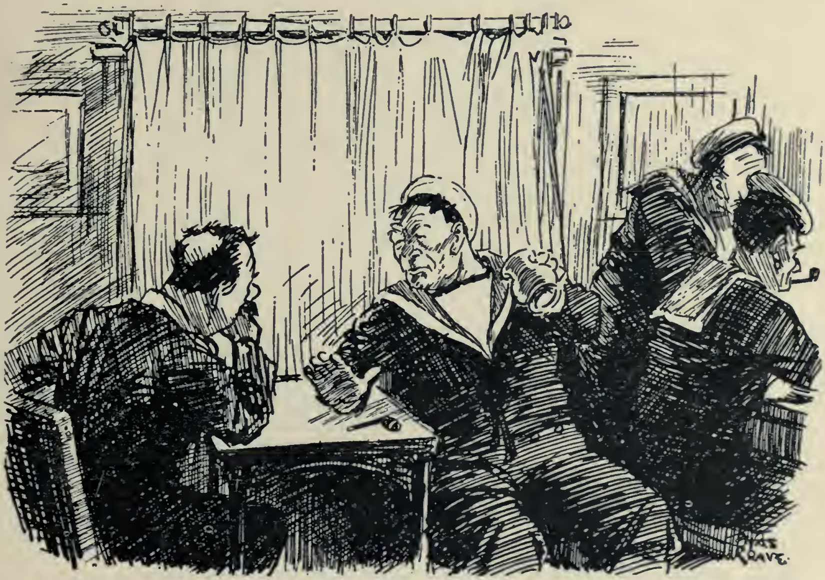
" Well, Sir, with all doo respect, you ain't entitled to——"

A small vein on the Captain's forehead started to pulsate sinisterly.

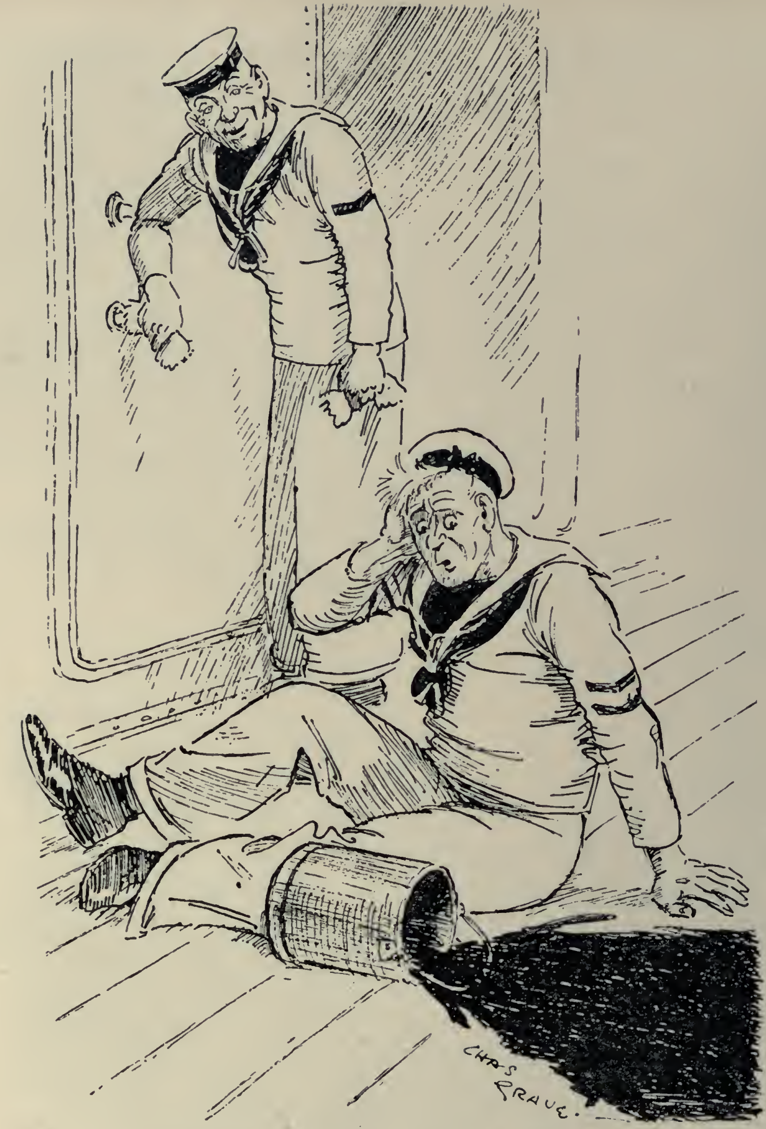
" What am I not entitled to do ? " he asked with fearful calm.

" You ain't entitled to forgive sins, Sir."

The Master-at-Arms drew his breath in sharply. Never in the whole course

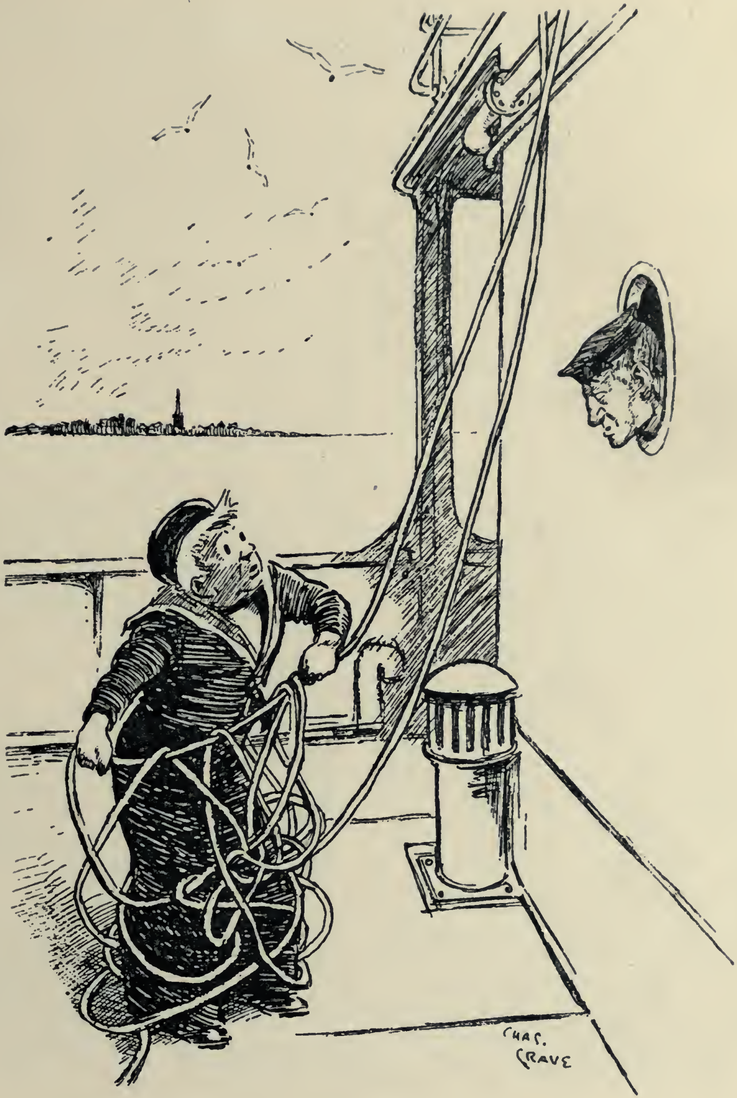


BLUEJACKET. "The general idea is that sailors are all rough an' tough blokes. But put me in a garden where there 's roses, an' I 'm just like a bit o' condensed milk."



FIRST SAILOR. "Well, that's properly jiggered it. What the h—— am I goin' to do about this?"

SECOND SAILOR. "Try a spot of auter-suggestion. Keep on sayin' to yerself 'It never 'appened; the deck's still lovely an' white'!"



QUARTERMASTER (*to boy in difficulties with signal halliards*). "Ho! very 'andsome —very 'andsome indeed! All we want now to make a job of it is a little dab o' sealin'-wax."

of his professional career had he heard it suggested that a post-captain, who was entitled to inflict summarily ninety days' detention, was not also empowered to forgive.

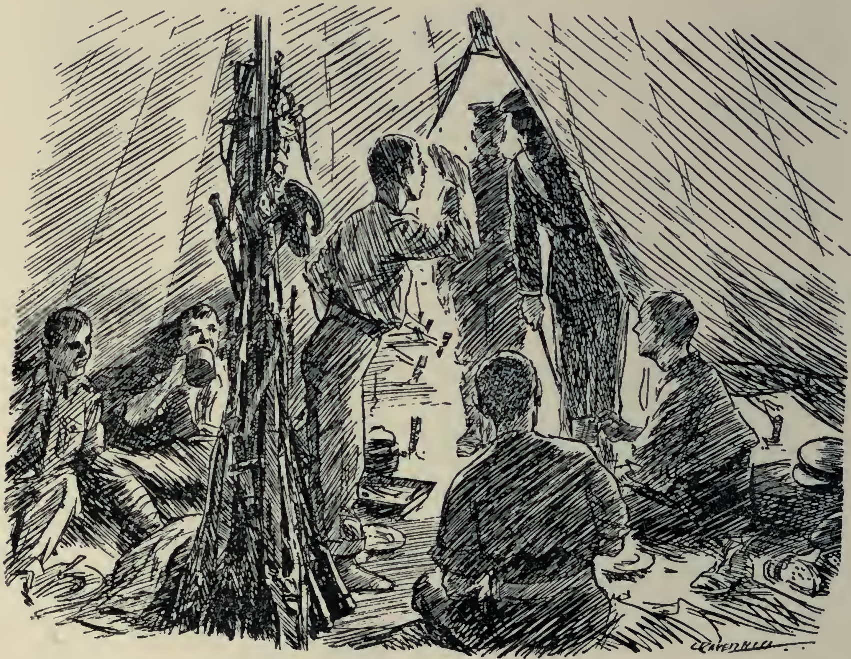
" What sins have I forgiven ?" asked the Captain soberly, restraining a strong impulse to smile.

" Well, Sir, in a manner of speaking, the 'ole lot. If you recall, Sir, after you'd put over the Commander's banns o' marriage and passed the remark about wicked men turnin' away from wickedness, you read the bit about us being your dearly beloved, and then we all said this 'ere and you read out that there."

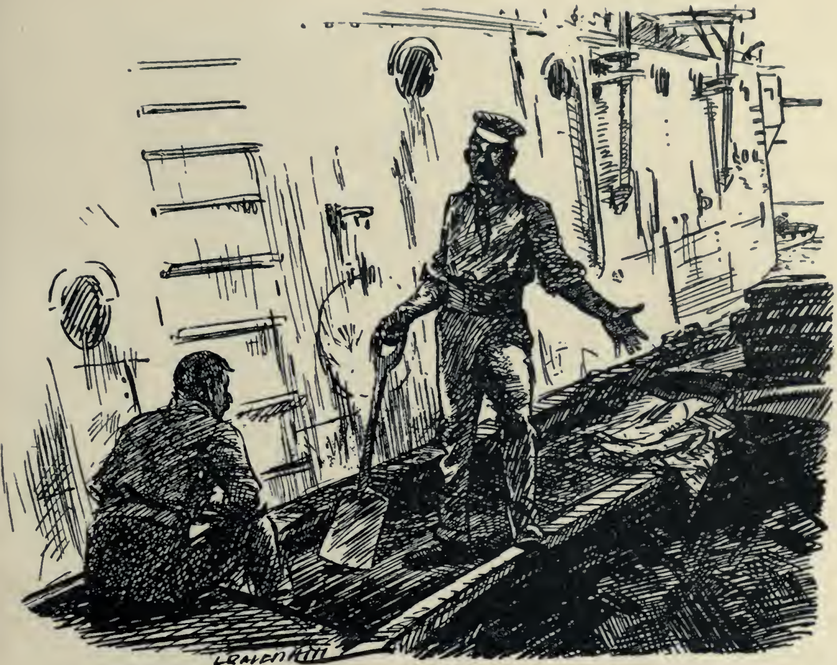
From behind his back the speaker produced a Prayer Book open at the Order for Morning Prayer and pointed with a horny finger at the General Confession and Absolution.

" Yes," agreed the Captain after studying the book for a moment, " you are quite right. I did."

" Yes, Sir. And what me and my mate 'ere wished to indicate was—not



OFFICER OF THE DAY. "Any complaints?"
CORPORAL. "Yes, Sir. Please, Sir, there's two teetotalers in this tent, an' as there's nothing to drink but beer, they've had to break!"



R.M.L.I.

ROYAL MARINE (*engaged in coaling ship*). "When I joined the corps the sergeant 'e ses to me, 'it's 'arf soldierin' an' 'arf yachtin',' 'e ses. I suppose this is the bloomin' yachtin'!"

meaning no 'arm, Sir—that only an ordained priest or a bishop may read that there Absolution."

" What makes you think that ?" said the Captain.

" It's in the drill, printed on top, Sir."

The Captain examined the rubric.

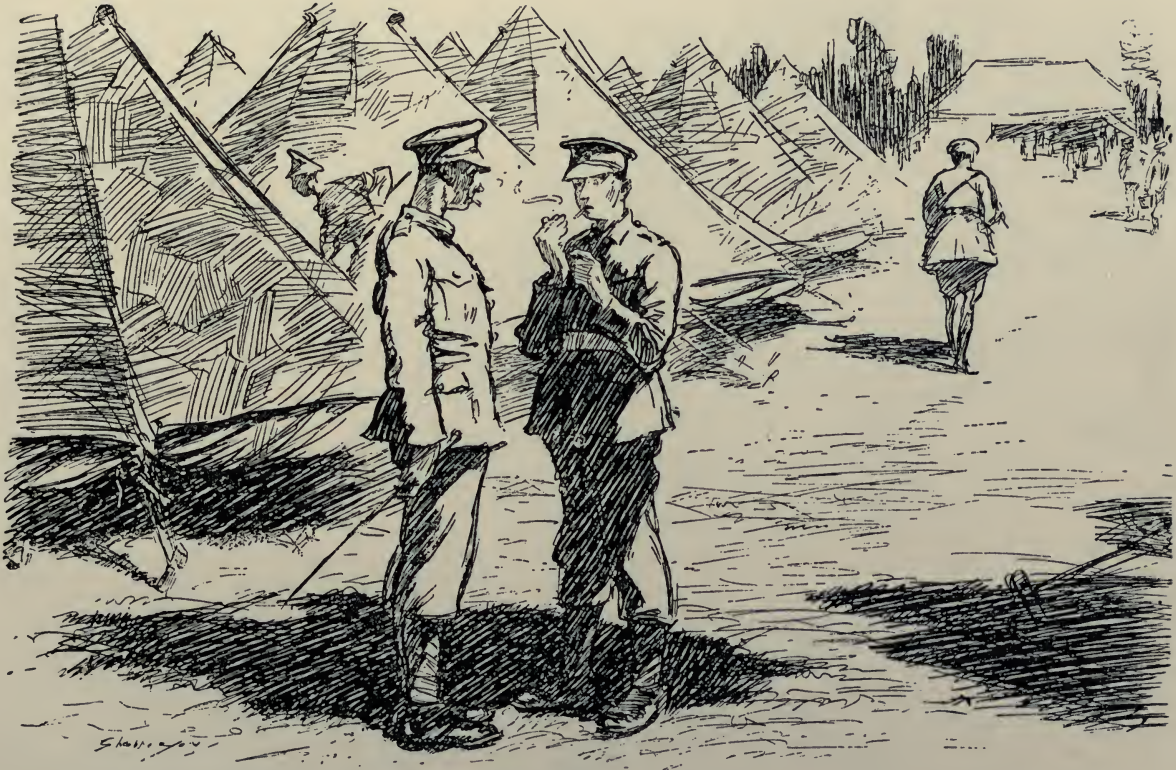
" You are perfectly correct," he said at last. " Let me see——" he glanced at the Master-at-Arms. " Yes—er—Request Granted."

The Master-at-Arms looked puzzled.

" Beg pardon, Sir," he murmured, " did you say ' request granted ' ?"

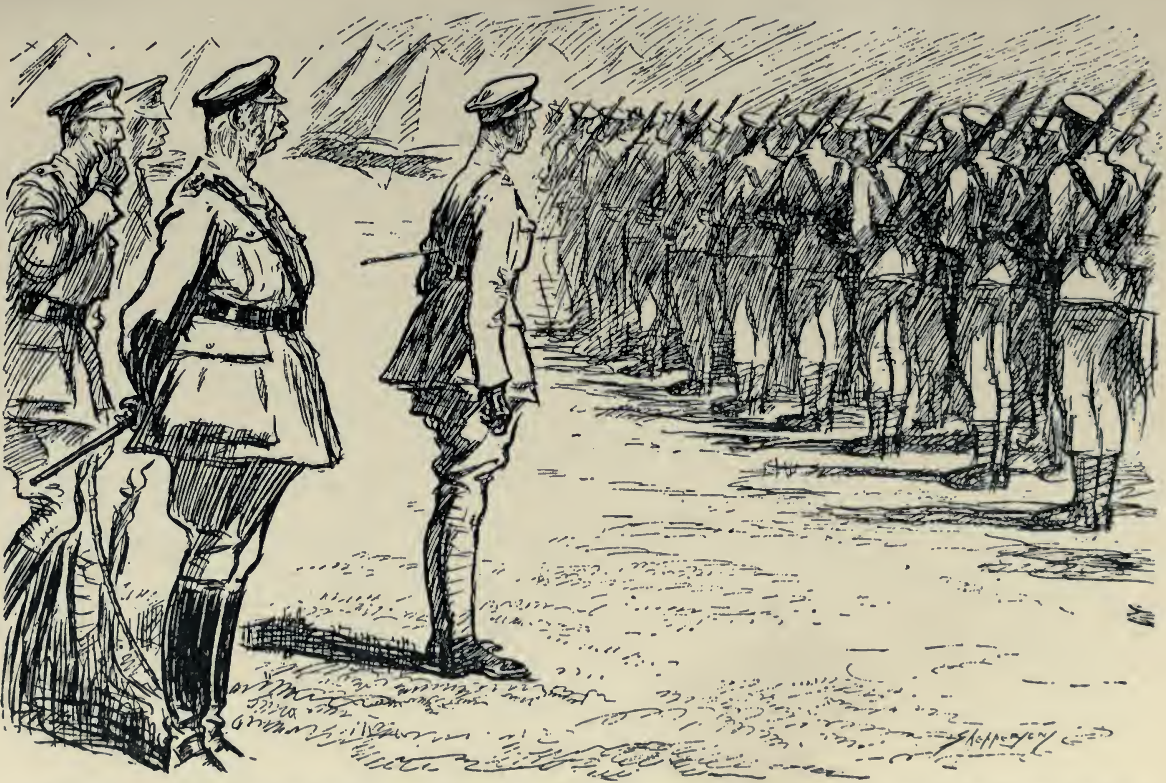
" I did," replied the Captain in a tone of finality.

" Ay, ay, Sir," said the Master-at-Arms tolerantly, and then turning to the miserable request-men, made the official announcement of the Captain's decision in a voice of thunder: " Request Granted—Not Absolved—About Turn—Quick March !"

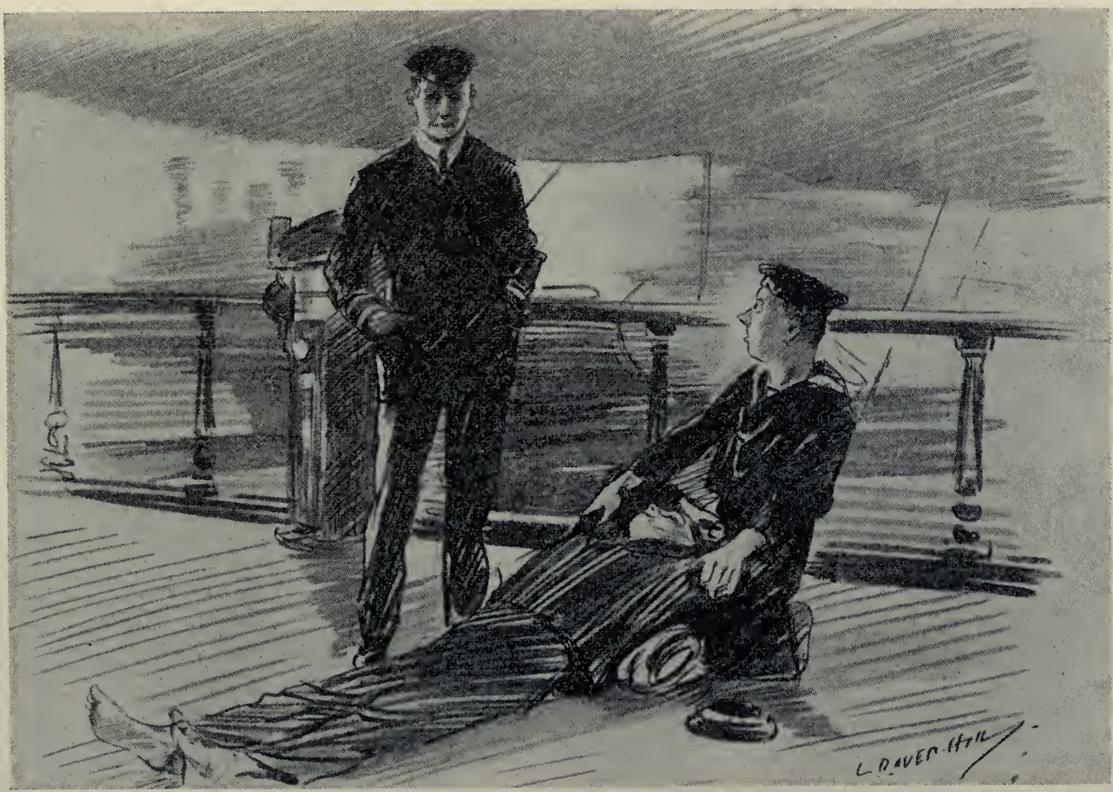


FIRST RECRUIT. "What do you think of the Major, Bill?"

SECOND RECRUIT. "He's a changeable kind o' bloke. Last night I says to 'im, ''Oo goes there?' an' he says, 'Friend!'; an' to-day 'e 'ardly knows me."



SECOND-LIEUTENANT SPOONER (*unnerved by presence of a General inspecting*). "The Company will move to the fight in roars. Form—roars! Fight!"



SURGEON (*examining in the practical methods of reviving the apparently drowned*). "Now, how long would you persevere in those motions of the arms?"

BLUE JACKET (*from the Emerald Isle*). "Until he was dead, Sir!"

# Sunbeam: A Tragedy

THE story I have to tell is a hitherto unpublished tragedy of the Great Occupation which followed on the Great War, the Great Armistice and the Great Peace. It is the story of a flock robbed of its shepherd.

In those days I lived an innocent Arcadian life on the banks of the Rhine as a Brigade Education Officer. Between ourselves and our late foes all was brotherly (not to say sisterly) love. The only strife we knew was the noble emulation between comrade and comrade in the acquisition of knowledge. Presently we were to advance in open order on the strongly entrenched and cunningly defended Scholarships, Grants, Appointments and Jobs, which were to be the final objective of the soldier home from the wars, and carry them on the entire front. In the meantime all was peace. And this peace was shattered by a horse.

Primarily, of course, like every disaster that occurs in the Army, it was the fault of a General. In the Mess one evening the Brigadier suddenly announced that he would shortly review the Brigade. Well, he had a right to do it if he wanted to, I thought vaguely, while revolving over in my mind the conjugations of *sein* and *haben* which I was to impart to my disciples on the morrow. Then another sentence struck on my ear: " All Officers attached to Brigade H.Q. will be on parade, mounted." I am an officer, I thought with lightning rapidity; I am attached to Brigade H.Q.; therefore I must be on parade, mounted. And from that time onwards my *Ruh* was *hin*, as Goethe says, and my *Herz* was *schwer*.

It was not that I minded patronising the Brigadier's review; in fact I was rather flattered by the invitation, which I accepted as a compliment to Learning as personified by myself. My agitation was caused by the word "mounted." I had never ridden a horse in civil life, and, having served during the whole of my combatant career as an infantry N.C.O., I had had no occasion to perform this feat in the Army; nor did it seem to me that a review would be the most suitable opportunity for beginning.

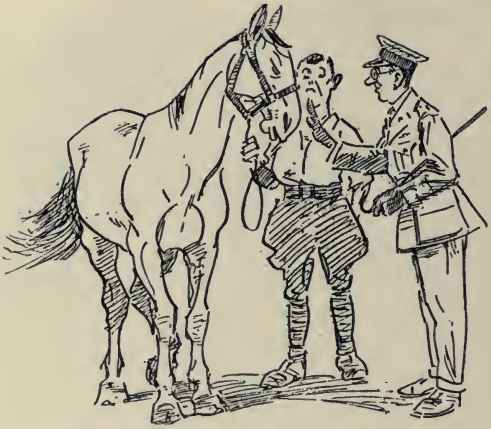
In any case I had no horse, and so the next day I went to see the Brigade Quartermaster on the subject. " Don't you worry," said he kindly; " I've got the very horse for you. He only came to us a few days ago from Divisional H.Q., and for the last three or four years he's been ridden by the General himself. He's as quiet and steady as a rock; and then think how many reviews he must have been to. He knows the whole game; all you have to do is to sit on him as if you were in an arm-chair, and he'll pull you through."

" What is his name?" I asked.

" Sunbeam," said the Quarter. " Come and look at him."

Sunbeam looked very quiet and thoroughly respectable. I patted him, and he made no attempt to bite me or tread on me. Somewhat comforted, I returned to my waiting disciples.

On the morning of the review, by arrangement with the Quartermaster,



"He made no attempt to bite me or tread on me."

Sunbeam was brought round to the door of my billet by a groom, who was charged to give me advice and assistance. On his instructions I placed my left foot in the stirrup, left hand on the horse's neck, right hand on the back of the saddle. I was then to give a spring with my right leg, helping myself with the right hand, and land neatly in the saddle. I must have pulled too hard with the right hand; anyhow the saddle, with myself clinging to it, disappeared under Sunbeam's stomach.

When we made our next attempt the groom hung on to things in general on the off side, and this time I really did land neatly in the saddle, although I say it myself. I kicked the groom smartly in the ear as I did so, but being only a private, he could say nothing except " Oo ! "

Sunbeam certainly appeared to know the game, as the Quartermaster had said. The review-ground was in sight of my billet, and, seeing a group of mounted officers behind the General, he walked up to them without any reference to me for instructions and pushed his way through them until we were alongside the Brigadier himself. I took advantage of this to salute, but we were not well received. The Brigadier was annoyed ; it seems that we were late, Sunbeam and I, and the march past was about to begin.

" Fall back a little, please," he said crossly.

Before I had time to think out any way of conveying this idea to Sunbeam the band of the leading battalion struck up, and on the instant Sunbeam moved forward about three paces and proudly took his stand a little to the right and in front of the Brigadier's horse.

I realised the ghastly truth in an instant. Sunbeam had been in the habit of carrying a Divisional General : Sunbeam had therefore always occupied the place of honour at reviews, and Sunbeam had no idea of occupying any other place on this occasion. How was I to let him know that I was merely an Education Captain ?

A horrible roar came from my left rear. " Don't you know your position, Sir ? Fall back immediately. Back, damn you, not forward ! "

I hauled viciously on the right rein, then on the left, then on both together, bracing my feet in the stirrups and leaning back. Sunbeam paid no attention to me. He was engrossed in watching the troops. In a state of panic I looked round and addressed the Brigadier. "I can't, Sir," I said hysterically. "My horse—*my horse thinks I'm a General.*"

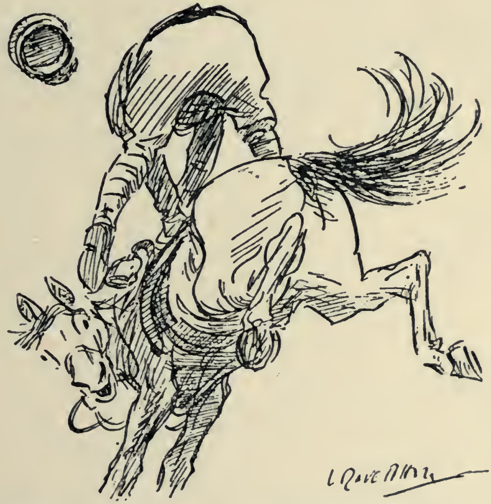
The Brigadier gave a sort of cackling snarl. "Thinks you're a General, does he?" he said in a fierce undertone rendered tremulous by rage. "Well, *I* think you're a —— —— fool."

So saying, he came forward half-a-dozen paces in order to pass Sunbeam and myself. The first battalion was almost opposite by this time, and he had to take the salute. Impossible to take the salute with an Education Captain sitting on a horse in front of him. He would deal with us afterwards.

He had reckoned without Sunbeam. That noble animal was not in the least disposed to permit such an affront to his dignity and that of the young General whom he fondly imagined to be riding him. Immediately and with great solemnity he took six paces forward in his turn, which brought us in front of the Brigadier again, and very near to the advancing battalion, which was doing "Eyes right!" before having received the order.

I closed my eyes and prepared for sudden death. I verily believed that out of the corner of my eye I had seen the Brigadier put his hand on his revolver, but I suppose he was deterred by the consideration that our corpses would be as much in the way as our living bodies. At all events he leaned forward and with his riding-whip gave Sunbeam a terrific welt on the hindquarters.

Apparently this was something quite outside Sunbeam's long experience of reviews. He did something—I don't know exactly what—which caused



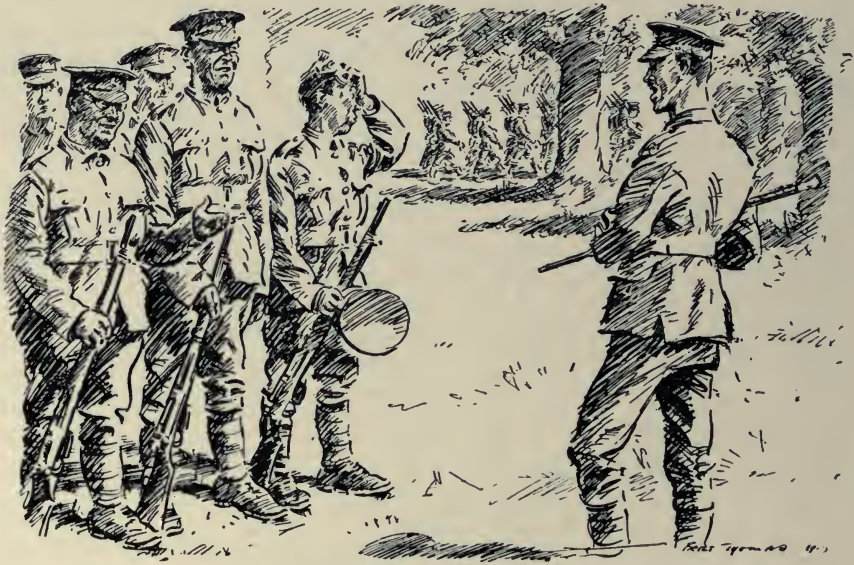
"He did something—I don't know exactly what."

me to lose my stirrups and my reins, and rise up in the air. When I descended Sunbeam was no longer underneath me, and I came heavily to earth, flat on my back, in front of the Brigadier's horse.

Sunbeam was some distance away, kicking his heels. I walked off the ground in the opposite direction.

* * * * * * *

Within a week I received my demobilisation papers. Was this a coincidence? I fear not.



LONG-SUFFERING SERGEANT. "We got another 'arf-hour to go yet. *I* don't know what to do with yer."

ROOKIE (*suggestively*). "There's some trees over there, Sergeant."

SERGEANT. "Yes, I know. But there ain't any ropes."

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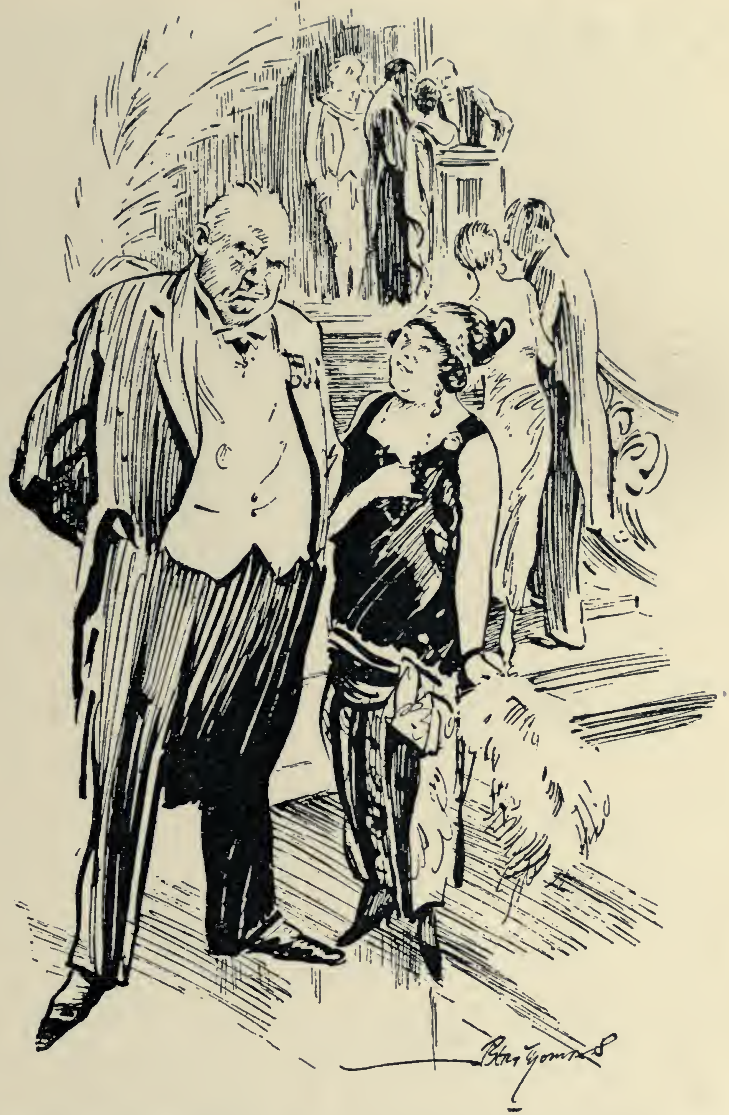
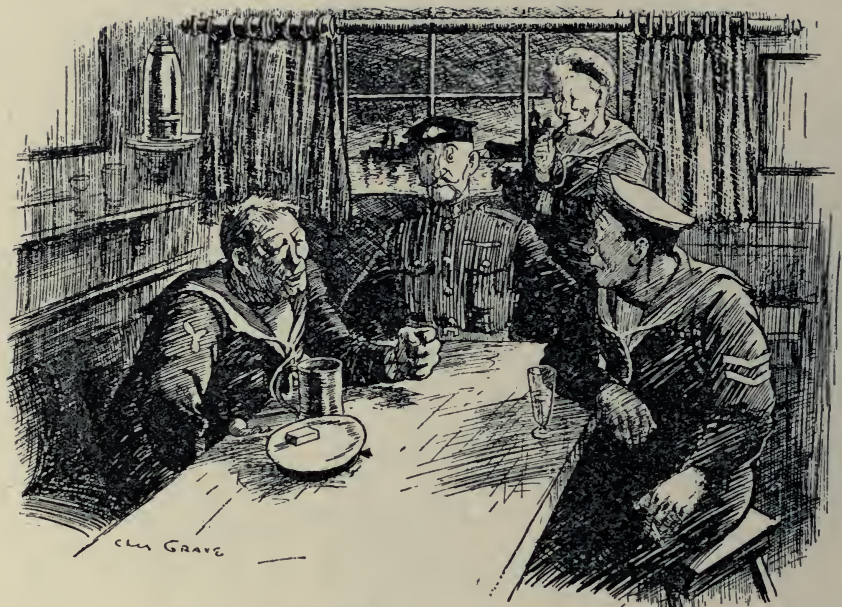
Glimpses of the Obvious.—On a visit to H.M.S. "Victory":—"We were shown the brass plate let into the deck and marking the very spot where Nelson fell; also a picture representing the death of the great admiral, but painted after his death."—Canadian Paper.

Short-sighted Brutality in the Army. —"Presiding at the annual dinner dance, Lieut.-Col. E. M. —— congratulated the company on its efficiency, and particularly upon the high averages obtained in rifle shooting, Lewis gun, and the shooting of recruits."—Nottingham Paper.



FOND MOTHER (*discussing her son*). "I just wanted to say, Admiral, that you'll find my son quite easy to manage, if you don't humour him too much."



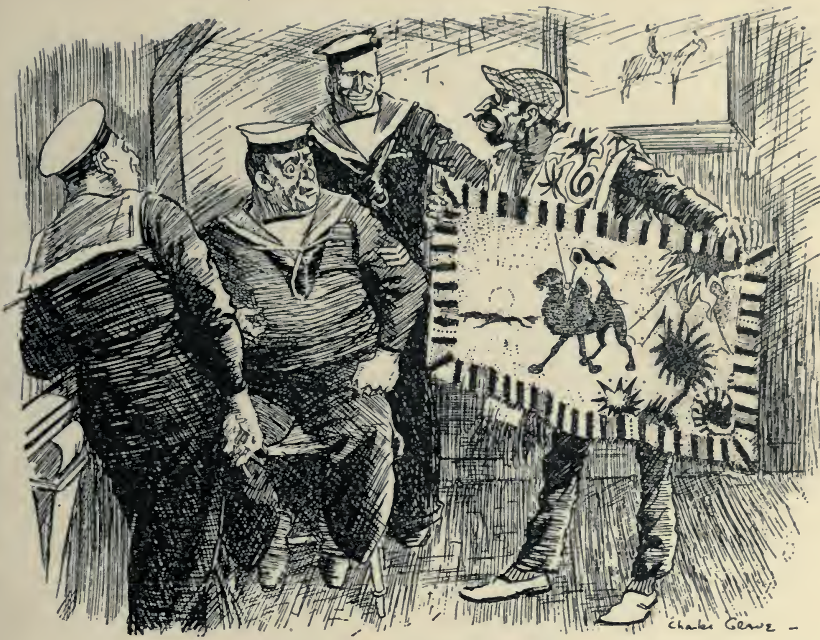
NAVAL HEAVY-WEIGHT (*with the creative mind*). "The old Admiral wasn't 'arf pleased when I won larst night. 'Ginger,' 'e sez, 'you ain't 'arf walloped old Nobby—my blinkin' oath, you ain't. Put it there, Ginger, ole pal,' 'e sez; 'I allus did like yer, an', moreover, now I sees yer close to,' 'e sez, 'I even likes yer face.' "

## Naval Reform

It is my proud duty to sing to-day of the British Navy,
Of those picturesque sons of the blue who have long been our chiefest pride,
Who go out on that beastly sea of theirs in all weathers, however windy and wavy,
And can get in or out of any harbour, I'm told, at any state of the tide.

In terms of unqualified admiration let us sing—for they are above criticism,
Absolutely;
And if any captious ass indulges at their expense and for his own advertisement in ill-judged witticism
They refrain from back-chat, though they may be suffering acutely.

To them we have long owed the blessings of imported pianos, chilled carcases and Yankee proprietary medicines,
And all the innumerable advantages we get from Free Trade;
And if on shore they occasionally break out into wild larks and generally heady-sins,
Don't we all love Jack? Very well; then who's afraid?



How to get on in the Navy

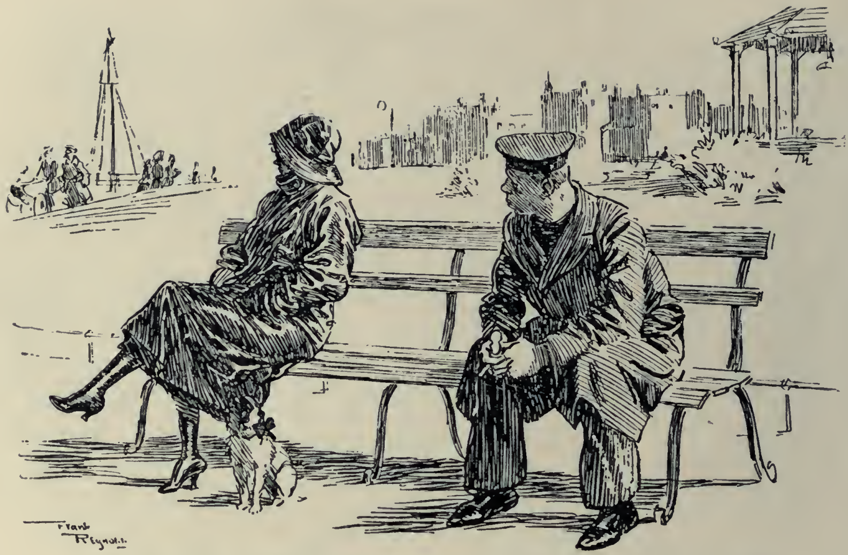
SAILOR. "But look 'ere, Rufus. Supposin' I *did* buy it, what am I going to do with a flamin' calico camel?"

RUG MERCHANT. "You putta da mat in da Capitan's cabin, an' da Capitan so pleased that he givva you da promotion."

The ratings—that's a queer term—wear curious trousers and knives fastened to lanyards;
Their jackets also are odd, but the whole turn-out comes down from long ago;
Possibly it was worn when Drake tackled the Spaniards,
Possibly it wasn't; I don't know.

I give you my solemn word that I've seen the jovial tar playing Rugby in the Tropics at seven in the morning,
And with apparent relish;
And, I tell you, a sight like that, when you're feeling a bit delicate and it's sprung on you without warning,
Fills one with emotions that no words of mine could embellish.

I turn now to the officers. Not a dullard among them or a fathead;
Well-learned, good at footer, very superior and yet bland;
How well they keep their figures too; though I'm bound to say on that head,



TAR (*by way of opening the conversation*). "Ahem! Been out in the lifeboat often, Miss?"

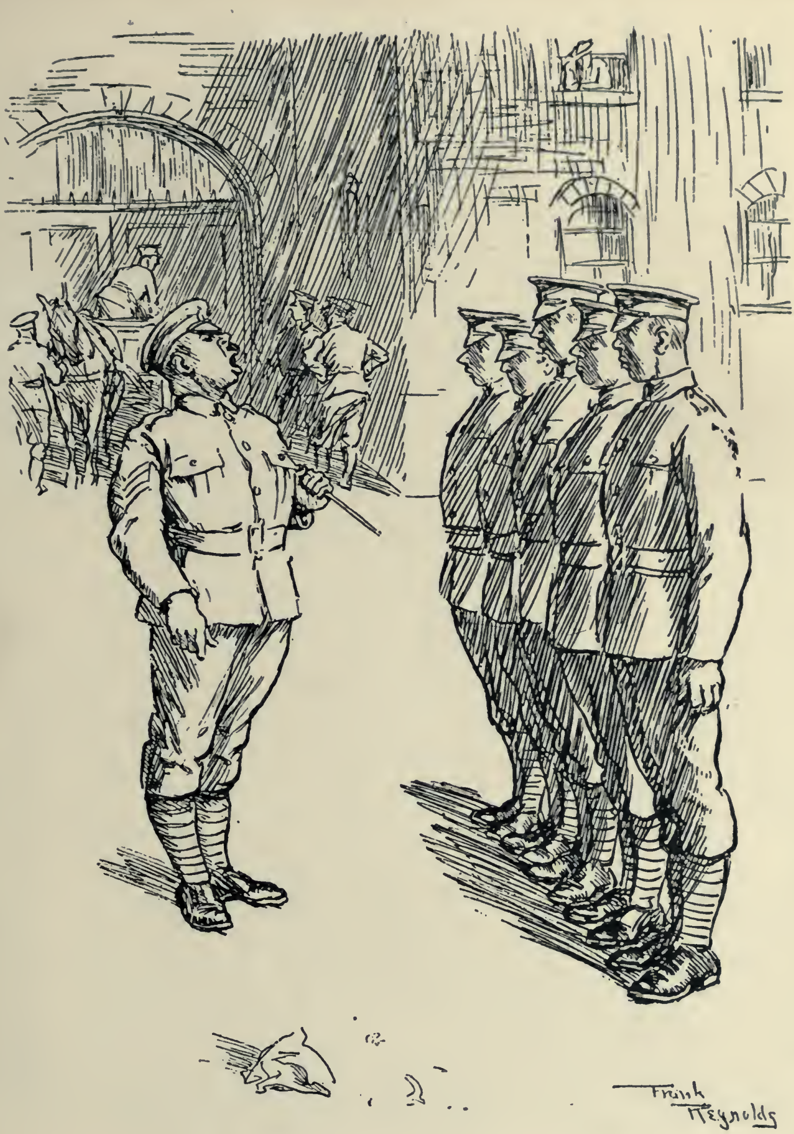
Give them a shore billet and they sometimes show a tendency to expand.

Hitherto there has been only one flaw in this incomparable calling,
And that lay in the size and position of the commodores' stars as at present worn;
They were too bulky to be really enthralling,
And their situation on the epaulette (longways-on) somehow filled one with a touch of scorn.

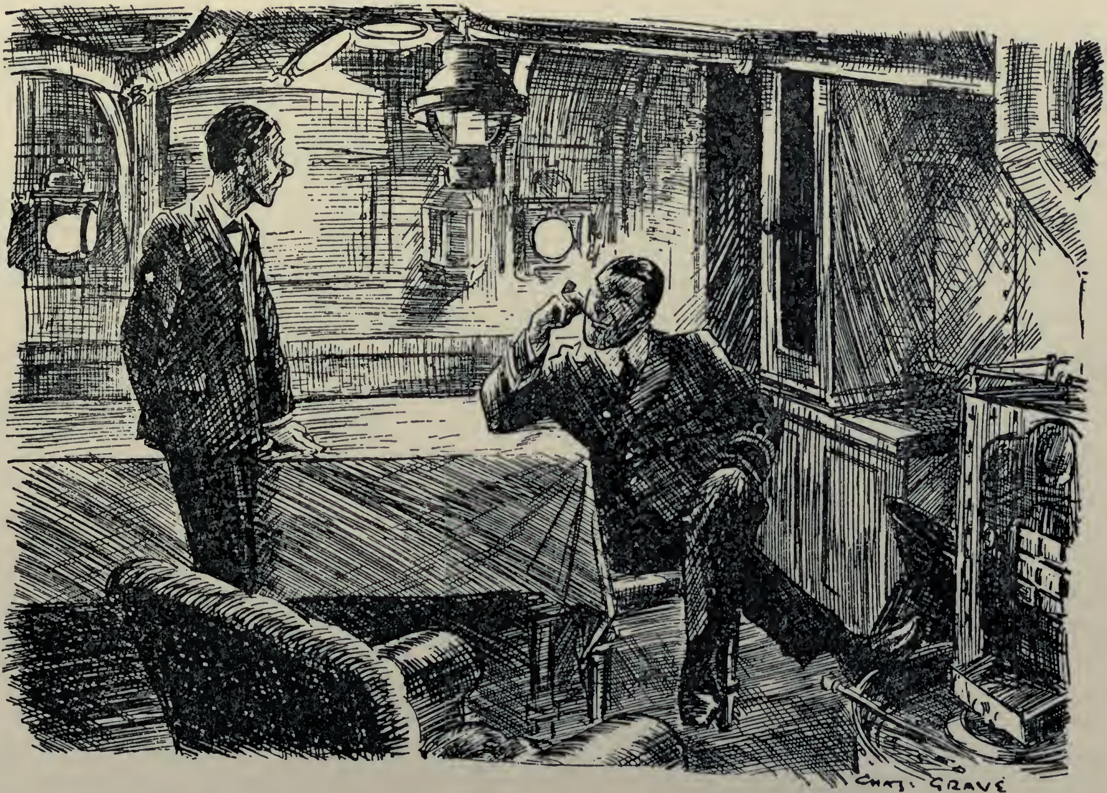
It was all very well to say that that sort of thing's a job for tailors,
But it remained as a reproach for our otherwise excellent sea-lords,
And I used to wonder why His Majesty with his well-known love for his brother-sailors
Never insisted on having the question thoroughly thrashed out; it could easily have been done by a few Boards.

Let us therefore rejoice in the glorious message that henceforth these stars are to be one inch in diameter instead of an inch-and-a-quarter, and stuck on, what's more, in the other direction:
"Side by side in a horizontal line" is the order, though why "horizontal" is too many for me;
For at last our noble Navy will be free from the smallest imperfection,
While the revolution, for that's what it amounts to, should be of great value in helping her to rule the sea.

Dum-Dum

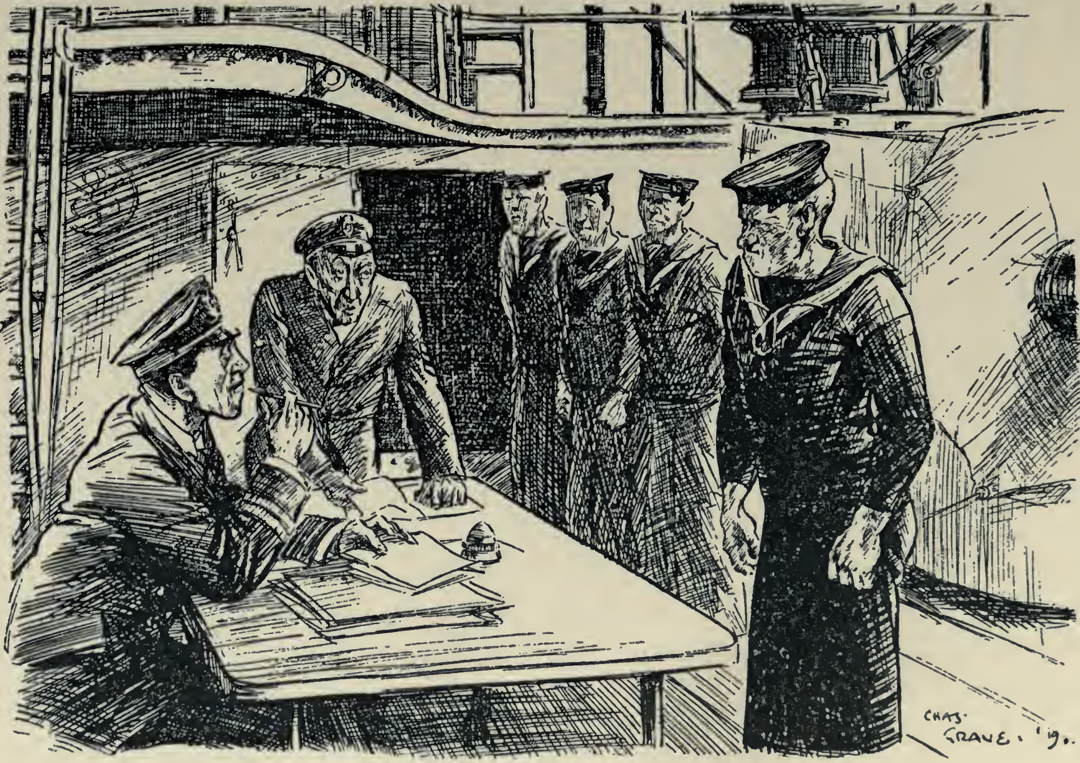

Frank Reynolds

OUTRAGED SERGEANT. "Who the —— —— 'as left this 'ere paper-bag on the parade-ground? If so, pick it up."

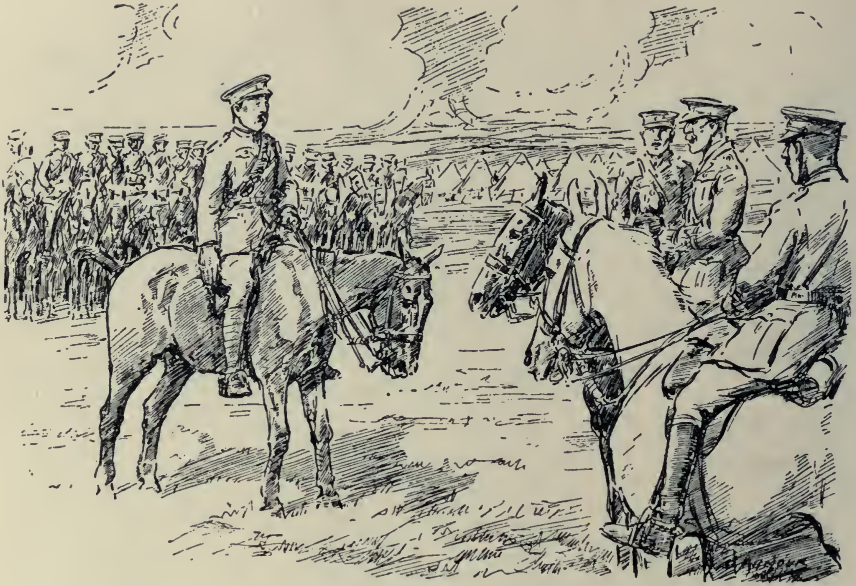


OFFICER. "Well, Peters, how did you get on?"

STEWARD (*who has asked for special leave*). "Nothin' doin', Sir. The skipper 'e sez to me, 'e sez, 'It'll cost the country four-an'-sevenpence to send you 'ome, an' as the Navy 'as got to economise you'll do to begin on,' 'e sez."


CHAS. GRAVE. '19.

ASSISTANT PAYMASTER. "How long were you in your last job?"
"HOSTILITIES ONLY" MAN. "Three months, Sir."
A.P. "What were you doing?"
H.O.M. "Three months."



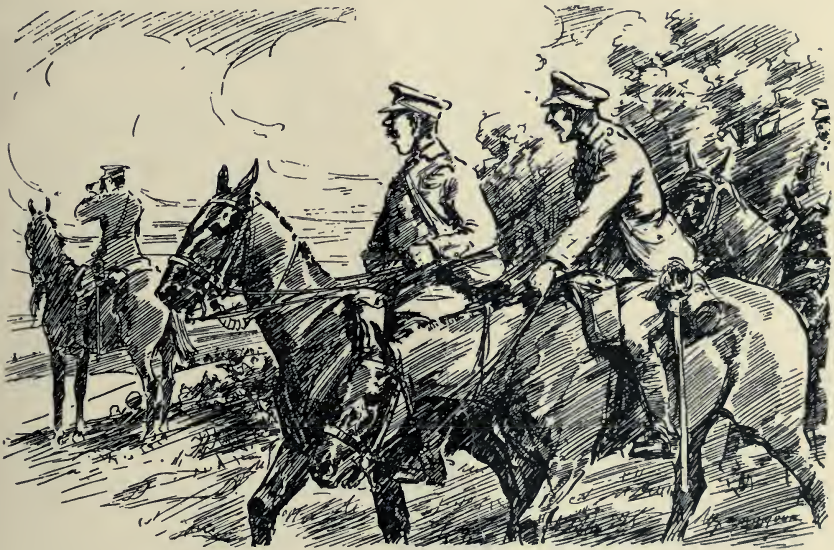
YEOMANRY COLONEL (*in parade for inspection of newly-arrived horses*). "Well, Trooper Smith, I hear you have a grievance. Trot it out."
TROOPER SMITH. "Trot, Sir? It can't 'ardly walk!"

## The Door that was Locked

THE trouble with our Brigadier is that his early training was neglected by a too fond mother or too lazy nurse, and we have to suffer for it. There is no doubt whatsoever that as a small boy he used to throw himself on the ground and howl with rage every time he was baulked, and the passage of fifty years has not altered his character to any marked degree; he has broken himself of the habit of throwing himself on the floor, but he still howls at the top of his voice if thwarted, and attempts to soothe him merely cause him to yell louder.

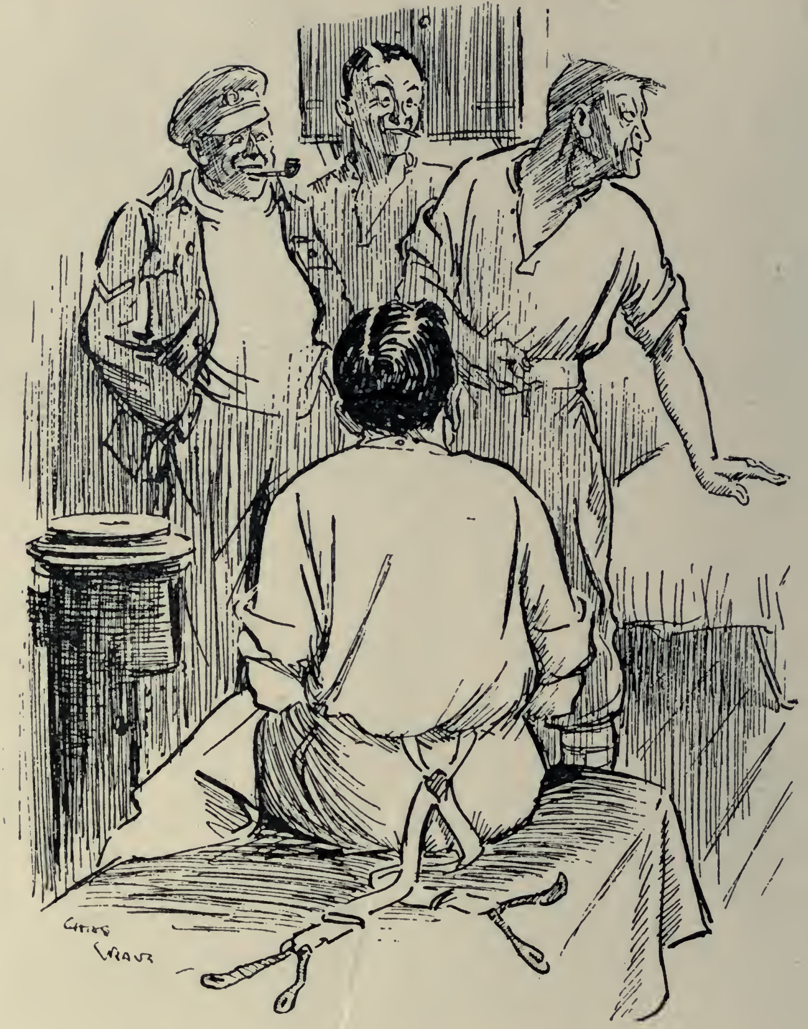
Like all Generals whose duty it is to inspect Battalions, he has his pet "stunts" and anathemas; and it has long been accepted as the first duty of Commanding Officers and Adjutants that they should make themselves acquainted with the speciality of the Brigadier immediately they arrive at a new station. The little points in question are nearly always something absurdly trivial, such as the carrying of a spare pair of bootlaces by all ranks or the complete absence of cobwebs in the barracks, and the really efficient adjutant knows that there is only one thing worse than every man on parade being deficient in spare bootlaces, and that is for every man at once to produce from an accessible part of his clothing these necessary adjuncts to his footwear. To do this is to rob the tiger of his prey, and is always regarded as silent insolence. It must be borne in mind that the Brigadier has got up early that morning resolved to fulminate over at least one man deficient in laces, and to deprive him of this pleasure is merely asking for it; so let him have one deficiency or one small cobweb as the case may be for your sake and everybody else's.

Our Brigadier's pet aversion is a locked door. It seems that in the early days of his inspecting career he came across a locked door adjoining the sergeant-major's bunk and demanded the key. This was found after a long search and much protestation, and on opening the door the Brigadier was richly rewarded, for the room was a masterpiece. It was filled with every conceivable form of insult, from dirty clothes to rusty rifles, and on top of a disgraceful bed was a bull-terrier busy with a litter of pups. There was an historic scene—the Colonel was retired, the Second-in-Command passed over, and the Adjutant went to the other battalion in Shanghai; and since then our Brigadier has had one idea in his head and one only—every battalion

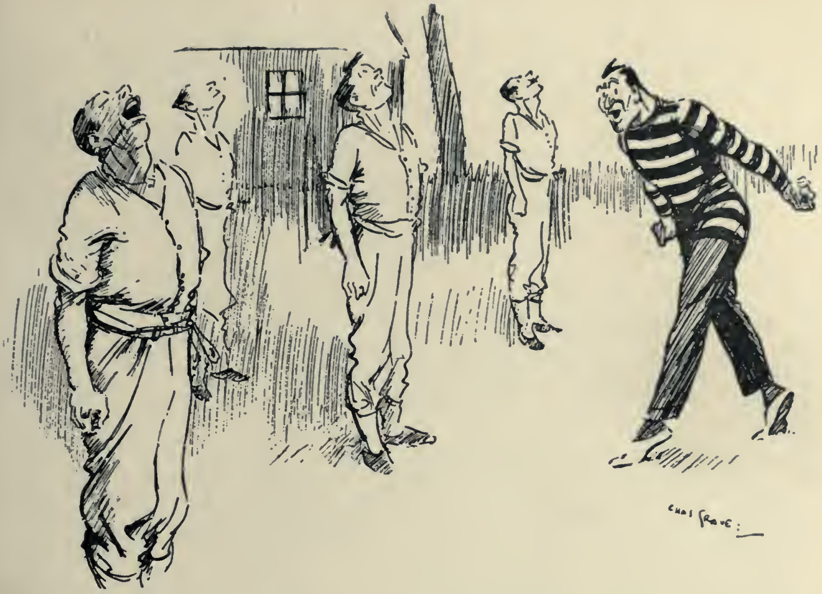


FIRST TROOPER IMPERIAL YEOMANRY (*discussing a new officer*). "Swears a bit, don't 'e, sometimes?"

SECOND TROOPER. "'E's a masterpiece, 'e is; just opens 'is mouth and lets it say wot it likes."



TOMMY (*describing his experience of being up before the Colonel*). "I was tellin' the C.O. wot 'appened when the Sergeant-Major interrupted me, so I turned round an' I sed, 'Now, look 'ere, Sergeant-Major,' I sez, 'when I 'm talkin' to the organ-grinder I don't want the blinkin' monkey to chip in.' "

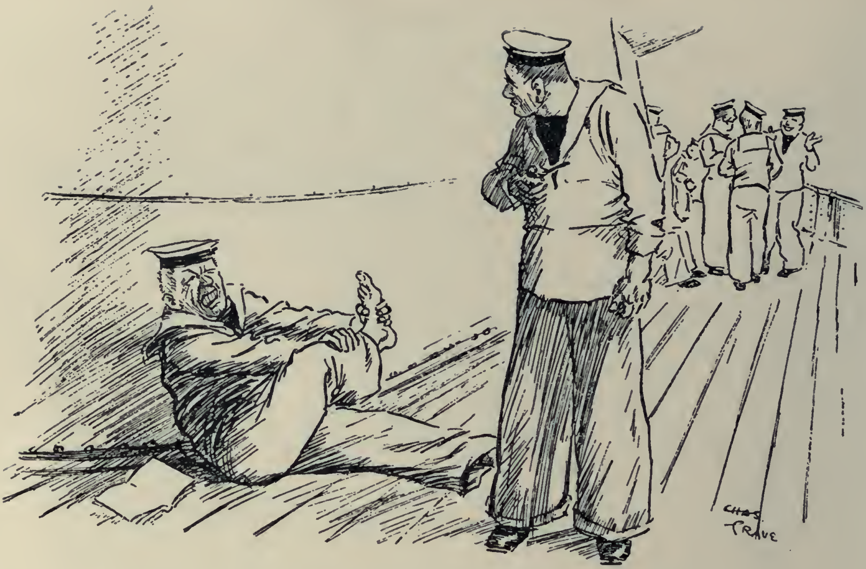


P.T. INSTRUCTOR. "Head backward—bend! Shut your mouth, that man. This ain't a beer-drinkin' exercise!"

has a locked door and behind it corruption unspeakable. He is so intent on finding one that he will overlook everything else during his quest; and the secret of success during an inspection is to see that he discovers one with just a taste of disorder in the room—a mere rub of garlic round the bowl.

We were inspected last week, and there is a nervous restrained attitude about everyone, for no one knows what the future holds. In the first place it must be understood that our barracks were built in the days of the Peninsular War, and to make them habitable the Works Department have added and pulled down bits at various times, so that the original lay-out of the buildings has been lost entirely, and the natural appearance is an untidy one. This is not exactly our fault, but our Brigadier is quite capable of holding the Commanding Officer responsible for what happened in 1812 if he is in the wrong mood.

Our Adjutant had arranged everything for a most successful inspection—minor details like drill and kit inspection, reserve ammunition and Quartermaster's stores were beyond reproach, and the most important point—the locked door—had been most carefully staged. It was that of a small room in "D" Company's block, and the furnishing of it lacked no detail. It was



"Why don't you put your blinkin' feet where they belong?"
"If I did you wouldn't be able to sit down for seven weeks."

spotlessly clean and swept, it contained a tidy bed, a table, a chair and a well-oiled rifle. For a moment the Adjutant had thought that the rifle might be a trifle rusty, but decided that this would be a bit too drastic, and had finally selected a cigarette-end lying on the table as just that little touch of disorder to give the Brigadier entire satisfaction—the olive in the cocktail, as it were.

Everything went swimmingly till we arrived at " C " Company's rooms, and then the Brigadier, somewhat nettled at having been baulked for so long in a barracks that seemed to be all doors, stalked on ahead and rattled the handle of the door at the far end—and it was locked !

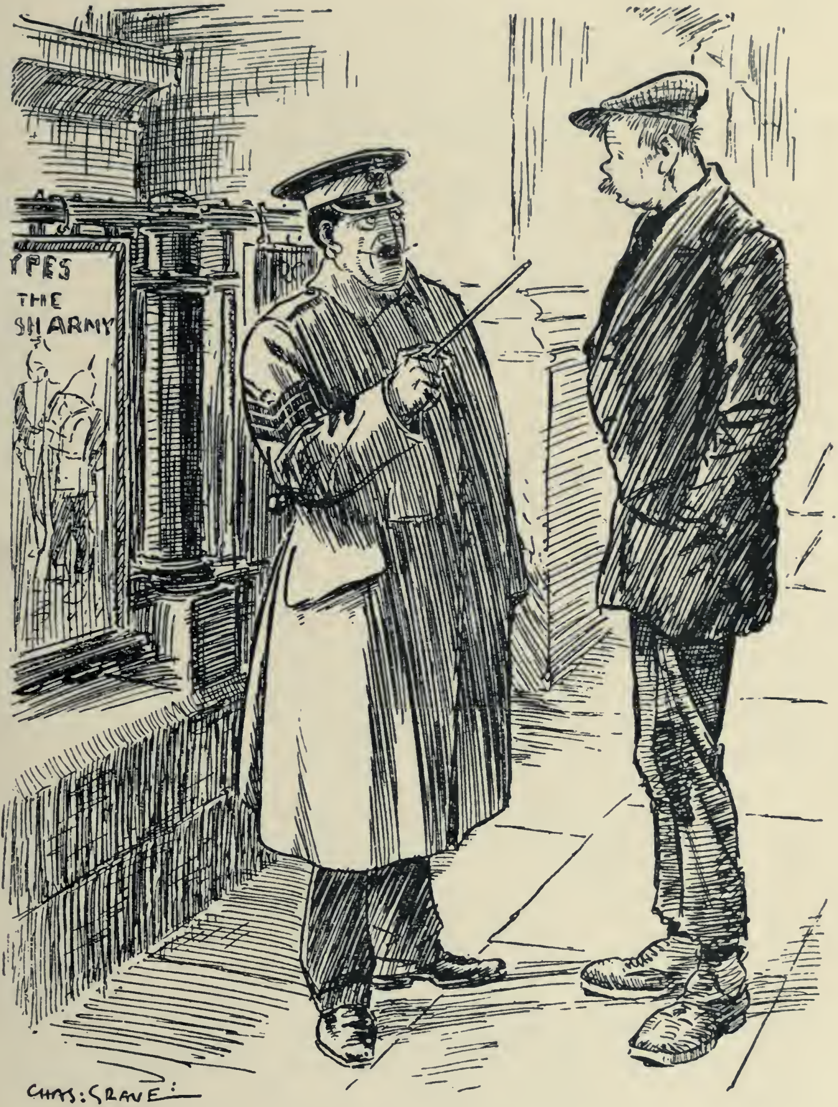
" How often have I said every door in the barracks must be open when I inspect ? " he roared. " Open it at once ! "

" But, Sir——" began the Commanding Officer.

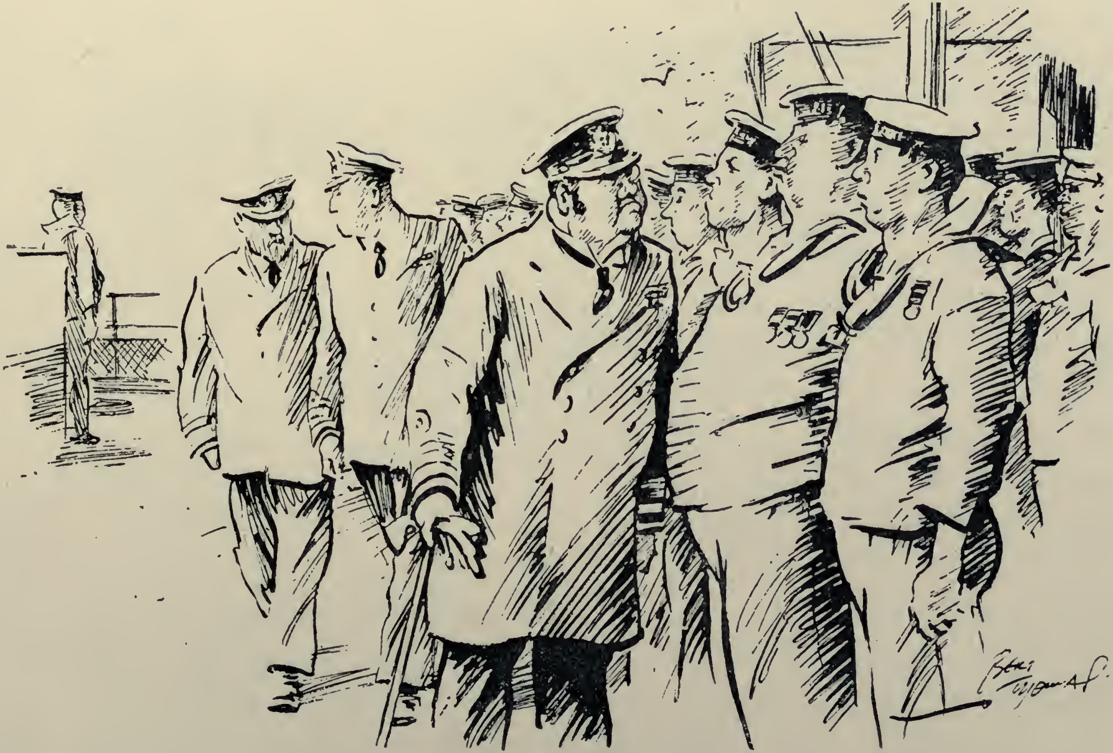
" Don't argue with me, Sir ! " yelled the Brigadier, hammering on the door with his stick. " Open it at once. Fetch the key ! Who's got it ? Send for the Armourer-Sergeant ! "

" But, Sir," interposed the Adjutant, " there *is* no key."

" Don't answer me, Sir. Every door has a key ! " yelled the Brigadier. " Fetch the Armourer-Sergeant and break it down at once."

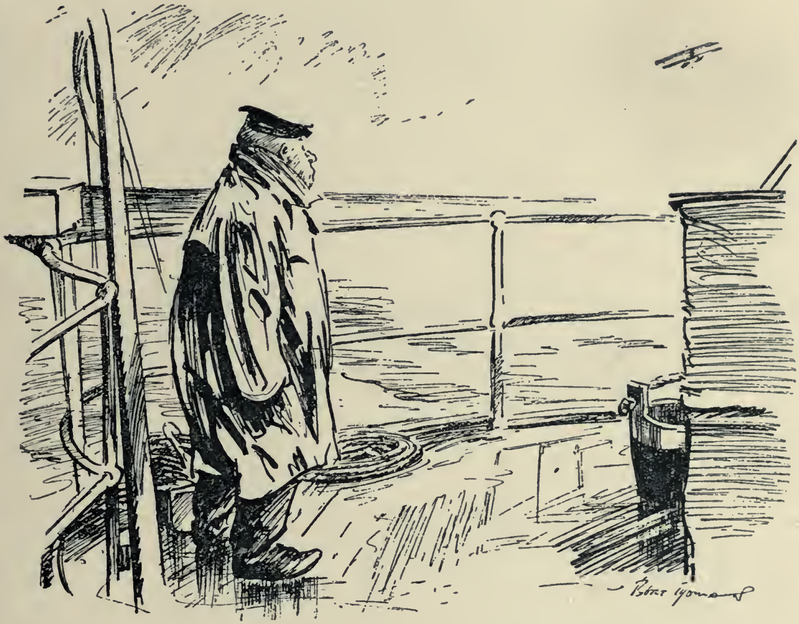

YPES
THE
SH ARMY
CHAS: GRAVE

RECRUITING SERGEANT. "Now, I can tell character when I see it, so mark my words. If you join now you'll be a swankin' general in five years."



"Get those medals for eating, my man?"
"No, Sir."
"Then why the devil d'you wear 'em on your stomach?"

The Armourer-Sergeant having been produced got busy with screw-driver and brace-bit till suddenly the door creaked on its hinges and moved slightly in a cloud of dust and plaster. The Brigadier, intent on being the first to view the disorder he counted on finding inside, pushed his way to the front. The door creaked again and suddenly swung open ; the Brigadier stepped forward into a blaze of sunshine and disappeared completely from view. Looking out over the threshold of the door, closed for some forty years, we saw him lying twenty feet below in Sergeant-Major Bartlett's lettuce-bed, the bright green of the plants contrasting delightfully with his purple face.



SON OF THE SEA. "Well, I s'pose it's all right; but wot *I* sez is—wot's the good of 'avin' a ocean if yer *flies* over it?"

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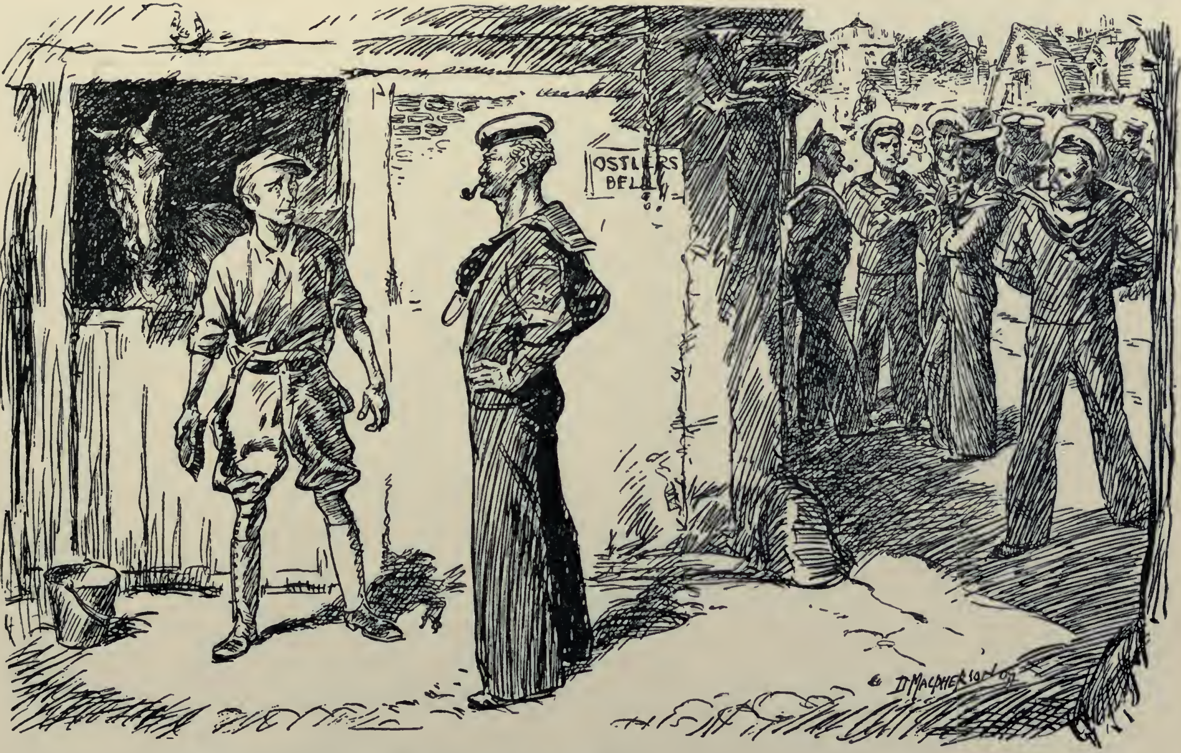
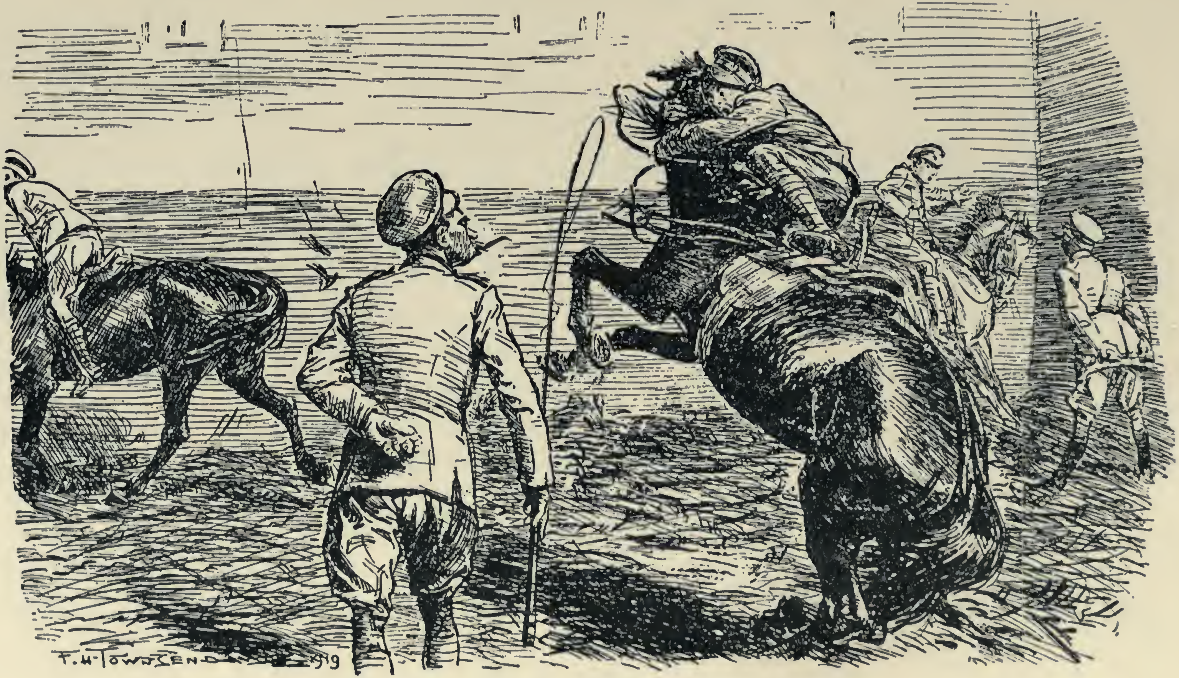
How to Keep the Troops Jolly.—"The 1st Battalion Welsh Guards, who sailed from Southampton yesterday for Egypt in the transport Neuralgia . . ."—Yorkshire Paper.

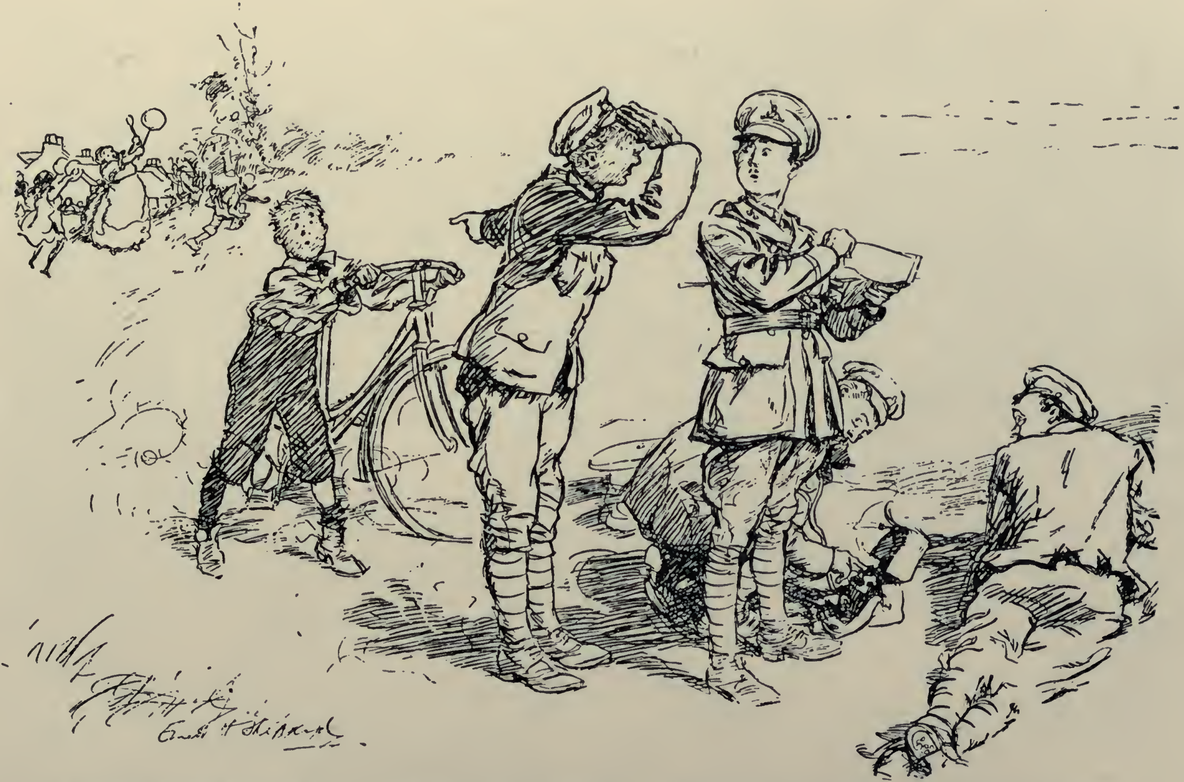
Soldiers taking part in the mimic war in Sussex last week were instructed to close all farm and field gates behind them. This of course is always done in the best wars.


OSTLERS BELL
D. MACPHERSON 07

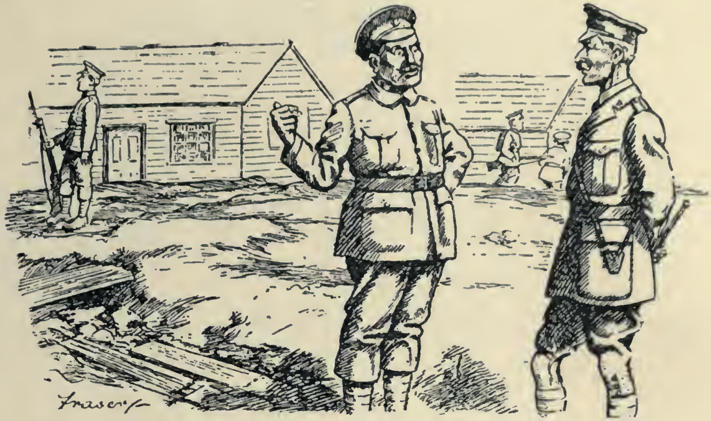
OSTLER. "Want a horse? what kind o' horse?"
MAN FROM "LIBERTY" BOAT'S CREW. "Oh, a good long 'un; there's eleven of us!"


F. H. TOWNSEND 1919

"What are you trying to do, No. 4?"
"It's no good, Instructor; I ain't got **no** head for heights."



SOLDIER (*having received S.O.S. from the married quarters*). "Might—might I fall out, Sir? I've just 'eard me bees is swarmin'."



OFFICER. "Why do you think he wouldn't make a good corporal?"
SERGEANT (*indicating sentry*). " '*Im* a corporal! Lor lumme! why, 'is name's Clarence!"

## The Sentry

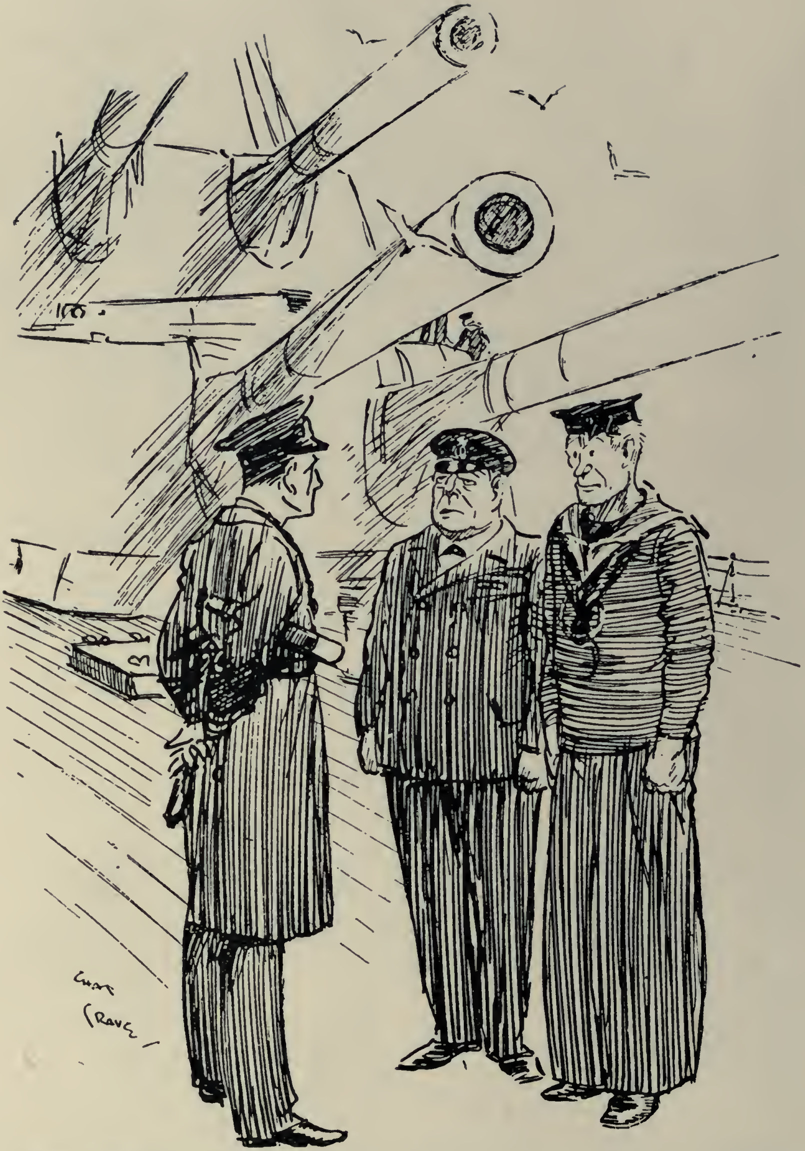
A SENTRY when on sentry-go
Should move correctly to and fro—
You never, never, never know
  Who may be there to see ;
A casual gait, a cap awry
May catch some crusty Colonel's eye,
And that means trouble by-and-by
  For Private Atkins, T.

He should not bandy on his beat
Strong words with strangers in the street
Who stop to photograph his feet
  Or estimate his girth ;
He must maintain in either case
An equally impassive face,
Reserving for some meeter place
  His rancour or his mirth.

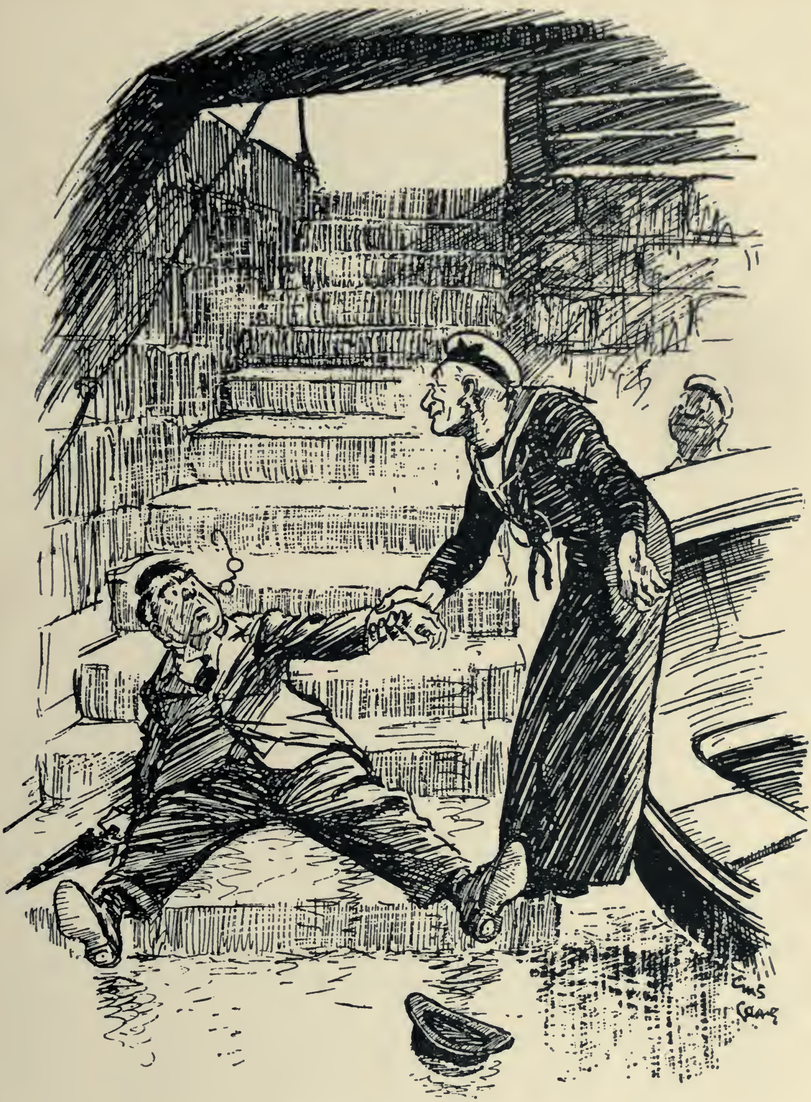
He must be ready night and day
The proper compliments to pay,
For Generals have a nasty way
  Of walking up and down
Hoping to find a sentry who
Is not quite certain what to do
Confronted with a close-up view
  Of crossed swords and a crown.

No sentry of the better type
Will prod pedestrians with his " hype"
Or puff in public at his pipe
  Or light a large cigar ;
Nor will he wander from his post
To meet the lady he loves most
Or commune with the courtly host
  Of a convenient bar.

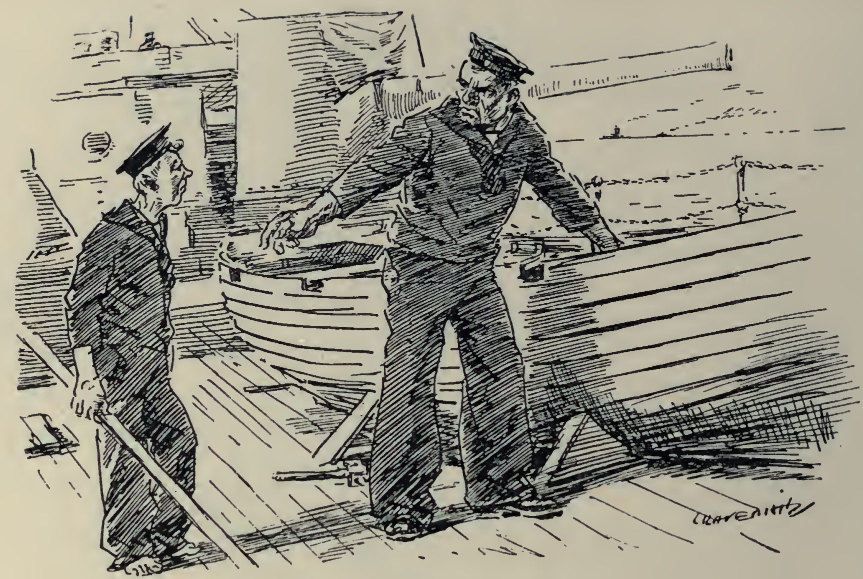
He may not whistle, dance or sing,
Or do a little yodelling
Or any other pleasant thing
  To pass the time away ;
Still, he can always contemplate
The beauty of the barrack-gate,
And that alone is adequate
  Diversion for the day.



PETTY OFFICER (*to Officer of the watch*). "I gives 'im an order, Sir, an' 'e laughs. I gives 'im the order again, an' 'e laughs 'eartily."



BLUEJACKET (*to officer's guest who has fallen on slimy steps*). "Funny thing, Sir, but my mate 'ere 'ad a bet that this would 'appen as soon as 'e see you was wearin' them rubber 'eels."



A.B. "Give us yer knife."
BOY. "Ain't got it."
A.B. (*with bitter scorn of non-essentials*). "Got yer wrist-watch all right, I s'pose?"

## "Along o' the Hon-ourable 'Orace"

### A Tale of the R.N.

ABLE-SEAMAN SULLIVAN sat on a mess-stool and regarded the contused big-toe of his right foot.

" Me own blinkin' fault," he murmured ; " I ought to know at my time o' life in the Service that when they pipes ' Clear Lower Deck Everybody Aft,' a pore sailor must either get on to the Q.D. a'ead of the bullocks or wait till the 'erd 'as passed by."

" Did I 'ear you referrin' to our Royal Marines, Spike ? " asked a messmate.

" You did," replied Spike Sullivan.

" Ah ! " said the messmate sententiously, " a fine corps. And that's right what they 'as writ on their lids : ' Per Mary per Tee-ram.' "

" Per'aps ; but that don't mend my flamin' foot, what feels like the guts of a canteen banger."

" You want to take a run up to the sick bay with that."

" Wot, me ? Not much ! I don't 'old with these modern conveniences what you keeps in these 'ere big ships."

" Done most of yer service in destroyers, 'ave yer ?"

" That's right ; and that *is* service, I tell you. 'Appiest time I ever 'ad was along o' the hon-ourable 'Orace up in Scotland afore the War."

" Oo was 'e, then ?"

" 'Ow d'yer mean, ' Oo was 'e' ? Skipper of our destroyer, o' course."

" I mean, oo was 'is father, like ?"

" 'Ow the 'ell should I know ?"

" Well, what made 'im into a hon-ourable ?"

" The Navy List, yer fat'ead. But if you'd 'eard the lovely flow 'e 'ad when 'e slung orf at anyone you wouldn't 'ave been in no doubt but what 'e was the son of a dook or some such."

" 'Ot stuff, was 'e ?"

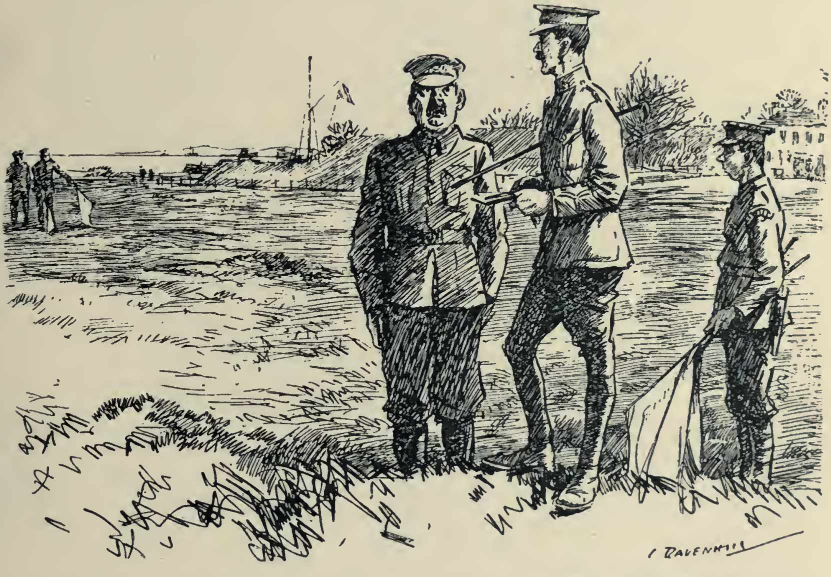
" 'E was a proper gentleman, batchy on shootin', 'e was."

" What, gunnery ?"

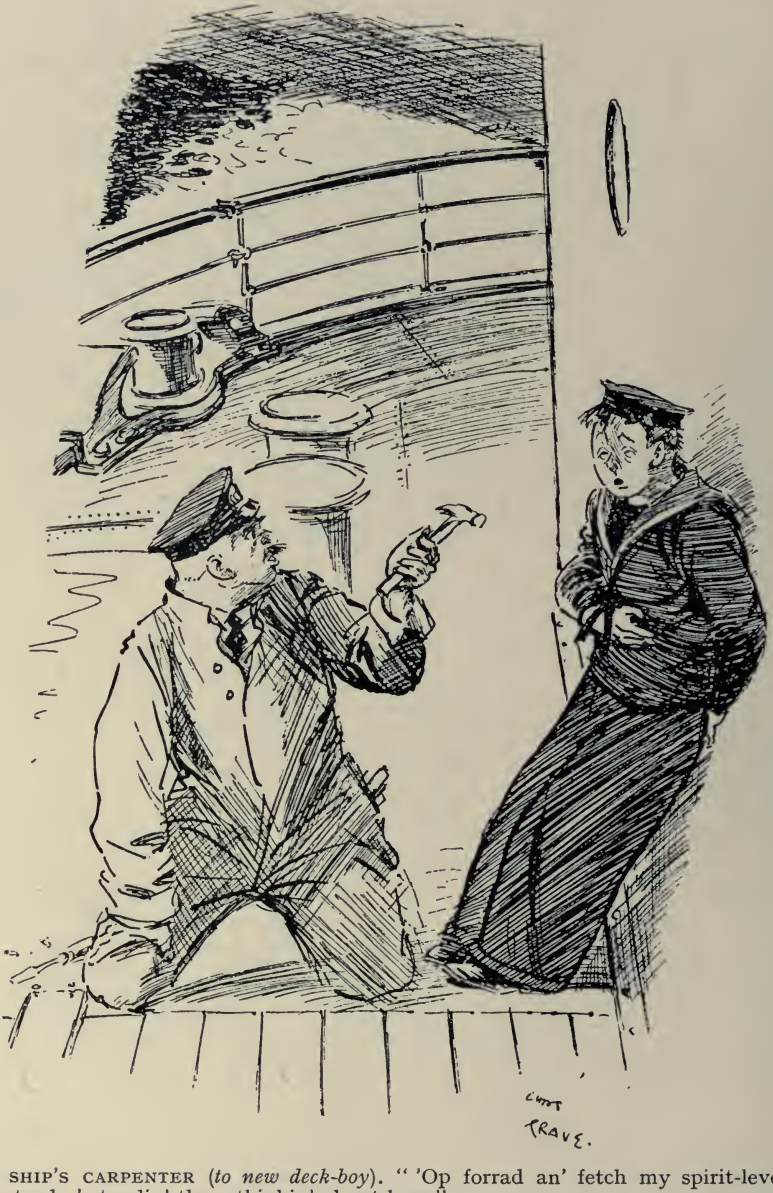
" No, don't talk so wet. Gunnery ! Gunnery ain't shootin'. I means proper shootin' with dawgs. You know."

" Oh, I see ; you means a bit o' sport. But 'ow did 'e wangle that, workin' with a flotilla ?"

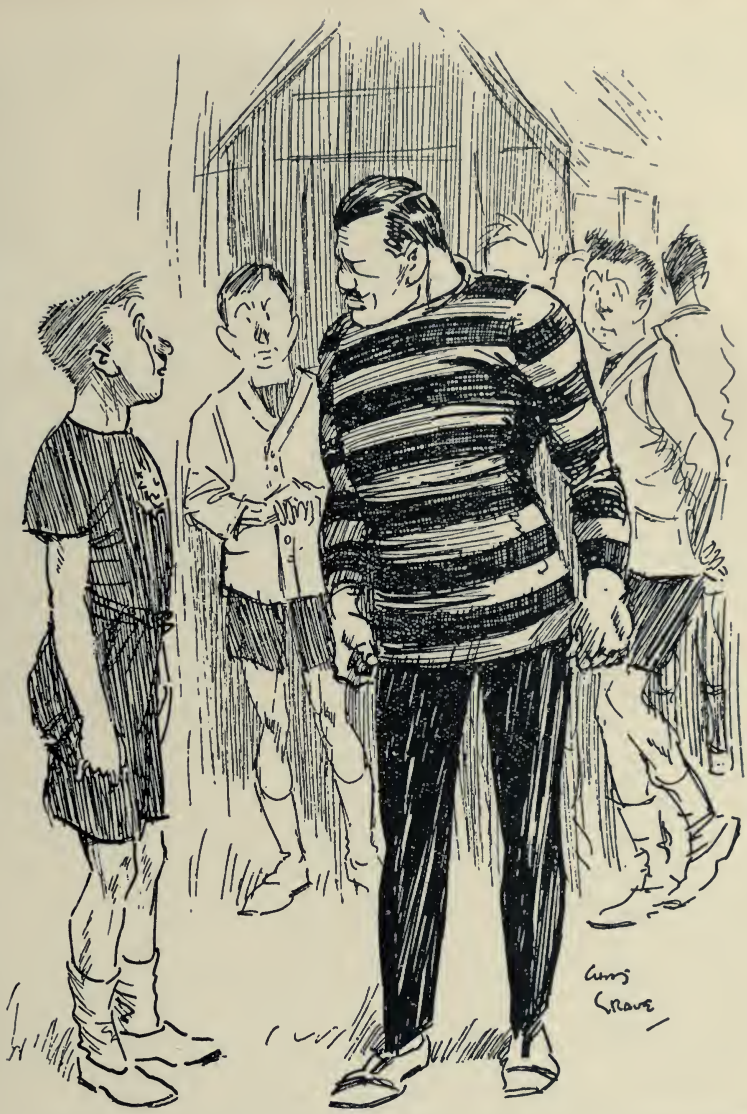
" 'Cos 'e was 'ardly ever with the flotilla. 'E was that keen on 'avin' a



CAPTAIN OF SIGNALLERS. "G—G—G, what the deuce does the fellow mean? There's no word with three G's running."
CORPORAL. "Beg pardon, Sir, but Signaller Higgins he stutters!"

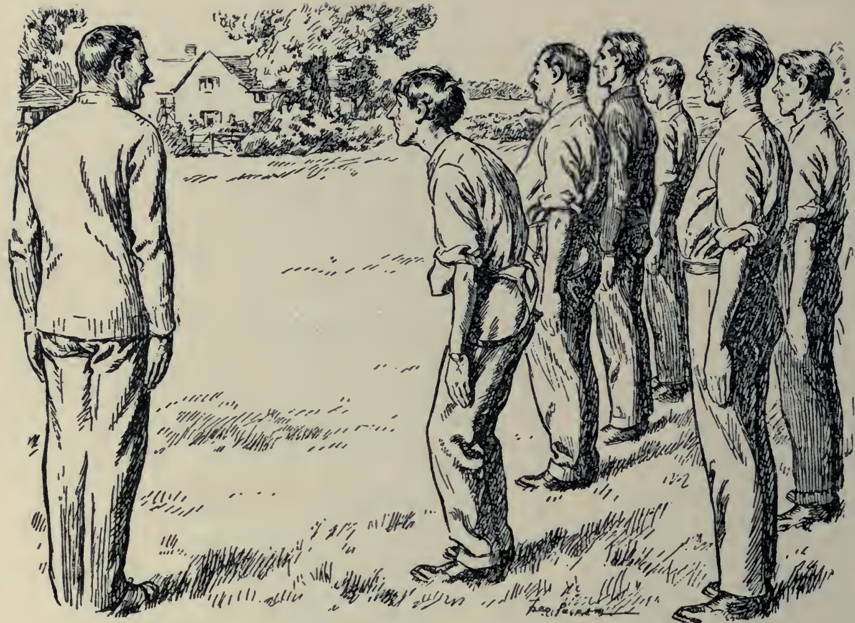


SHIP'S CARPENTER (*to new deck-boy*). " 'Op forrad an' fetch my spirit-level instead o' standin' there thinkin' about love."



P.T. INSTRUCTOR. "The orders was to parade in gym. costume and cardigan. Why ain't you got your cardigan on?"

RECRUIT. "I don't need no cardigan when you takes the parade, Sergeant."



PHYSICAL DRILL INSTRUCTOR (*to weak-kneed recruit*). "Nah then! If you're a-going ter jump—*jump!*"

smart ship, or so 'e made the Commodore think, that 'e was always gettin' permission to proceed independent to ' work up ship's company.' "

" Ah ! "

" Yes, an' the way we used to work up was to drop an 'ook orf some likely-looking moor an' land a party in the mornin' watch with the two dawgs in a whaler an' 'ave a proper battoo."

" But didn't the place belong to nobody ? "

" Of course it did."

" Well, then——"

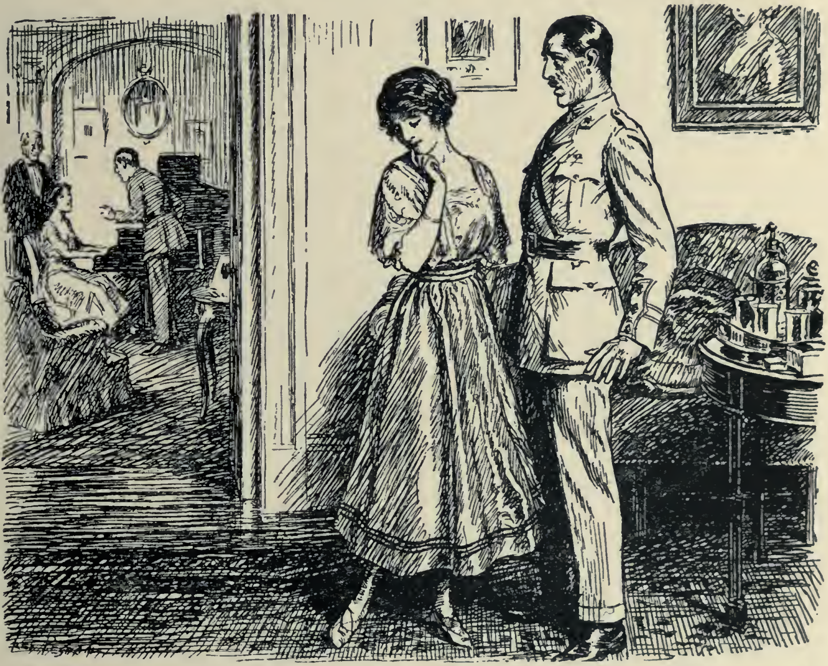
" Look 'ere—am I spinnin' this 'ere yarn or are you ? "

" Beg pardon."

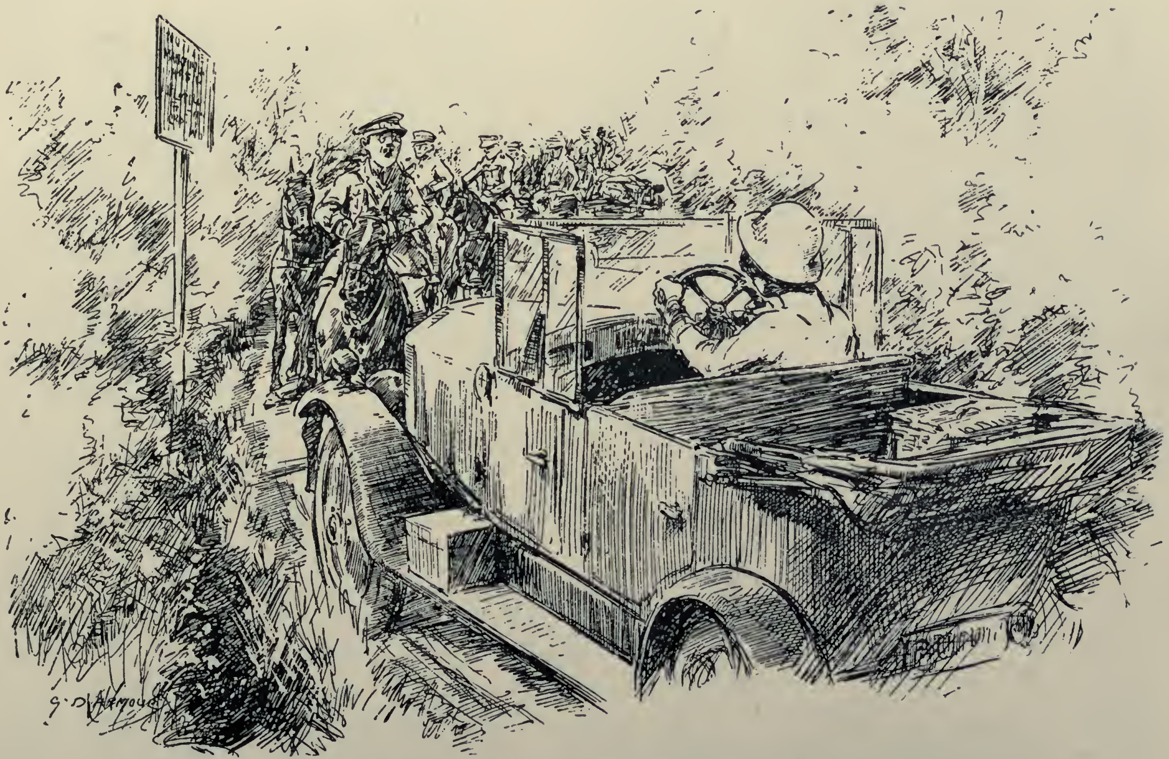
" Granted. Well, we usually 'adn't been shootin' for more'n 'arf-an-hour when up would come one o' them bare-kneed bagpipers an' shove us in the Laird's report an' march us all up to 'is blinkin' castle. Up we'd go proper crestfallen an' carryin' the birds we'd shot, like floral tributes at a funeral. The Scotty would fall us in outside the castle an' go an' fetch the Laird. Out would come the Laird fair foamin', but afore 'e could actually frame any words the hon-ourable 'Orace would weigh in.

" 'My dear Sir,' 'e'd say, 'I must apologize for trespassin' on your land. I need 'ardly say as I 'ad no idea that the shootin' 'ere was preserved. I'm the Captain of that destroyer lying orf shore there. After months of bein' shut up in that there tin-box on the 'igh seas the temptation to take a walk ashore with a gun and give some of my men a stretch of their legs was too strong. It was wrong of me. I can only repeat my apology and——,' an' 'ere 'e would take 'is property five-pound-note out of 'is pocket—the one 'e kept for this stunt all round the coast. 'I wouldn't hinsult you, Sir,' 'e'd proceed, 'by hofferin' to pay for the few birds I've 'it '—an' at that bit we'd all 'old up the birds so as nothin' should be 'id, an' look proper sorry—' but I'd like you, Sir, to accept this five-pound-note an' give it to any local charity in which you may be particularly hinterested.' Well, I never knew that to fail.

" 'My dear Captain,' the Laird would reply, 'don't say another word about it,' an' 'e'd wave the Skipper's fiver back into 'is pocket. 'I'm proud,' 'e'd say, 'to be able to entertain the Royal Navy,' 'e'd say. An' then 'e'd

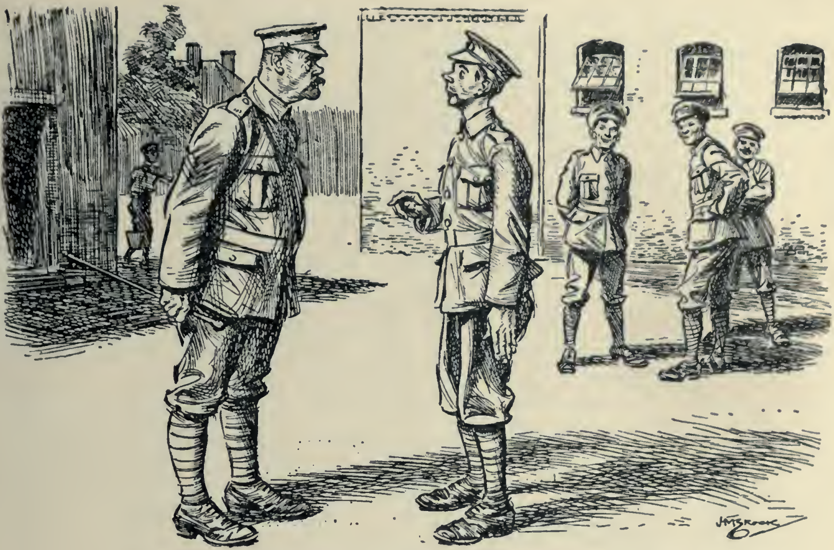


THE CAPTAIN. "Your brother is doing splendidly in the battalion. Before long he'll be our best man."
THE SISTER. "Oh, Reginald! Really this is so very sudden."



In the Military Manœuvres Area

lady (*to Gunner subaltern*). "Can't you back? You're making me late for lunch."
subaltern. "Lunch, Madam! You're making me late for a battle!"



RECRUIT. "I've arranged to take my wife and family to the seaside for September. I hope it will be quite convenient."

take the hon-ourable 'Orace in to breakfast and pass us blokes round to the kitchen."

"My word, that was cool!"

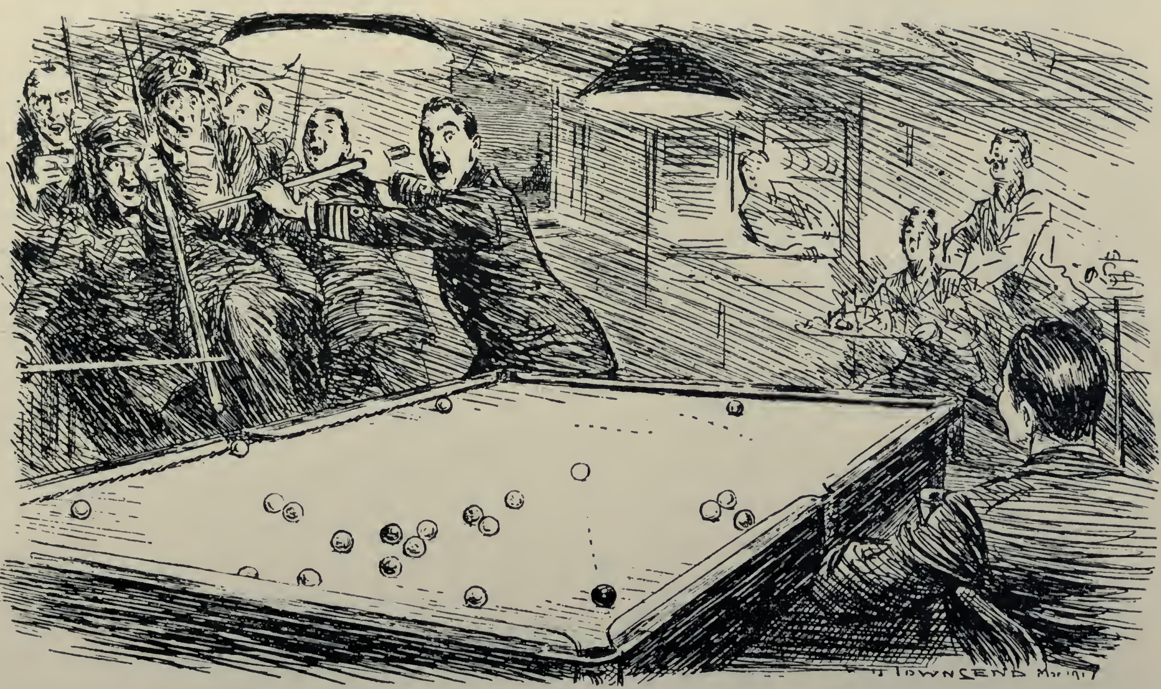
"Cool? Not 'arf. 'E didn't give a raspberry for nobody. Not even the Commodore. What d' yer think I see 'im done once? We'd been in the North Sea doin' exercises, an' 'e was fair put out because 'e 'ad an invitation to shoot next day an' 'e thought 'e'd miss it. It wasn't till it 'ad gorn two bells in the last dog-watch that the Commodore made 'Negative exercises. The flotilla will return to harbour.' As soon as the signal is reported to 'im the Skipper puts 'is 'elm over, rings down 'Full Speed A'ead,' an' bungs orf."

"What d' yer mean? 'E pushed off independent without askin' permission?"

"That's right."

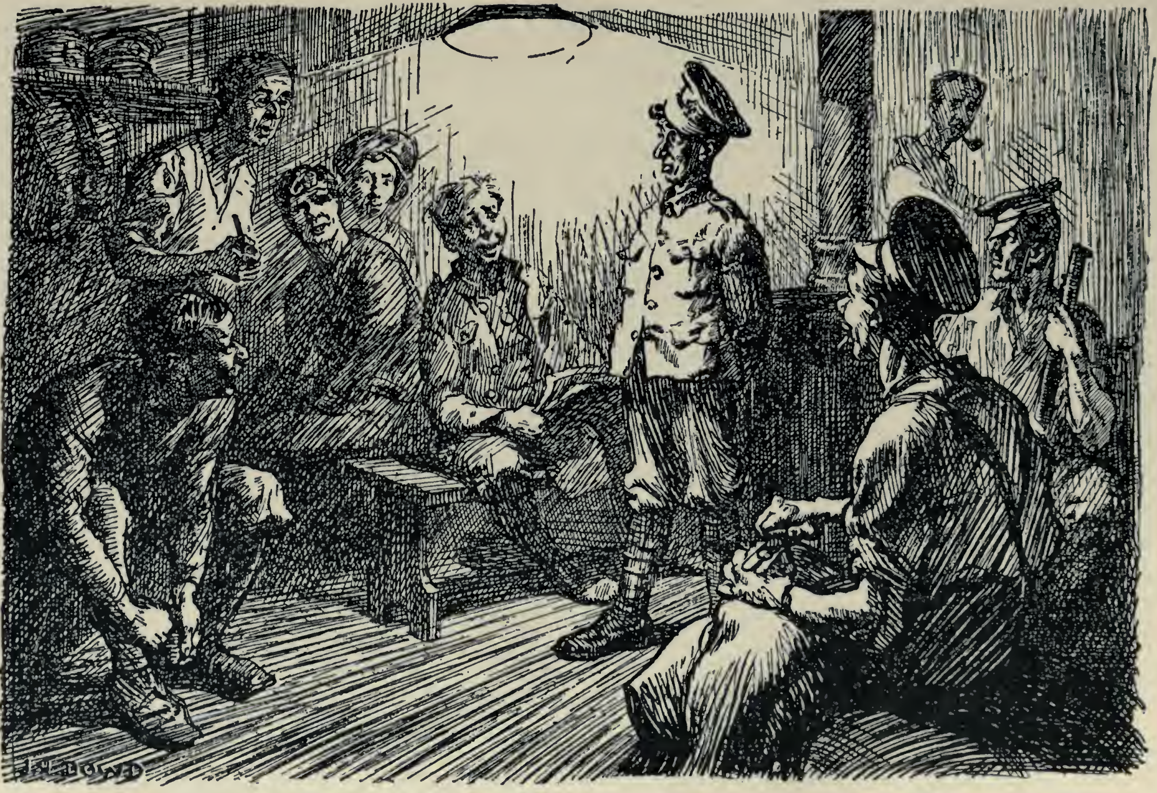
"Coo! What did the Comm. do?"

"Well, as soon as 'e spotted as we wasn't re-formin' into our division but was just sugarin' orf, 'e whacks in a signal: 'What do you think you are doin'?' 'I'll answer that in doo course,' says the hon-ourable 'Orace, an' does a grin. Then, when we was 'ull down 'e turns to the signalman and says, 'Make in reply to the Commodore's signal: "ROUGHLY THIRTY KNOTS."'"



SNOOKER POOL AFLOAT

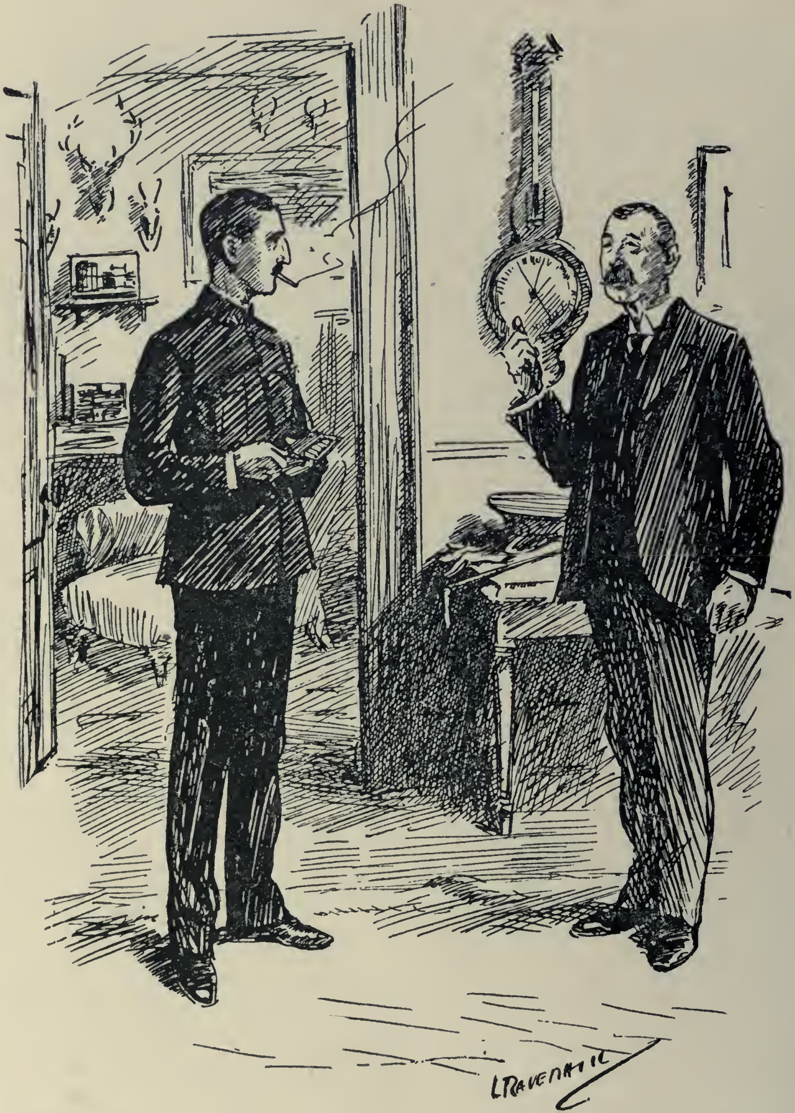
COMMANDER (*as the black he has tried to pot threatens to touch the port cushion*). "List her to starboard!"



**PET OF THE PLATOON.** "I didn't half tell off our Sergeant just now. I called him a knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, swivel-eyed monkey, and said he ought to go to a night-school!"

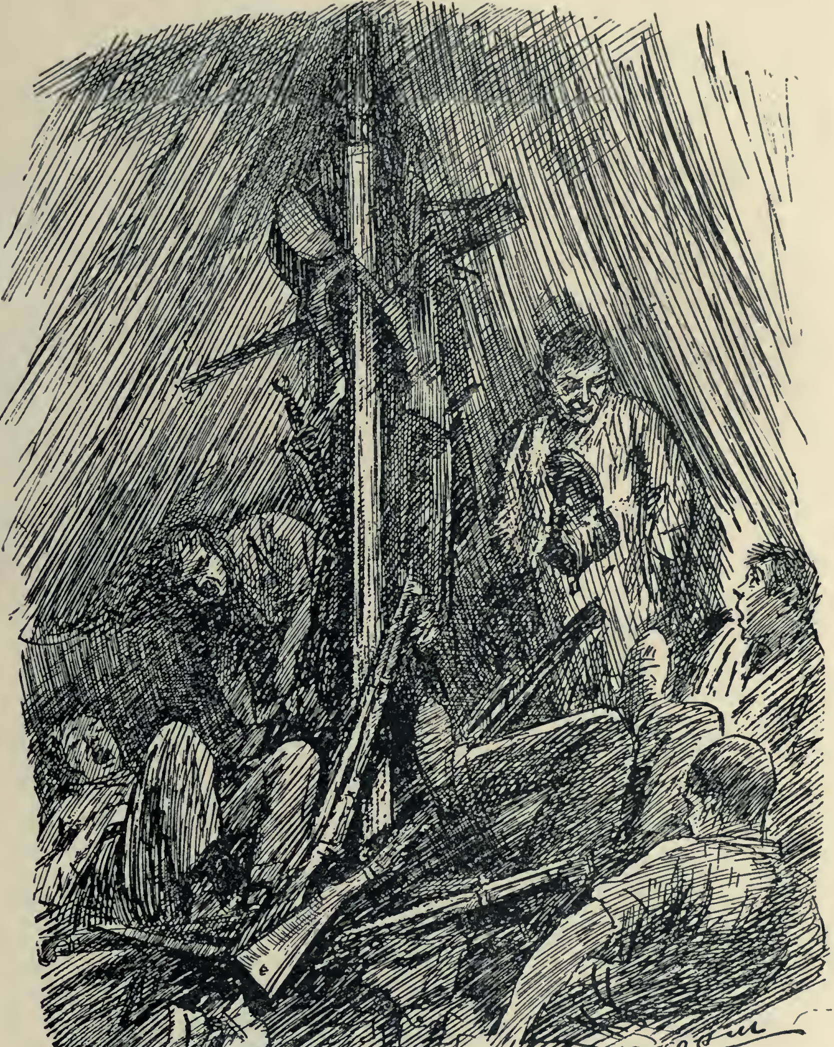
**ECSTATIC CHORUS.** "And what did he say?"

**BILL** (*after a pause*). "Well, as a matter of fac', I don't think he quite heard me."



THE NEW MESS PRESIDENT. "There are a lot of things in the mess that might be got rid of. Now there are two barometers; they can't both be wanted."

THE OLD MESS SERGEANT. "Well, the one in the hanti-room, Sir, is what tells the weather, an' this one in the 'all, Sir, is for the Officers to tap."



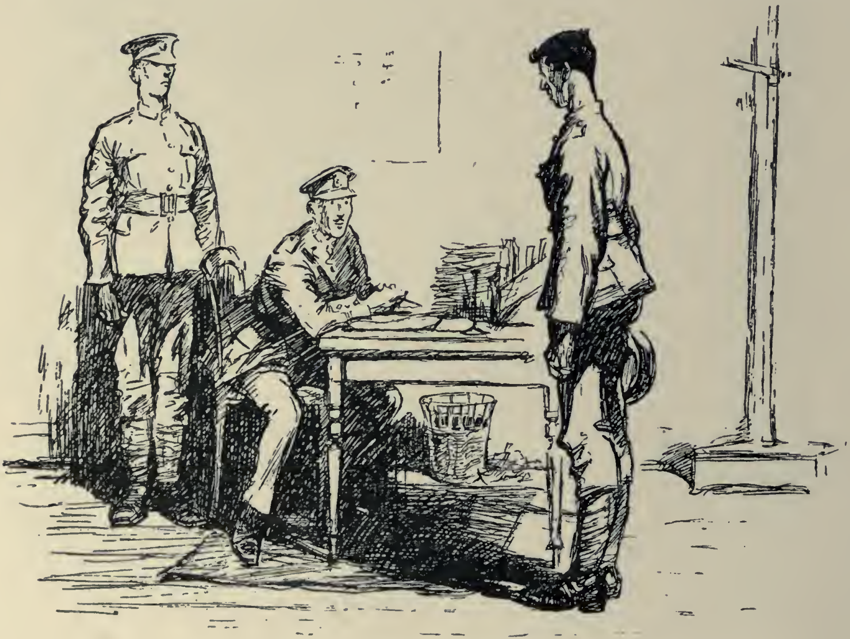
OLD TERRITORIAL. "Is this the fust night you've slep' in camp?"
RECRUIT. "I don't know yet."

# Our Dramatic Entertainment

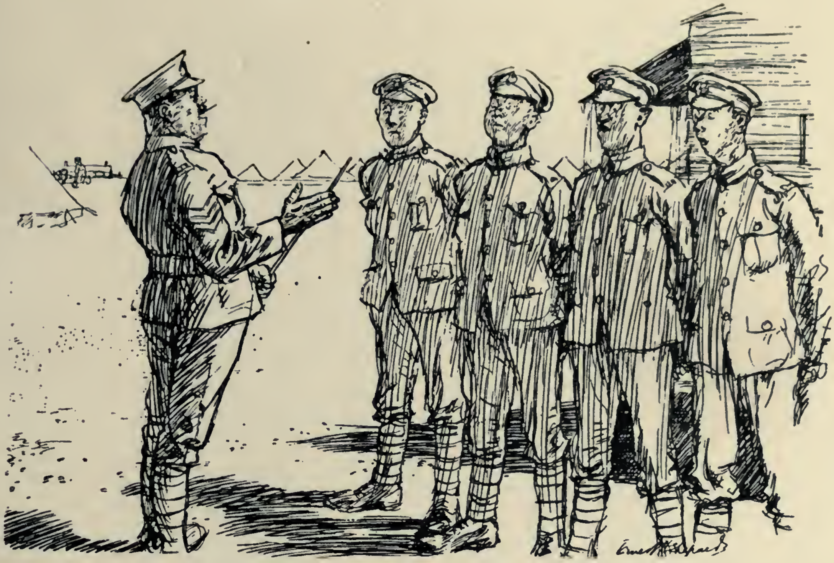
ABOUT once a year we have some acting in our barracks. Our Dramatic Society (Lieutenant James) decides that the place wants brisking up a bit, and gets the Colonel's permission, and off we go.

We all know when a dramatic entertainment is in the air, because James slinks about with a worried look and a bit of paper, and, having cornered you at last, stands you a whisky and says, " I say, I wish you 'd take the part of the gamekeeper, old man !" You agree reluctantly and find later that the part of the Squire, your overbearing master, is being taken by Private Butt, with whom, owing to a slight disagreement about the exact hour of parade, you are not now on speaking terms.

With us, however, arranging the cast does not take long. There are ways. For instance, if there is any difficulty in obtaining supers for a " Crowd of Yokels and Villagers," Sergeant-Major Magazine can always be relied on to obtain for you on parade any men you require : " From 'ere to the right, four



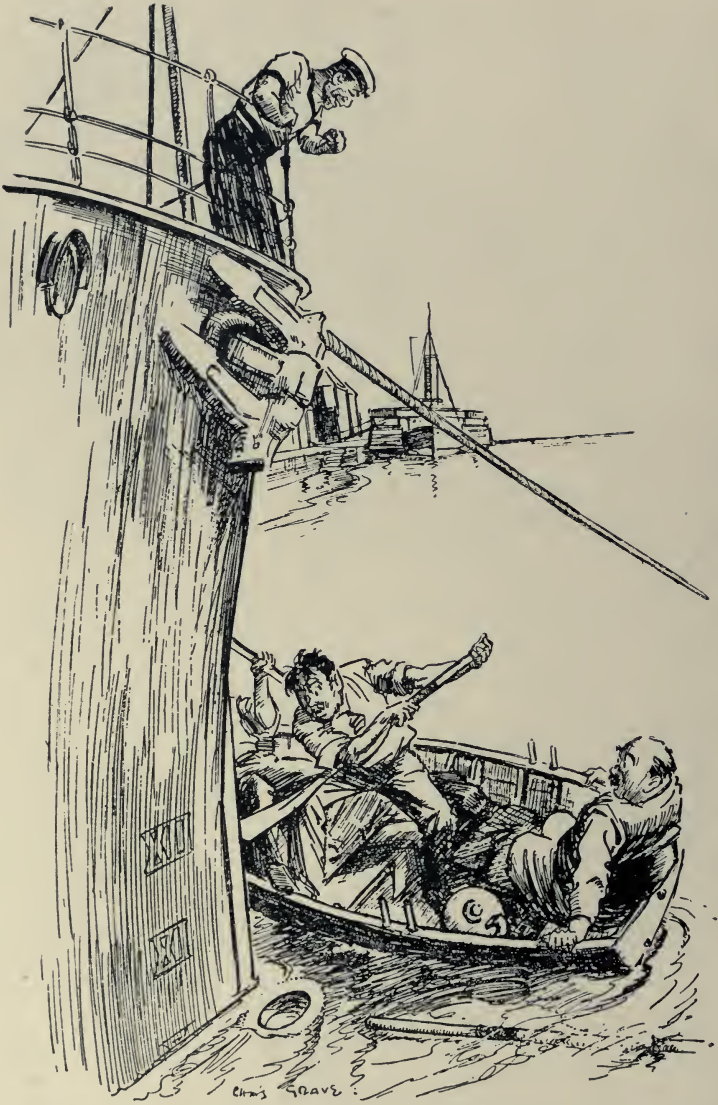
M.O. "What's the matter with you, my man?"
PRIVATE. "Valvular disease of the heart, Sir."
M.O. "My word! How did you get that?"
PRIVATE. "Last Medical Board give it me, Sir."



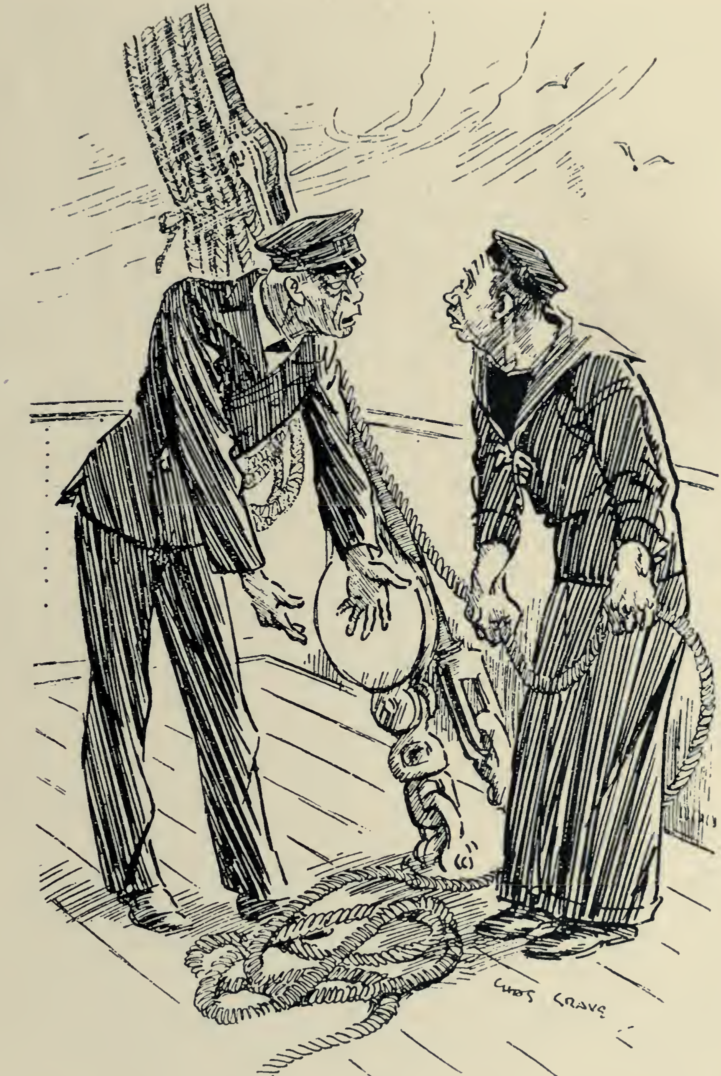
INSTRUCTOR. "Now in salutin' you bring the 'and up smartly in a circular motion till the finger-tips are just over the right eye. You 'll find that yer fingers are of different lengths so as to fit under the peak of the cap."

paces right close—march ! Form crowd and report to Lootenant James at stage-door at five pip-emma !" And there 's your crowd properly proved and numbered off and in charge of a lance-corporal.

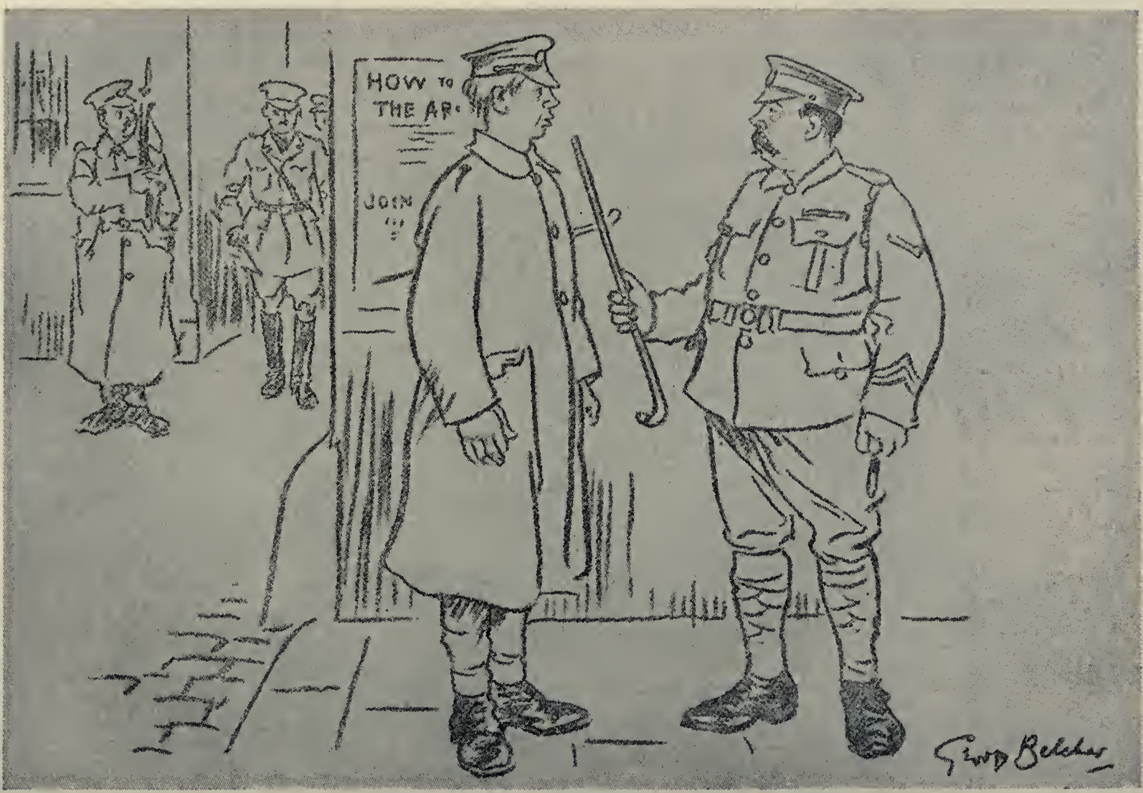
Then rehearsals begin. I suppose army rehearsals are unlike any others in the world, for from start to finish every member of the cast is present. The stage-manager does not, as in civilian life, have to effect hurried introductions at the dress rehearsal between members of the cast who have not yet met. The reasons for this incredible thing are simple. First, every man knows that, though legally he can't be run in under the Army Act for " failing to appear at the place of rehearsal appointed by his Commanding Officer," the Sergeant-Major nevertheless has ways of expressing his personal disapproval without invoking the disciplinary machine. And, secondly, the only thing that could really prevent a man from attending rehearsals is a regimental duty, such as guard or fire-piquet, or else a defaulter's parade ; and a rehearsal provides a golden excuse for getting off these, by intervention of the impressionable James : " Please, Sir, I can't possibly do my love-scene to-night as I 'm on piquet. Perhaps, if you could give me a note, Sir, to the sarntma'er." In fact, as time goes on it gets to be quite a common thing for a company com-



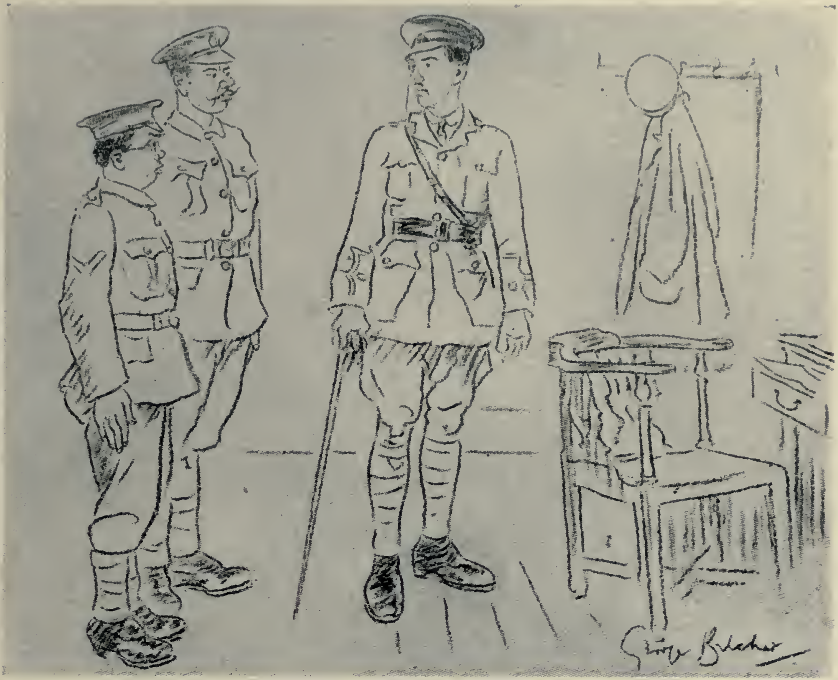
JACK (*to novice in difficulties with the tide*). "The next time you sportsmen takes an outin' try a number twenty-seven bus."



EXASPERATED BO'SUN. "If yer brains was dynamite they wouldn't blow yer blinkin' 'at off!"


HOW TO
THE AR
JOIN
Geo Belcher

N.C.O. " 'Ere, are you an artist, or a poet or anythink?"
RECRUIT. "No, Sir."
N.C.O. "Well, get yer 'air cut by next parade, then."

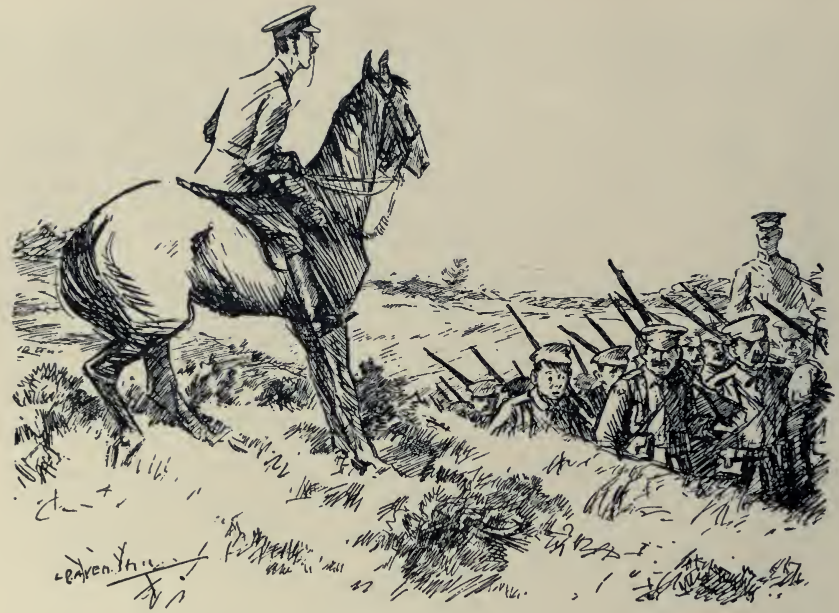


LANCE-CORPORAL JONES. "I 'ave to report Private Perks, Sir, for making prejudicial insults upon my personal face."

mander, dealing with a man he wishes to punish, to say cautiously, " Are you acting in this play ? No ? Well, then, take seven days' C.B."

As the time approaches, James and his select band get more and more impossible, and long before the dress rehearsal they have apparently ceased to take any interest in their military duties at all. James spends most of his time up in town interviewing costumiers, and there are about half-a-dozen men in each company permanently reported " absent on re'earsal, Sir." Finally, no fewer than two sergeants and three corporals are only waiting till the show is over to run in, on a charge of insubordination, Private Trigger, who has been taking full advantage of the fact that he has a leading part and no understudy. And so the great night comes.

Despite elaborate arrangements for advance booking, not a seat has been taken by anyone except the officers. And even they won't know that they have done so till they get their mess-bills, for their places have been booked



MOUNTED OFFICER. "Aw—are you the West Riding?"
VOICE FROM THE RANKS. "No! We're the bloomin' Buffs—*walkin'*!"

*en bloc* by the mess-secretary, a friend of James. The other ranks, or, as it has been better put, " the brutal and licentious soldiery," always roll up in force just as the hour strikes, but not before. This is probably a relic of the War, when hurried moves back into the line so often spoilt the advantages of booking in advance—except from the box-office point of view.

The actual show is of course very like all amateur dramatic entertainments; that is to say, first, by far the most amusing part of it takes place behind the scenes or on the stage when the curtain is down, and, secondly, the only people who really enjoy it all from start to finish are the performers. A certain amount of purely local interest is, however, generally evinced by the back benches on the following points :—

(*a*) Did Private O'Jector really kiss Miss Sergeant Grenade ?

(*b*) What did Sergeant Grenade think about it, and could it be called a breach of discipline ?

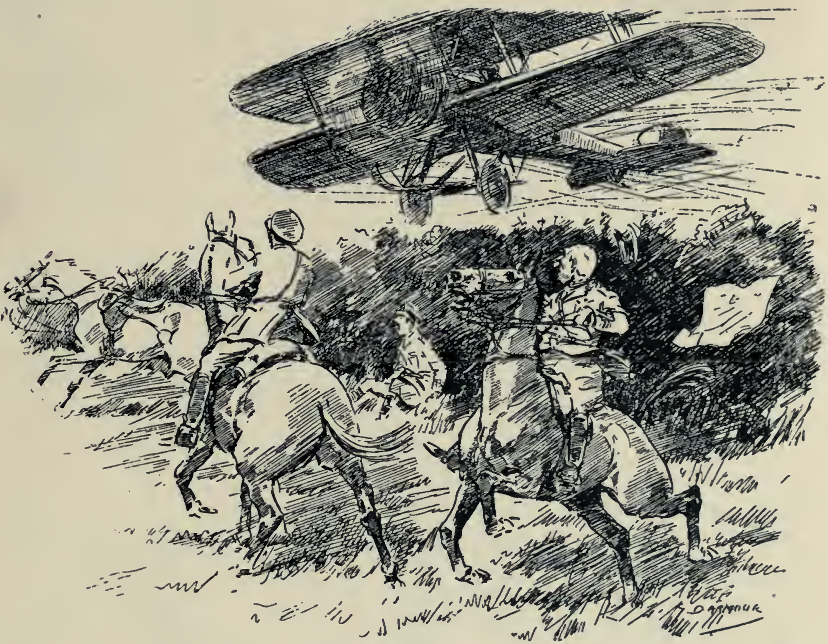
(*c*) How many times did Lieutenant Holster have to say " Sir !" to Private Rifle ?

(*d*) Who was it audibly swearing behind the curtain just after Act I ?
(*e*) Did the Colonel really laugh at the doubtful joke in Act II ?
(*f*) How much will the Sports Fund make out of the show ?
(*g*) Do. do. Lieutenant James ?

The above points are discussed in loud voices during the intervals, and in heated whispers throughout the Acts, broken only by whistles when the back benches recognise a friend in the very smart and military crowd of yokels.

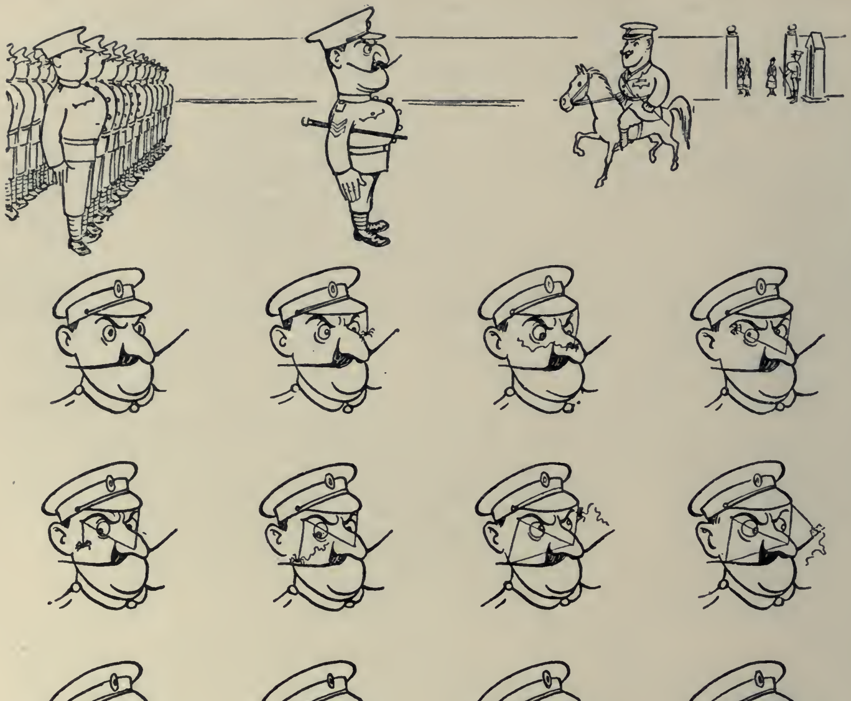
At length the last Act comes to an end, and as Lieutenant James is thanking everyone from the front of the curtain a terrific altercation breaks out behind it. It is Private Trigger, who has just been put under open arrest by Corporal Foresight and Lance-Corporal Pouch for clearing his throat at an N.C.O. in an insubordinate manner.

A. A.

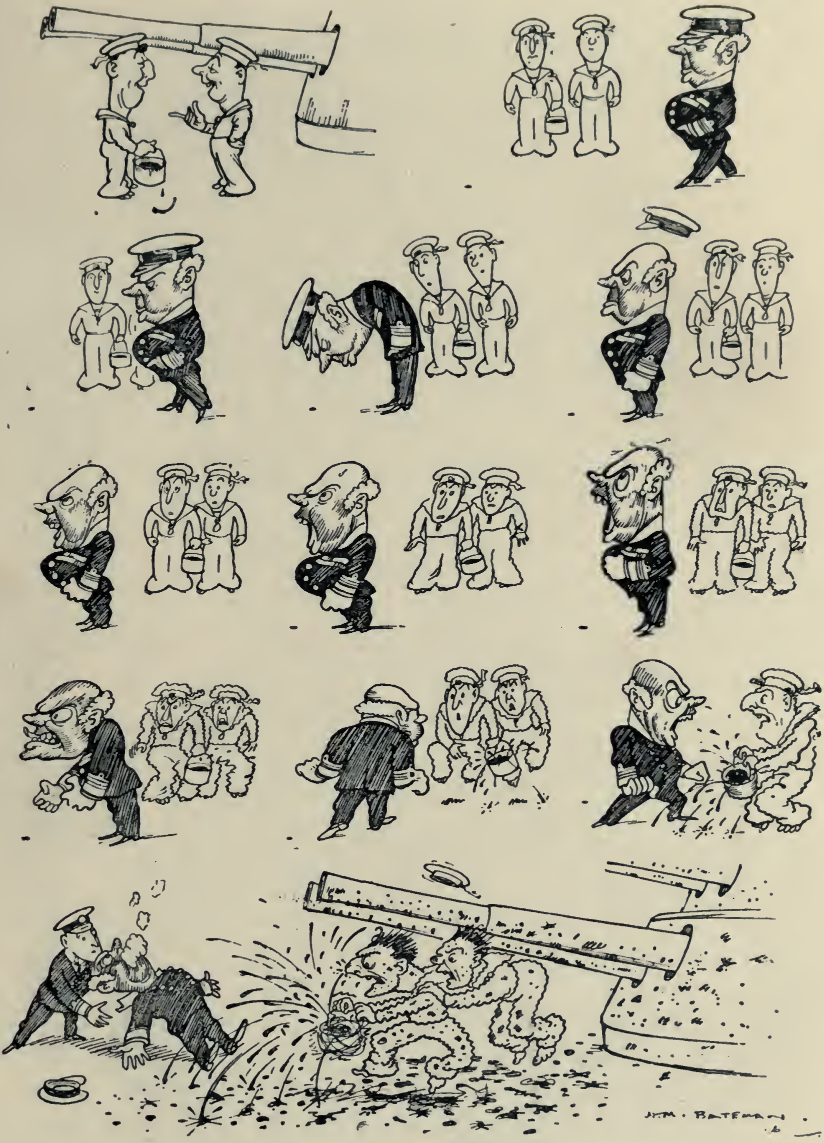


Tips for Tyros

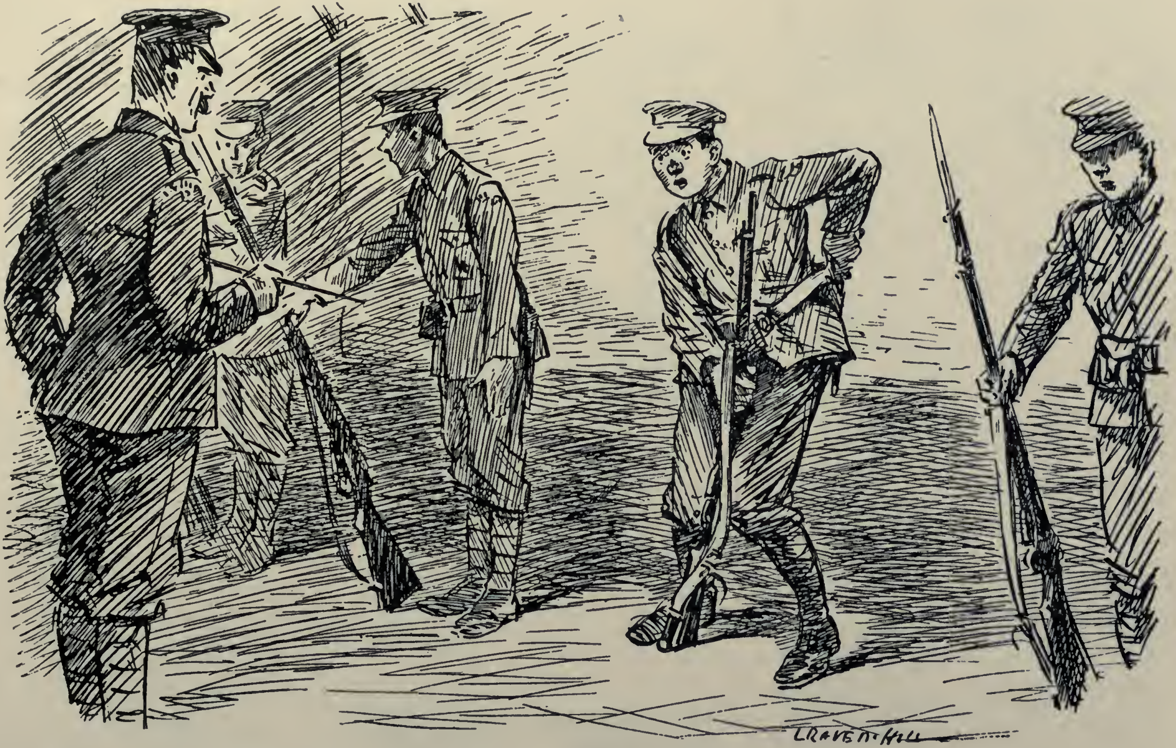
"Hedge-hopping," though not encouraged as a general practice for young flying officers, can sometimes be very effective during manœuvres, if the place selected for studying maps by the G.O.C. the "Enemy" and his Staff can be accurately located.


H.M BATEMAN 1918

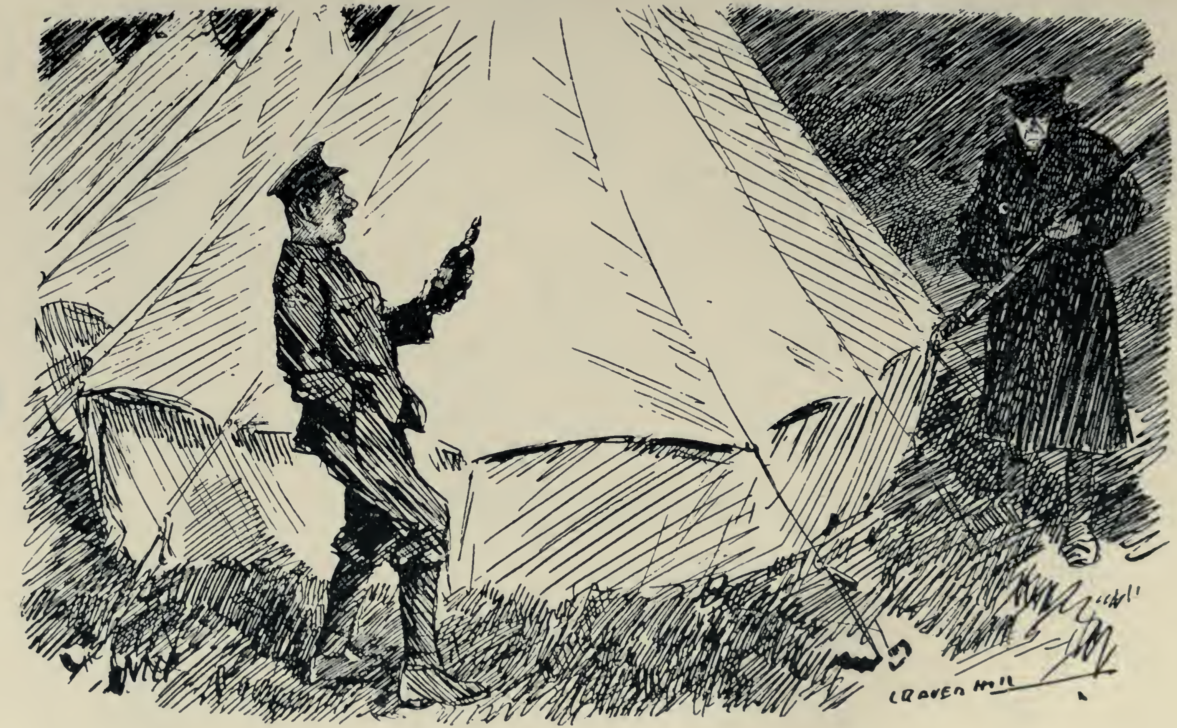
Steadiness on Parade



THE "DAMNÉD SPOT"

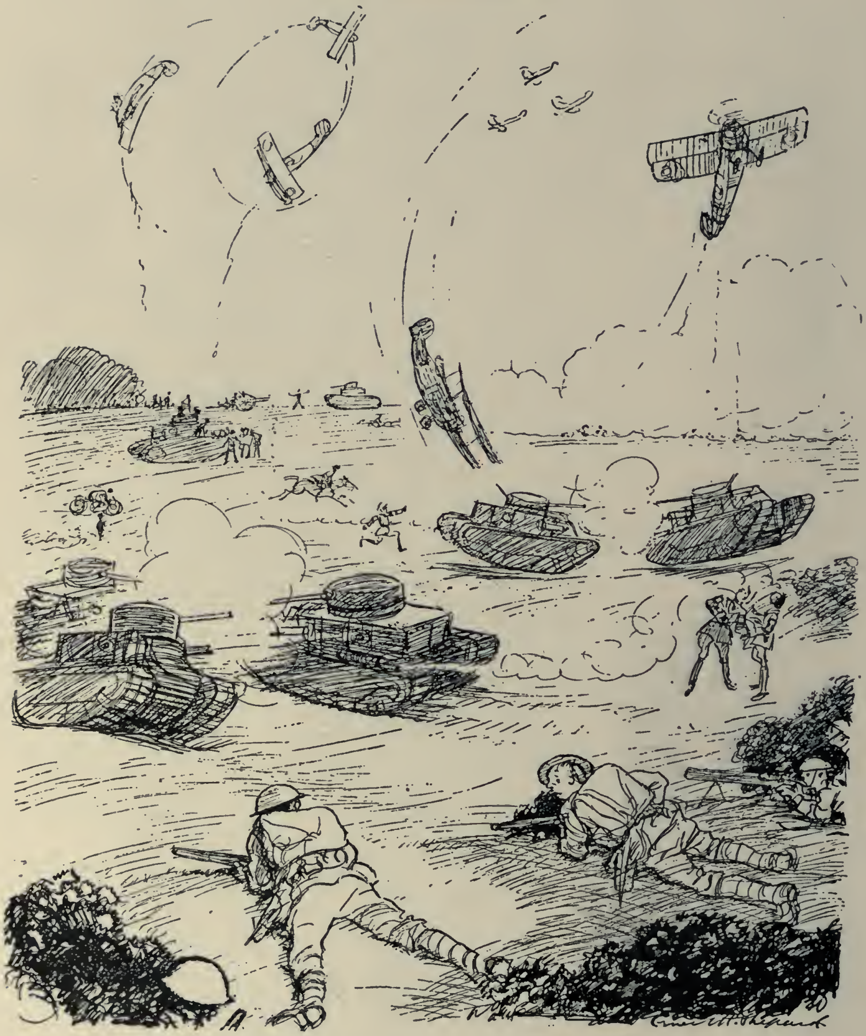


INSTRUCTOR. "Why don't you fix bayonets on the word o' command?"
RECRUIT (*vainly struggling to unsheath weapon*). "Please, Sergeant, it's—er—*fixed!*"

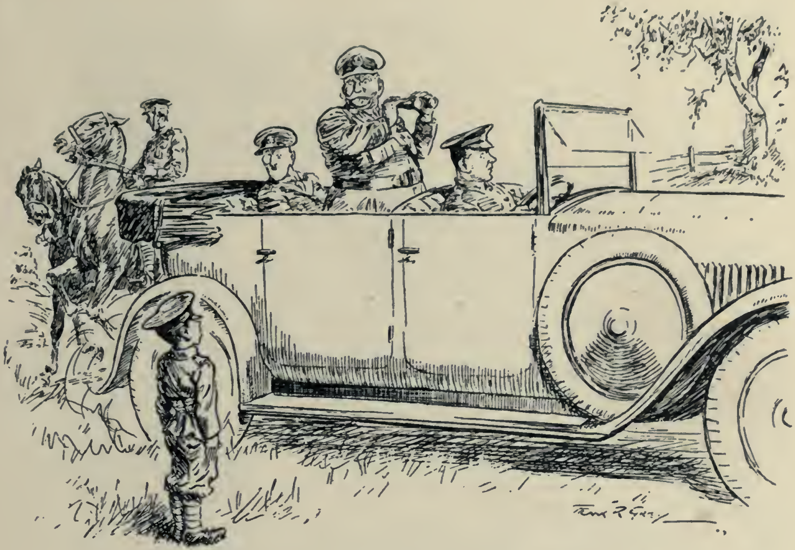


SENTRY. " 'Alt! 'Oo goes there?"
PRIVATE JONES. "Frien'—with bottle."
SENTRY. "Pass, friend! 'Alt bottle!"

# Army Manoeuvres



PRIVATE T. ATKINS. "Thank Gawd, Bill, we ain't got to referee this scrap."



CONSCIENTIOUS CADET (*to General supervising Public School O.T.C. Manœuvres*). "Would you mind kindly moving your car, Sir? I represent a detachment of tanks, Sir."

## The Skin Game

IT was hard not to like young Rogers, but we managed to do it. The gibes of the rest of the Mess, the Major's explosion on parade—all were of no avail.

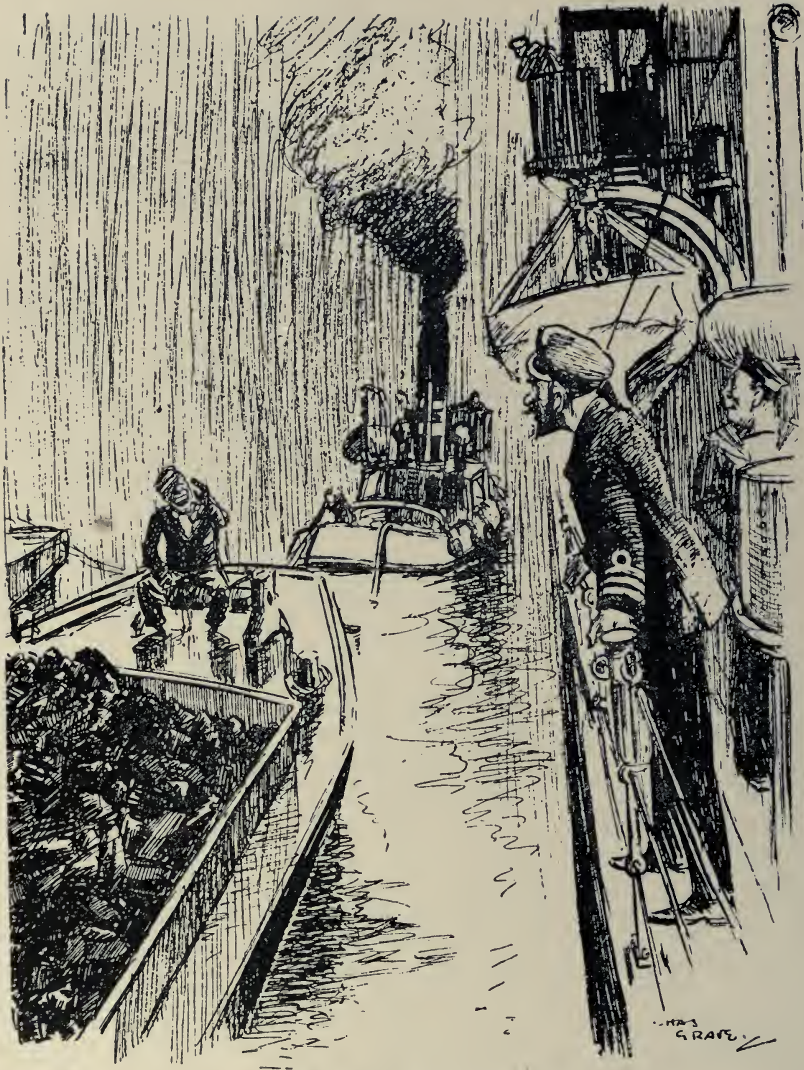
He clung obstinately to his idea and the crocodile-skin.

It wasn't as though he had not been warned. As soon as he mooted the idea of bagging a crocodile and taking the skin home to be made into bags and shoes for the lady of his choice, Meagrim the M.O. had a heart-to-heart talk with him.

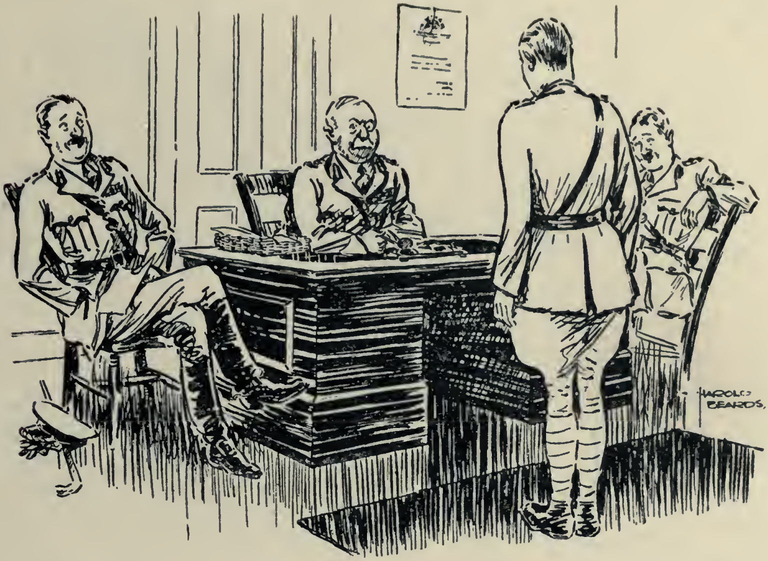
" My good idiot," said Meagrim, " what is this talk of a crocodile-skin ? Have you any idea of the needless suffering to thousands of people that is involved in this ? In fact, have you ever had anything to do with a crocodile-skin ?"

Young Rogers said he hadn't. That he did not mind how many thousands suffered. That there were plenty of crocodiles in the river at Kaduna and he was going to bag one and take the skin home.

" Well, don't try to cure the thing here. Give a couple of boys a month's wages and let them take it into the bush——"



OFFICER. "What have you got there?"
LIGHTERMAN. "Coal."
OFFICER. "I can see that. What kind of coal?"
LIGHTERMAN. "Black coal."


HAROLD EARNSHAW.

EXAMINING OFFICER. "Now what is the correct position for a big drummer in a massed band?"
CANDIDATE. "Immediately behind the big drum, Sir."

Rogers broke in, " No good, old man. Must do a thing like that yourself. They'd bring it back all dried up out of shape and half done. Nothing like doing the job oneself."

" I hate to see you go to your doom," said Meagrim. " Your engagement is as good as broken off. Well, invest a pound or two in the product of ' Loty.' "

" My fiancée's got heaps of that. She doesn't want any scent."

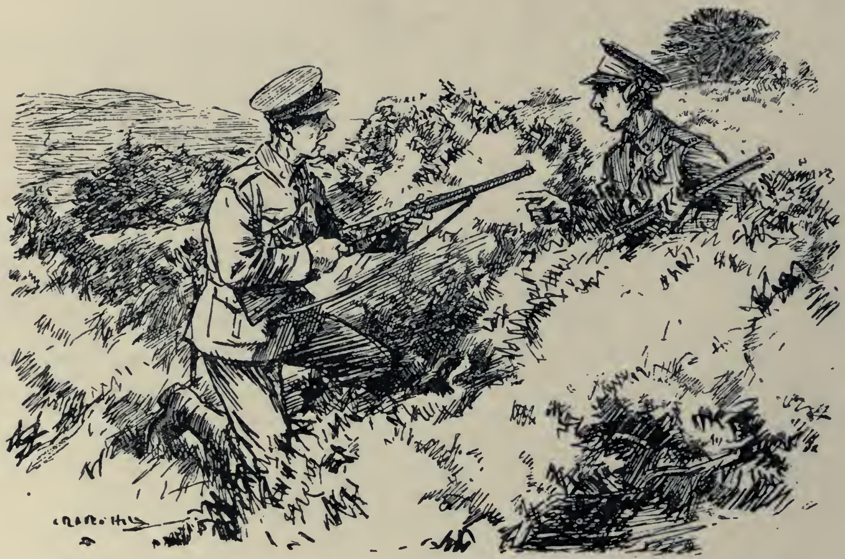
" I wasn't thinking of your fiancée, my child, but yourself. However . . ."

Next day Rogers went four miles up the river and shot a crocodile. Corporal Suli Kano skinned it there and two carriers brought the skin in. Rogers was rather proud of it and showed it to Meagrim, who was standing outside his quarters as Rogers passed by.

" Nice skin, don't you think ? " he asked.

" Quite nice," said Meagrim—" at present. Sorry I can't ask you in for a drink, but you are smelling rather fishy at the moment. How are you going to cure it ? "

Rogers said the natives had told him how to do it. It was to be pegged out in the sun, raw side uppermost, and rubbed with wood-ashes. Quite simple, he stated.



The Embarrassments of War

OUTPOST SENTRY AND ENEMY'S SCOUT (*simultaneously*). "Halt! Hands up!"

SENTRY. " 'Ere! I said it first!"

" Quite," said Meagrim. " And remember to peg it out at the greatest possible distance from this bungalow, the Club, and the Mess, or, as Sanitary Officer, I shall intervene."

Rogers had it stretched out in his own compound in the hot sun.

During the next two days his appetite fell off and he kept his pipe going furiously.

The third morning he began to notice the flies and also his isolation. People hadn't been dropping in lately.

Rogers put his point of view to Quaife, whom he saw passing the bungalow. Quaife refused to come in for a drink.

" All right, old man, stop outside. I'm sorry, but I've got to save the skin to save my own. My fiancée . . ."

Quaife saw his point. He was committed. The girl at home was thrilled at the reckless bravery shown by shooting a crocodile at two hundred yards with a soft-nosed bullet and said a dressing-case of the skin would be simply glorious.

Then an orderly brought a note from the Major, who wished to see him.

The Major, who seemed in a hurry, was burning a torch of brown paper while talking with him.

(This was the day after Rogers had appeared at an early-morning parade, when he was seen dimly through a mist of flies and moved to the accompaniment of a sound like a distant aeroplane.)

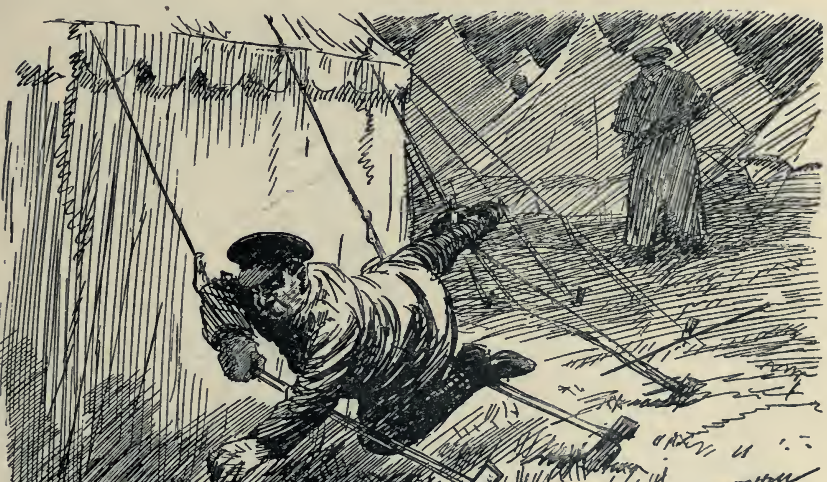
" You 'd better take a local leave," said the Major. " Go about twenty miles out for a week, you misguided fishmonger. By that time your home-leave 's due and you can come straight in and catch the boat-train. And, by the way, go out to Gurum—that 's south. The prevailing wind here is north."

Rogers started for Gurum, where one Audu, skin-dresser, prescribed other treatment for the skin, adding smoke to his other discomforts. Matters grew worse, but the lad's nerve was good. To go about impersonating the Plagues of Egypt is no joke. Then the leaves began to drop off the trees in the vicinity of his tent.

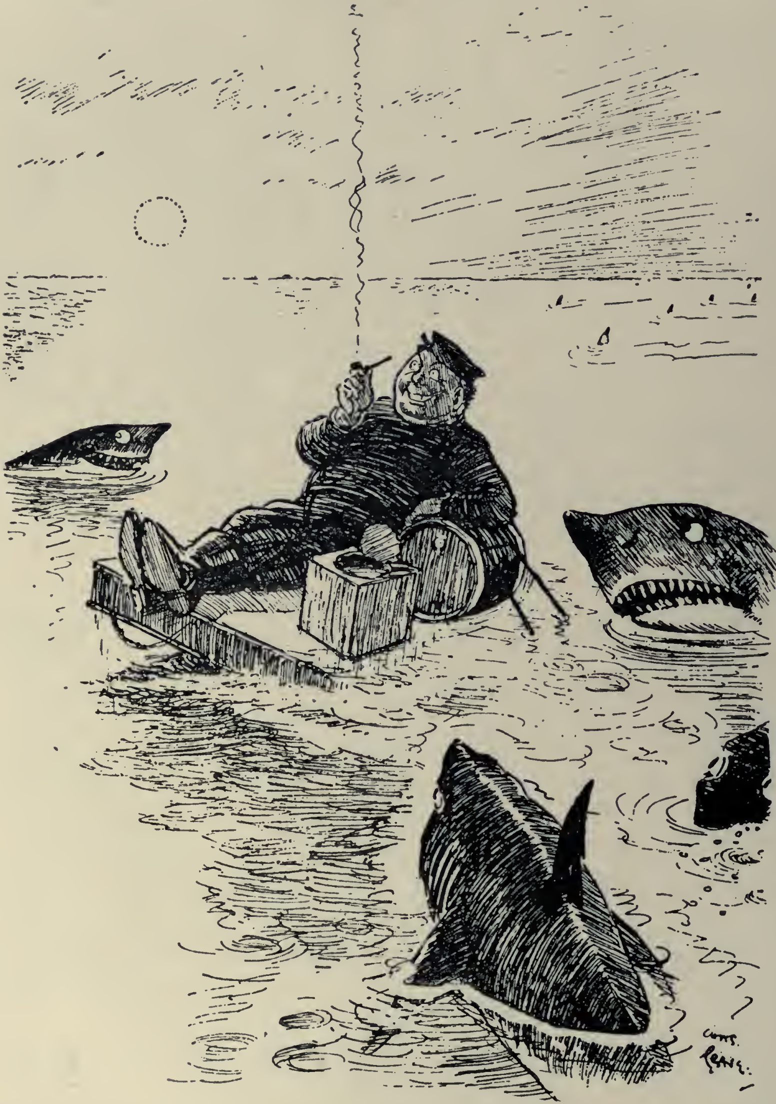
The hostility of the villagers had waned when it was pointed out to them that an approaching cloud of locusts which threatened their crops had suddenly changed the course of their flight.

Of course it couldn't go on. His nerve went. The thought of a crowded boat-train full of light-hearted beings going on leave—this pestiferous curse ! And the boat ! Men had been put in irons for less.

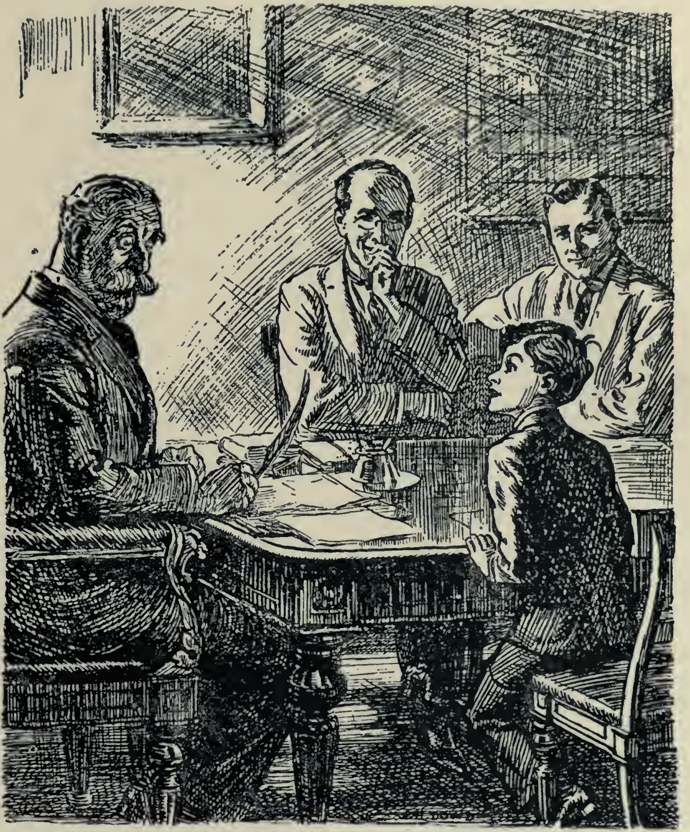
His horse-boy tells a story of a demented Rogers, face wrapped in a towel,



SENTRY. " 'Alt! 'Oo goes there?" BELATED REVELLER. "Blondin!"



THE OPTIMIST. "I wonder if the boys will believe the tales I 'll have to tell 'em when I get home?"



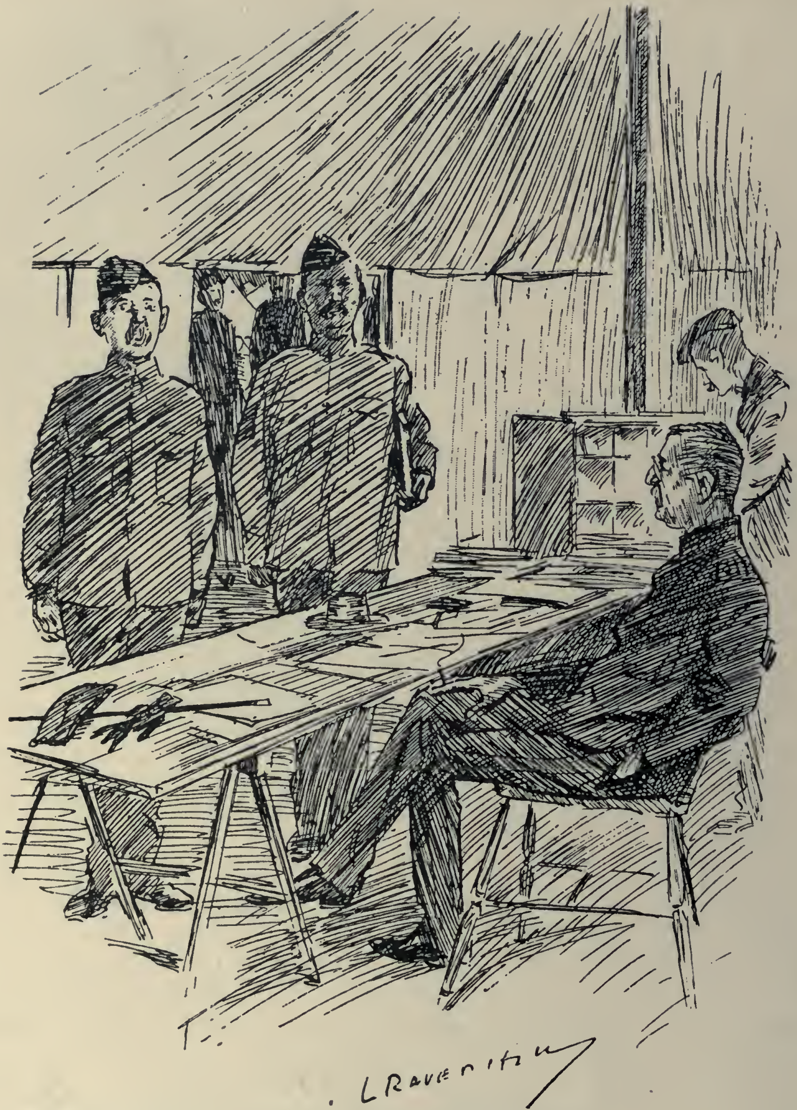
EXAMINING ADMIRAL (*to naval candidate*). "Now mention three great admirals."

CANDIDATE. "Drake, Nelson and—I beg your pardon, Sir, I didn't quite catch your name."

dancing round a blazing crocodile-skin that he had soaked in kerosene and burned at dead of night.

He stole away at dawn, bag, baggage and uniform-cases. He said the carriers were unusually fast on the road and sang all the way back.

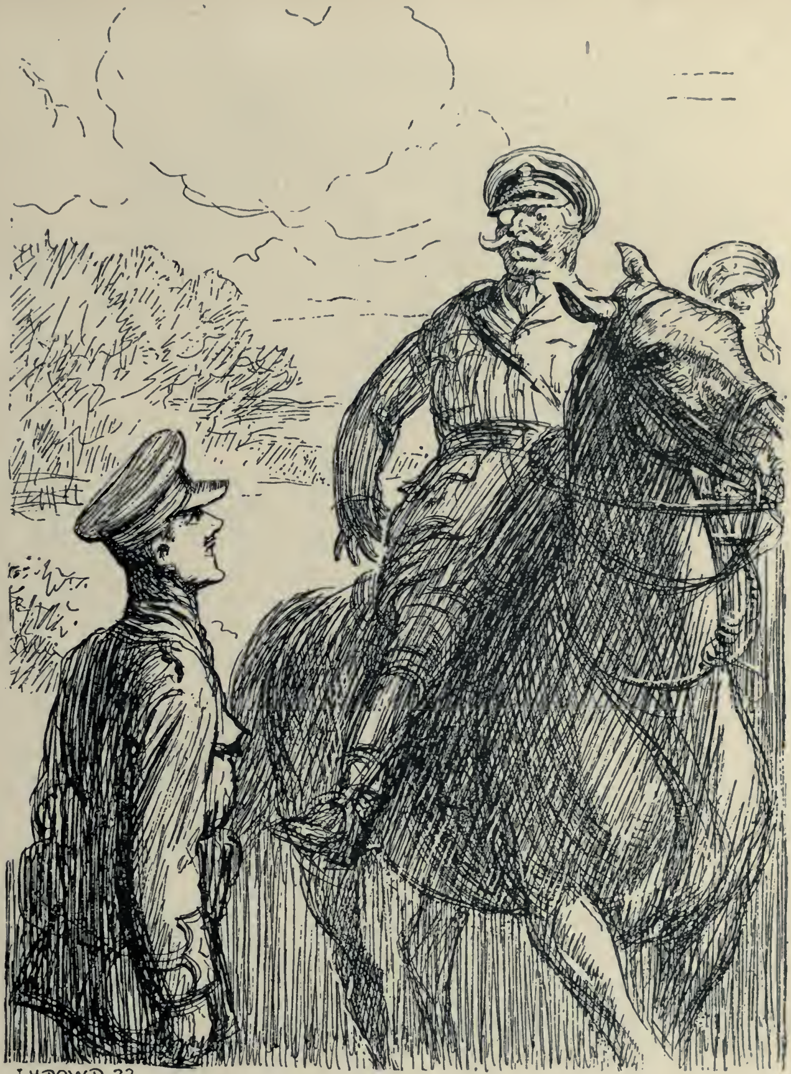
We saw him off by the boat-train. He had two stable-companions in his sleeping compartment. One had a bad cold in the head and the other was smoking very long black cigars, so he probably got away with it.



**SURGEON.** "Feet sore, eh? Where do they hurt you most?"

**PRIVATE.** "Well, Sir, it ain't so much when we 're on the march; but when we 're 'alted it 's somethin' dreadful, Sir!"

**SURGEON:** "Oh, indeed! Well, the next time you halt, you just mark time!"

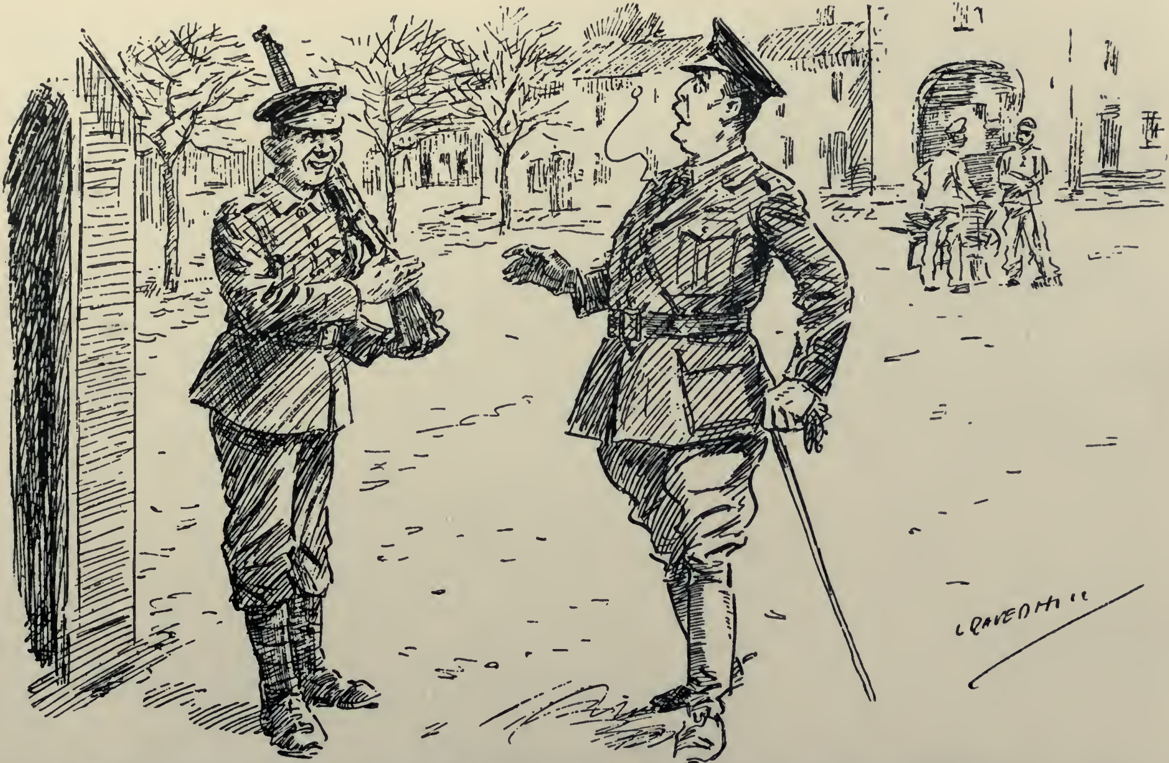


GENERAL (*at manœuvres*). "Why the Dickens didn't you send your platoon to the left of the wood?"

SUB. "I gave the order, Sir, but apparently I've been misunderstood."

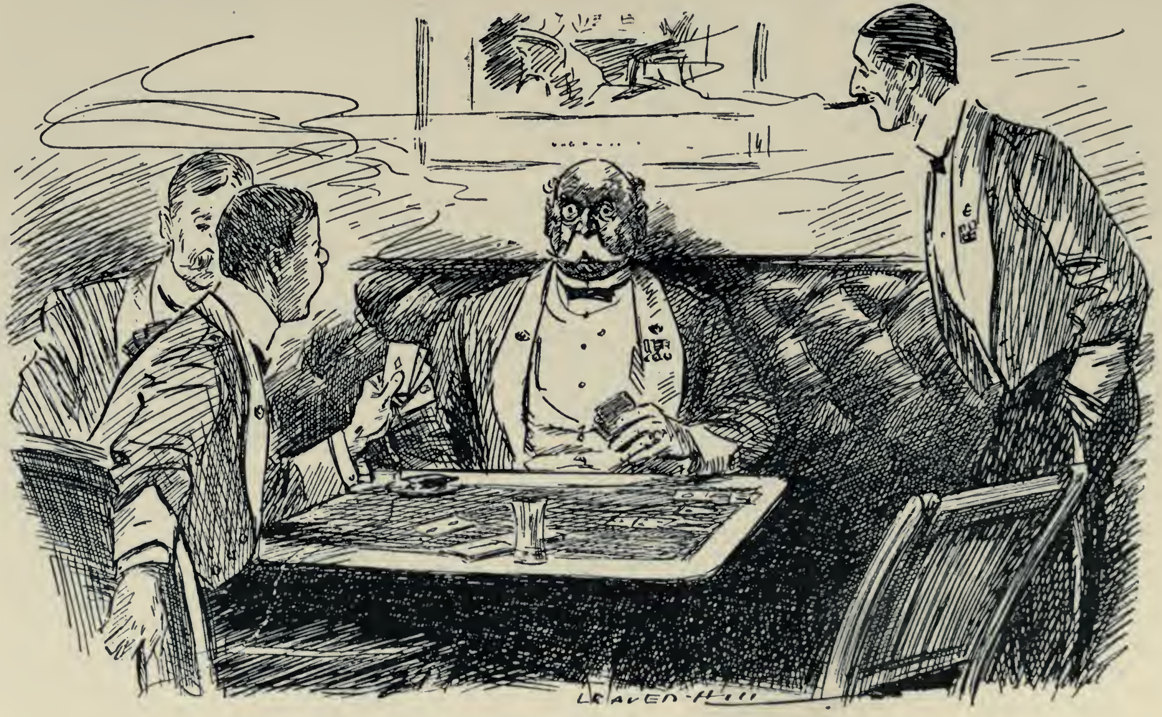
GENERAL. "Sir, a man who can't make his subordinates understand him is an infernal fool. Do you understand me?"

SUB. "No, Sir."

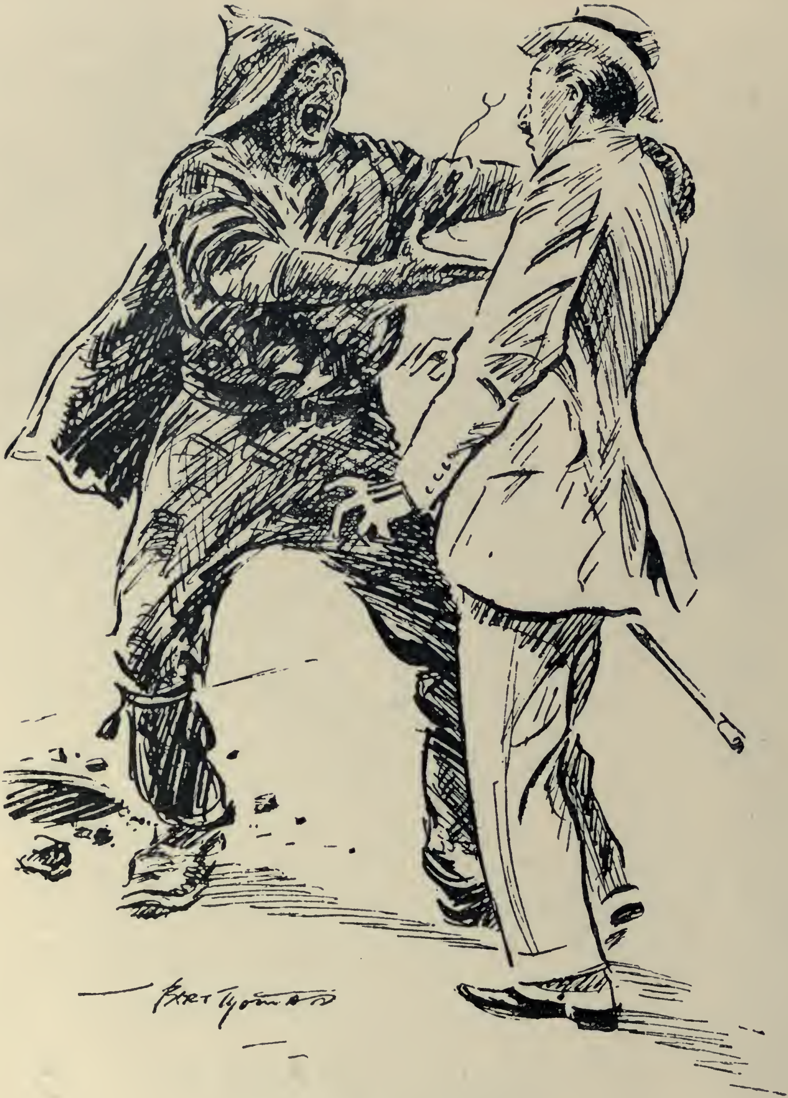


NEWLY-APPOINTED MAJOR (*to sentry who has given the ordinary salute*). "You should present arms. Don't you realise that I am a field officer now?"

SENTRY. "Ah—zo you are, Zurr. My word, but you are a-gettin' on!"

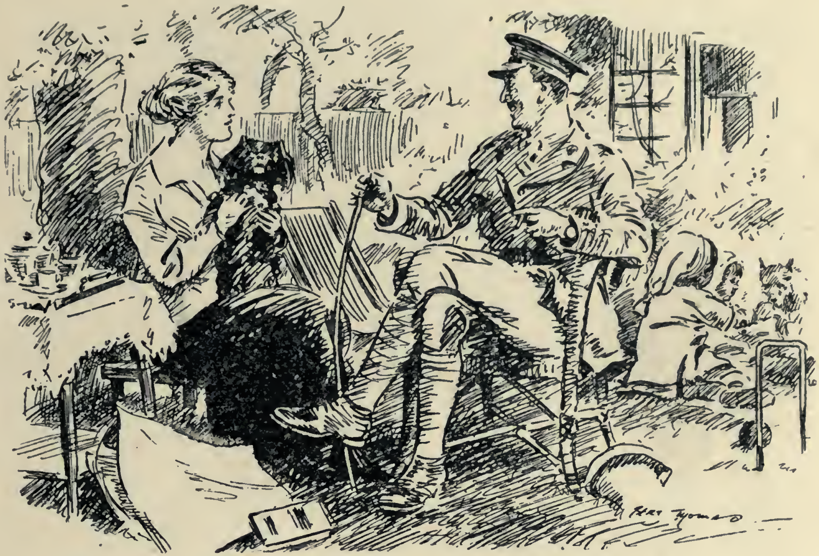


PEPPERY COLONEL. "Good Heavens, Sir! Haven't you got a black suit?"
IRREPRESSIBLE SUB. "Yes, Sir, but I'm saving it for your funeral!"


Bert Thomas

COMRADES OF THE WAR

"Strafe me if it ain't me old 'Orace! W'y, I ain't seen yer since that stunt rahnd Cambrai!"



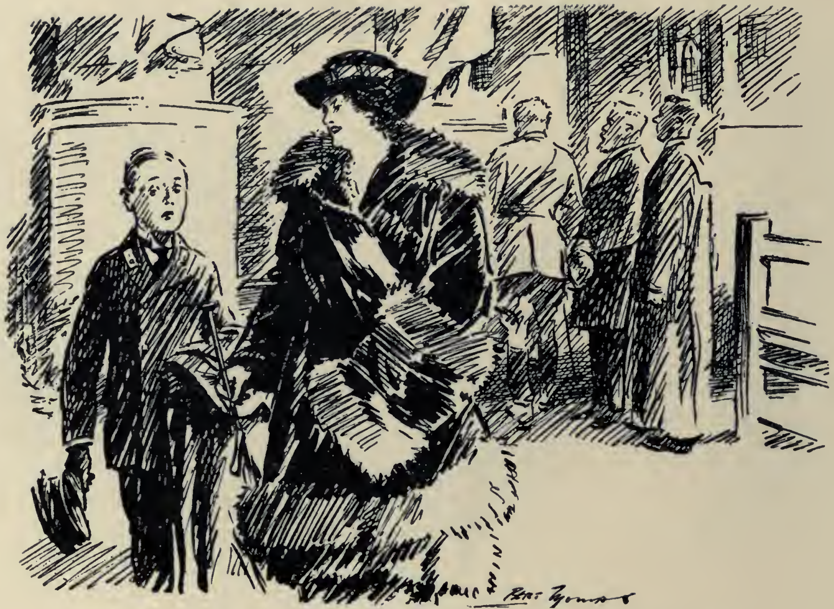
VENUS. "How long have you been in the Army?"
MARS. "Oh, about three cheque-books."

## Just a Few Words . . .

I HAVE been reading a little Army Council Instruction issued for the guidance of those who have to do with War Department M.T. Vehicles. It was originally an Order by the Ministry of Transport, so one must regretfully absolve the Army of all blame. Nevertheless, in these modern days of slangy abruptness, cramped ambiguity in conversation and terse verbless prose, its studied garrulity arising from an earnest desire to make its point really clear comes almost as a breath from the fragrant past.

Just read the peroration over quickly and see if you don't get the sheer shining candour of it :—

" Provided that the requirements contained in this regulation shall not apply if and when another person is carried or stationed at the rear of the heavy motor-car, or, in the case of a stage carriage carrying a conductor, where such conductor is normally stationed at the rear of the stage-carriage, or, when any trailer is being drawn by the heavy motor-car, where another person is carried on the trailer in a position which affords an uninterrupted view to the rear, and in each case such conductor or other person is provided



BORED CADET (*in Westminster Abbey*). "Let's shove off now, Mater. Hate hangin' round a place where one might be buried some day!"

with efficient means of communicating to the driver of the heavy motor-car the effect of signals given by the drivers of other vehicles in rear thereof."

Now hear it on the subject of pneumatic tyres. It has mentioned something about the speed of vehicles " with pneumatic tyres or tyres made of soft or elastic material," and it suddenly gets the impression that there may be some fools about who do not know what a pneumatic tyre is. So it takes a deep breath and winds up with this gem :—

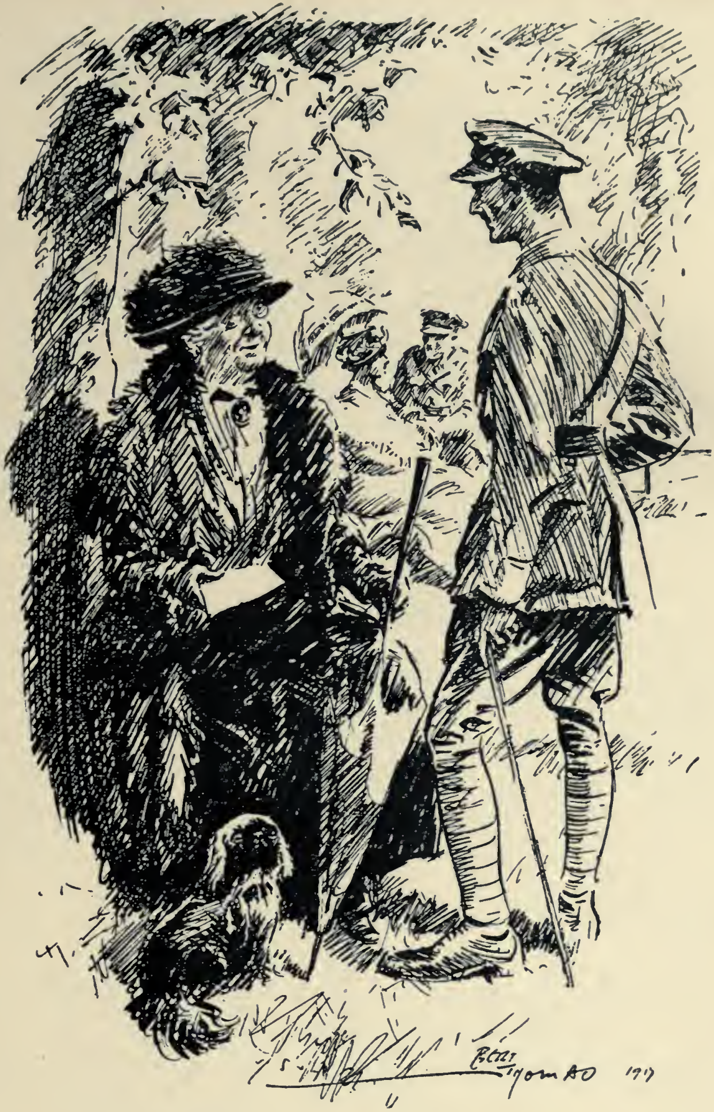
" A tyre shall not for the purpose of the Regulation be deemed to be pneumatic unless :—

(1) It is provided with a continuous closed chamber containing air at a pressure substantially exceeding atmospheric pressure when the tyre is in the condition in which it is normally used, but is not subjected to any load.

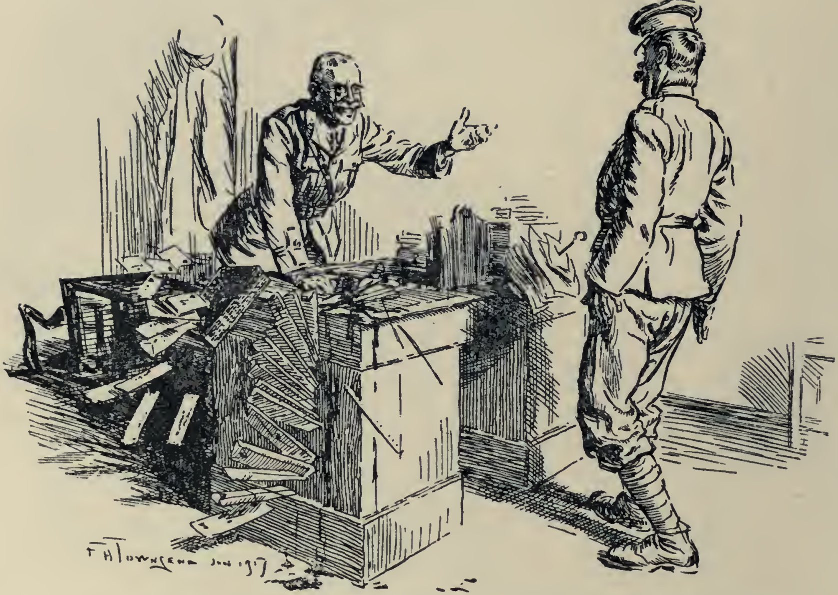
(2) It is capable of being inflated and deflated by the driver of the vehicle without removal of the wheel or vehicle ; and

(3) It is such that when it is deflated and is subjected to a normal load the sides of the tyre collapse."

Personally I should have said, " It's pneumatic if you can have a punc-



OLD LADY. "And what regiment are you in?"
THE SUB. "7th Blankshires. But I'm attached to the 9th Wessex."
OLD LADY. "Really! Now *do* tell me why officers get so fond of regiments which aren't their own."



OLD SOLDIER (*trying to "swing the lead"*). "Well, Sir, I can't neither eat, sleep nor drink, Sir."

M.O. (*in a spasm of enthusiasm*). "My good man! The Army wants a battalion like you!"

ture," and left it at that. However, the Ministry of Transport apparently likes to feel that no one can blame *it* for not getting the big idea across.

But my earnest hope is that the Army Council will not republish too much of this sort of thing or the Army itself will catch the bug And then just think what would happen.

Instead of, say, the usual notice boards near the rifle ranges, reading :—

Danger

PERSONS MUST NOT CROSS THE RANGES WHILE FIRING IS IN PROGRESS

there would be an enormous placard as follows :—

General Regulations and Instructions for Persons desirous of Crossing any Rifle Range on which Firing may be in Progress

SPECIAL REGULATIONS—HAVERSHOT

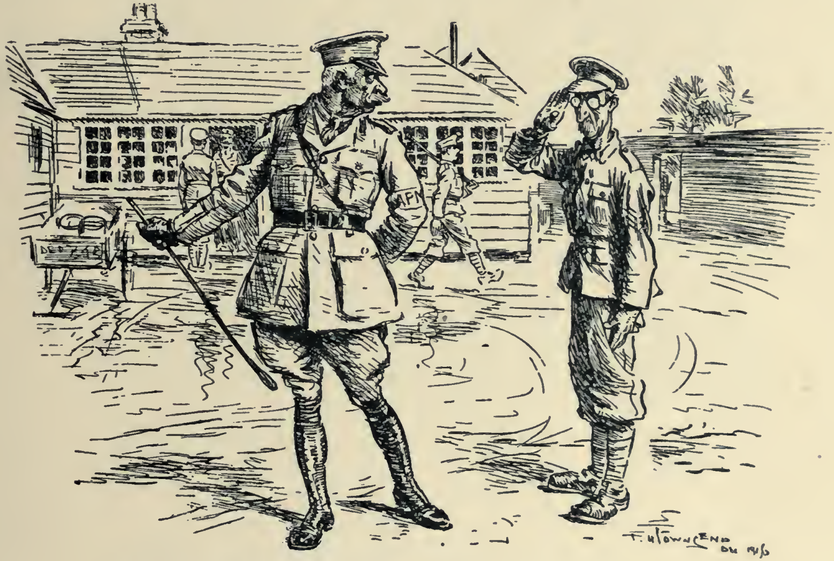
(1) That portion of the area generally known as the Havershot Rifle Ranges which lies between the target butts and whichever of the various

firing points (100 yards, 200 yards, 300 yards, 400 yards, and upwards at 100 yards' interval) may be at any time occupied for the nominal purpose of firing shall, when any one of the hereinbefore mentioned points is definitely occupied by a troop or troops engaged in firing with a rifle, machine-gun, arquebus, cross-bow or other lethal weapon, be deemed to be a "dangerous area."

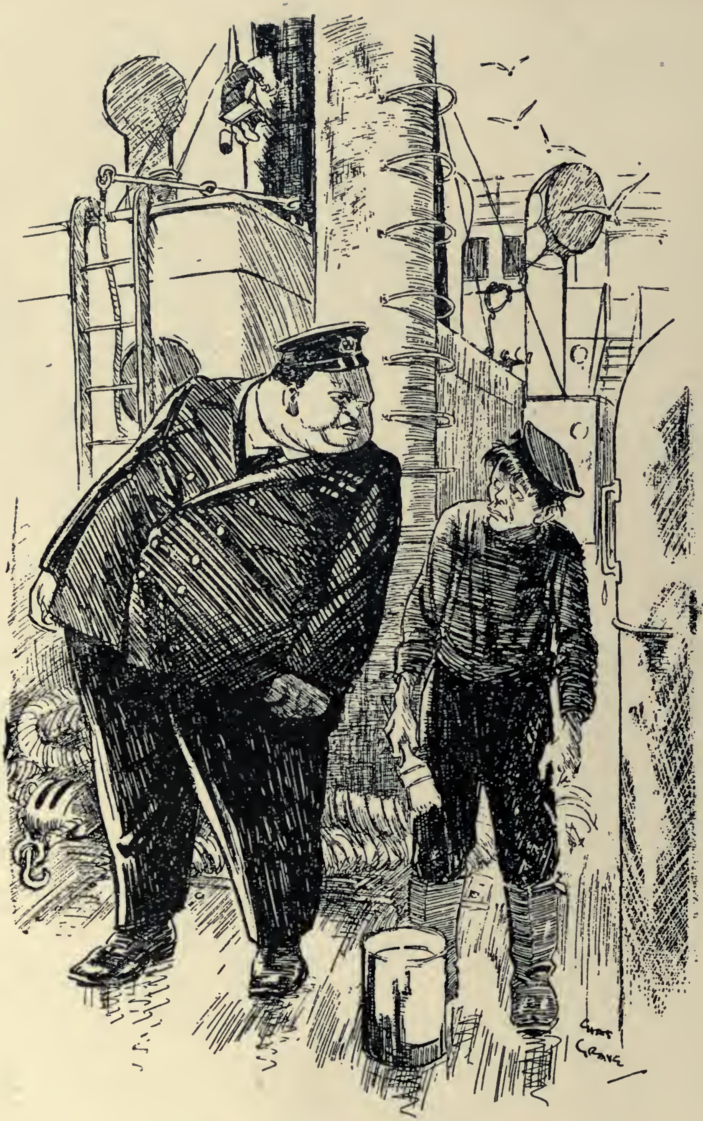
(2) A "dangerous area" is to be considered dangerous when its entry, crossing or partial crossing involves danger to the life, limb, nerves or clothing of any person making such entry, crossing or partial crossing.

(3) It is prohibited to all persons to cross such "dangerous area" when dangerous, whether on foot, on hands and knees (collectively or separately), on the back of the neck, the stomach, or the base area; whether mounted on a horse, mule, goat, elephant or other quadruped; whether riding in, upon or round about a bicycle, cart, limbered waggon, barouche, dragon, caterpillar or any other vehicle, whether self-propelled, mechanically propelled or propelled by human, divine or other agency.

The above prohibition need not be held to be effective when the "dangerous area" is no longer dangerous (excepting the Channel Islands). For the

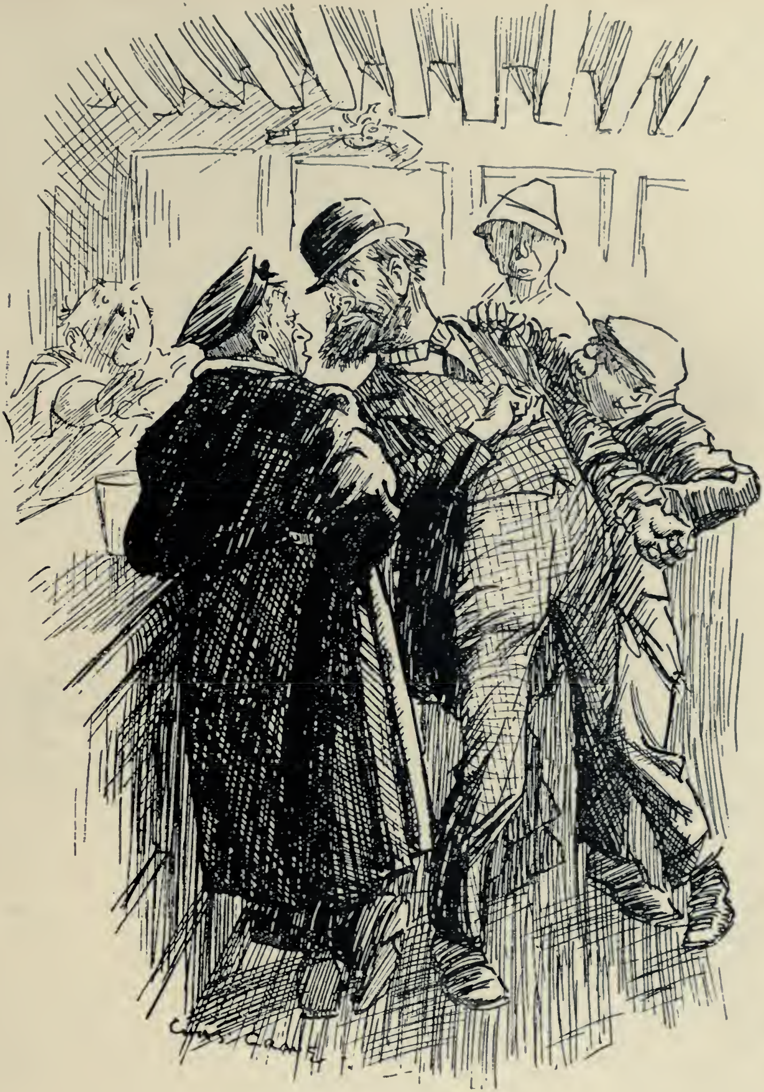


ASSISTANT PROVOST-MARSHAL. "Where's your cane?"
SERGEANT. "I'm only just going to the orderly hut, Sir."
A.P.M. "How is it you've no lanyard?"
SERGEANT. "Old one worn out, Sir. New one not issued yet."
A.P.M. "Well, I don't like your face. See to it."



Another Glimpse of the Obvious

Bo'sun (*to boy*). "An' wot's more, you dirty young blighter, I don't need none of *your* cheek!"



THE SOFT ANSWER

VILLAGE BLACKSMITH. "Well, go on—'it me."

BLUEJACKET. "It 'ud be a waste o' time 'itting you with all them collision-mats 'ung round yer face."

definition of a " dangerous area " see above. (Rifle Regiments kneel and remove caps.)

(4) Firing shall not for the purpose of this Regulation be deemed to be in progress unless those soldiers at such firing point as they may be purporting to use at the time have with them lethal weapons of any pattern at any time authorised by any War Office (battle-axes excepted) and in the case of rifles possess also ammunition designed to fit, and fitting, those rifles, which ammunition they or their officers are causing or permitting, or are intending to cause or to permit, to be used in the hereinbefore mentioned rifles in such manner as to direct the bullets from the muzzle of the rifle at a substantial speed in the intended, presumed or general direction of the targets at the butts. Full stop, period or other punctuation sign intended or employed to denote a substantial pause and conveying the information of the conclusion of all the guff hereinbefore mentioned.

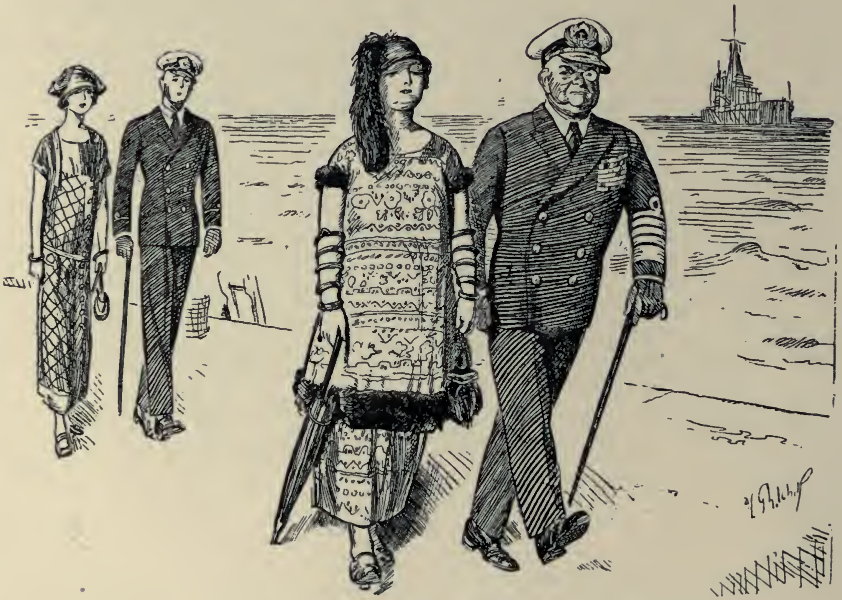
* * * * * * *

Which means, as America might put it all :—

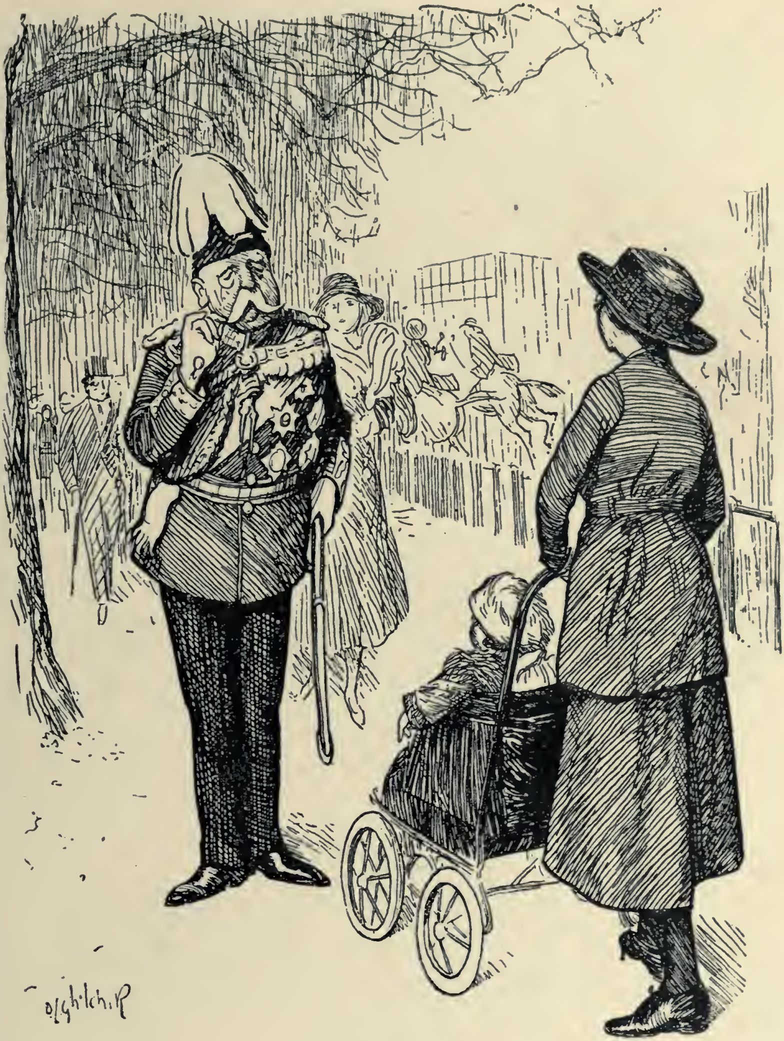
DANGER !

GET !

A. A.

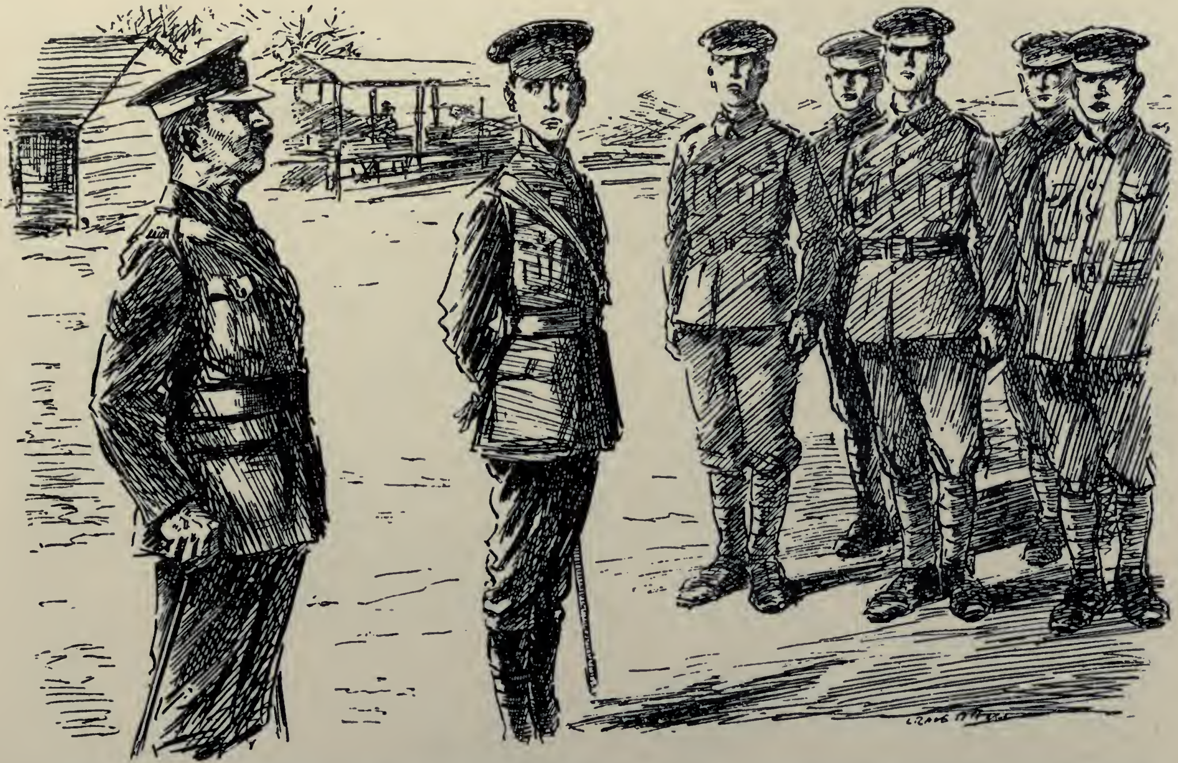


RANK



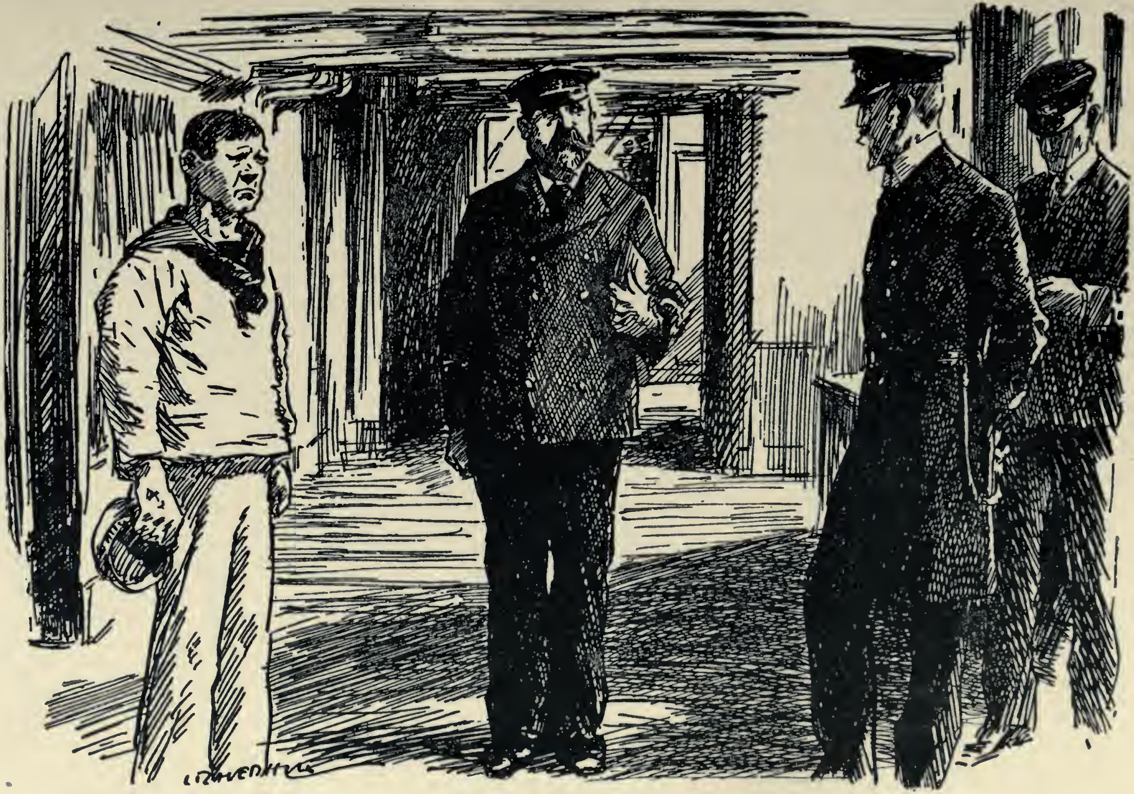
THE GENERAL (*returning from a Levée*). "Pardon me, but surely this is Mrs. Tomkinson-ffolliott's child?"

NEW NURSEMAID. "Sorry; my mistress doesn't allow me to speak to soldiers."



NERVOUS SUBALTERN (*endeavouring to explain the mysteries of drill*). "Forming Fours—when the squad wishes to form fours, the even numbers take——"

SERGEANT-MAJOR. "*As you were!* A squad of recruits never *wishes* to do nothing, Sir!"



COMMANDER. "What's his character apart from this leave-breaking?"
PETTY OFFICER. "Well, Sir, this man 'e goes ashore when 'e likes; 'e comes off when 'e likes; 'e uses 'orrible language when 'e's spoken to; in fact, from 'is general be'aviour 'e might be a orficer!"

# A Tale of a Bear

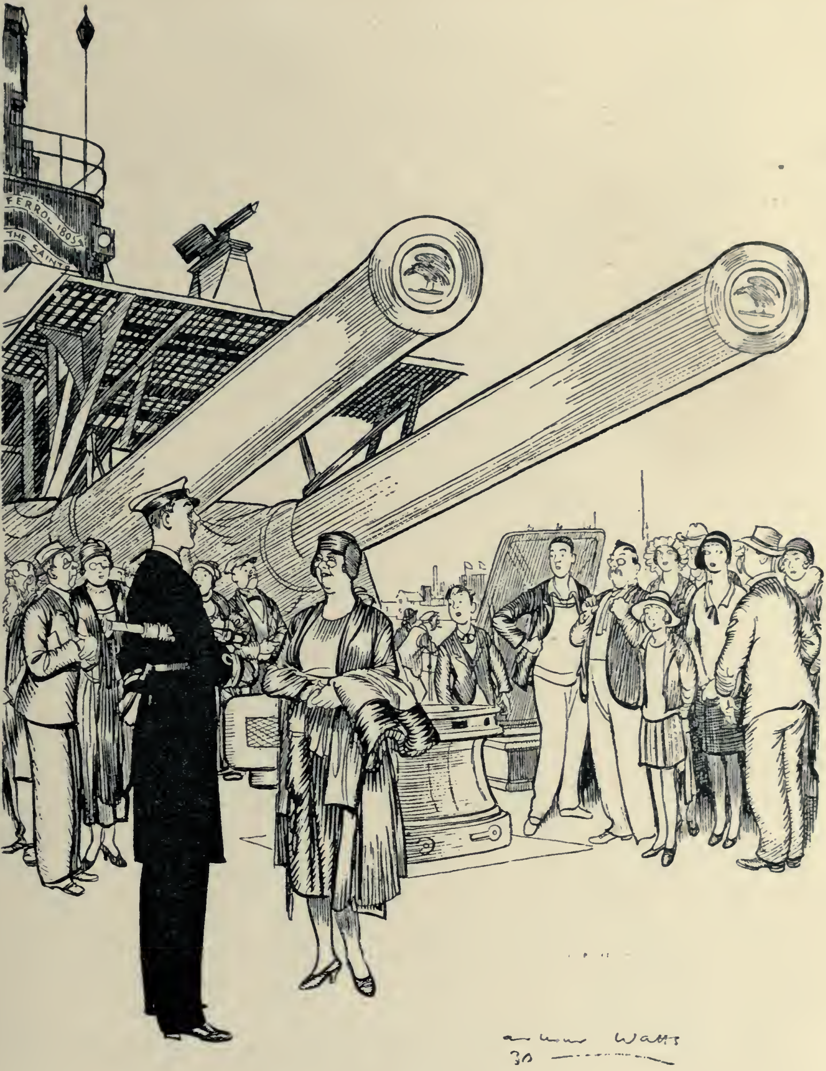
THE sun shining brightly down upon the Fleet anchorage was reflected in golden rays from the bright-work of the flagship. It was reflected even more resplendently from the bright-work of His Majesty's Ship "Lightning," lying just astern; and this was one source of the increasing bitterness of Commander Capstan, executive officer of the flagship. Of what use to be in a plummy job, a job that should certainly bring promotion, when one's every move, one's every effort is forestalled and outshone by a successful rival in a mere flagless ship of the squadron? Did Commander Capstan dive deeply into his bank account whereby to purchase gold-leaf and so produce something really snappy in lifebelts for the bedizening of the flagship's quarter-deck, so surely did the "Lightning" come forth with new brass cowls for her steamboat, and—mark you—just one day before the new lifebelts left the paint-shop. When by dint of much persuasion of the Depôt the flagship imported a centre-forward that made the Squadron Soccer Cup seem a certainty, the "Lightning" produced out of the bag a cutter's crew that gave them everything worth winning in the regatta.

This, and much more also, was making the normally care-free Commander into a soured and embittered man. As he paced the quarter-deck he frowned malevolently at the "Lightning," and a side-boy, who intercepted the glance and mistook its object, was removed in a state of babbling collapse by the corporal of the watch.

Now it chanced that the officers of the "Lightning" possessed a bear—a honey-bear they called it. They had procured it during a recent cruise, when it was a playful and amusing little ball of fur. Bears, however, like most other live things, persist in growing, and this one had now achieved a size which made his playfulness a little terrifying. Guests of the ward-room, after meeting him late at night in a narrow gangway, had been known to go back to their own ships and offer their wine-bills for the rest of the month to the first taker.

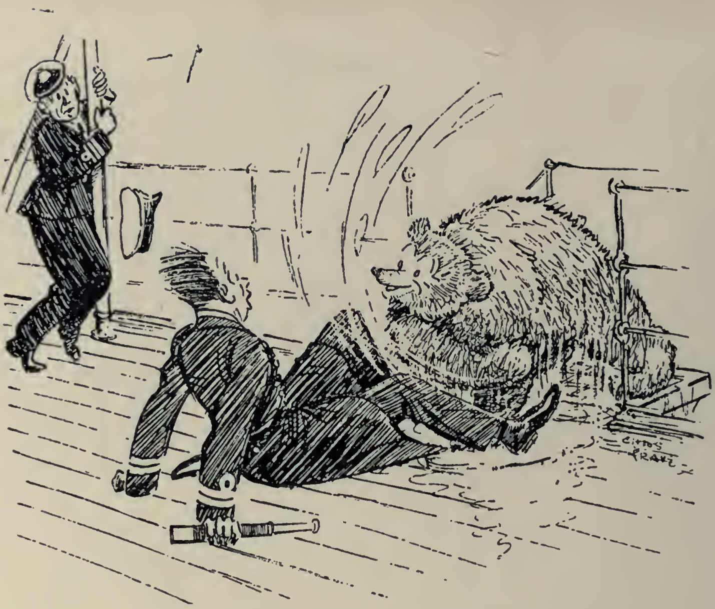
One of the most endearing habits of Serge (he was a Russian bear) was his daily swim. When the spirit moved him he would pad happily down the ladder and lurch with a resounding splash into the sea. What embarrassed his owners and the rest of the squadron was that, once in the water, he made no petty distinction between ships, but would mount the ladder of the one which chanced to be handiest when he felt tired.

On this particular sunny forenoon Serge bathed contentedly while Commander Capstan walked his quarter-deck and meditated darkly upon the misdeeds of the "Lightning." His first intimation of trouble was when he saw the entire quarter-deck staff, quarter-master, corporal, side-boys and buglers retreating at a smart double into the superstructure. At the top of the ladder a pale but determined officer of the watch stood brandishing his telescope, but almost immediately took up a sitting posture, the result of


FERROL 1805
THE SAINTS
Arthur Watts 30

NAVY WEEK

CHATTY VISITOR (*to Officer of the Watch*). "And which do *you* like best, young man—steamers or sail-boats?"



"One friendly wave of an enormous paw."

one friendly wave of an enormous paw, as Serge oozed dripping on to the deck.

For one breathless instant the Commander hesitated between shinning up an awning stanchion and diving over the side, when his dignity was saved by the bear ambling across to the manhole in the after-turret and climbing laboriously into it. Eldritch yells from inside the turret proclaimed the marine-sweeper's resentment at this invasion.

In response to a stentorian bellow from the incensed Commander the panic party returned to their posts, trying to look as though important duties had momentarily called them away. Almost at once the "Lightning's" boat, sent by an observant officer of the watch, arrived alongside and disembarked Serge's titular keeper, a fat and breathless marine. He strode solemnly up the ladder, swinging a steel chain and collar, saluted and addressed the officer of the watch.

"Marine Higgins, Sir, from the 'Lightning,' Sir, come to fetch our bear."

"And just about time too. Go and catch him at once. He's in the after-turret and he's probably eaten the sweeper by now."

"In the after-turret, is 'e, Sir? Ar, 'e would be. That's where 'e lives aboard of us, Sir; but 'e wouldn't 'urt a child. 'E'll come along happy with me."

Marine Higgins disappeared, and emerged a few seconds later leading Serge, who followed him quietly down into the boat.

Then did Commander Capstan invoke his gods and call loudly for a signalman and, when he arrived, told him to make a signal.

"Make—'Flagship to "Lightning." Commander to Commander. Your bear has just visited us and says he came to find a clean spot to sit down on.'"

The signalman hastily repressed a smile and withdrew. A few minutes later the Commander entered the ward-room, chuckling sardonically

"Bring me a cocktail," he shouted, and then to all and sundry—

"I've got one up on the 'Lightning' this time," he said triumphantly; "told them their cursed bear came here to find a clean spot to sit down on."

The sally was well received.

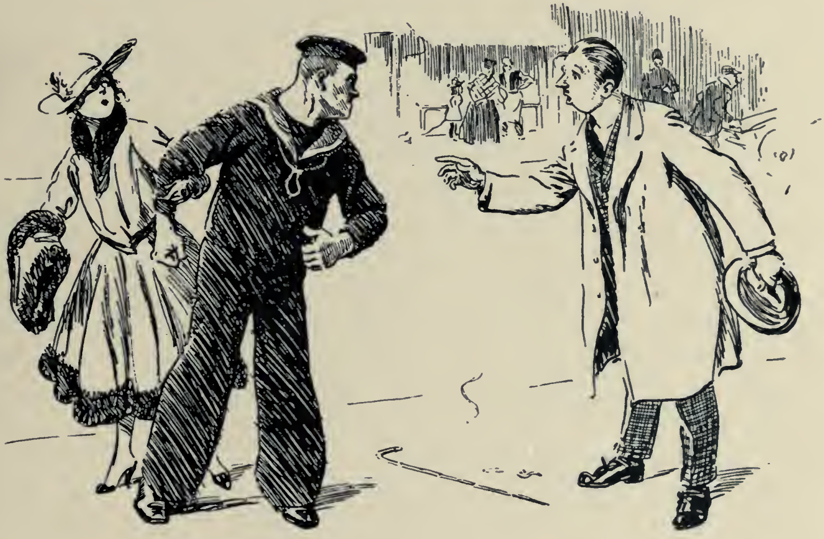
A moment later there entered a yeoman of signals.

"Signal for you, Sir," he said to the Commander.

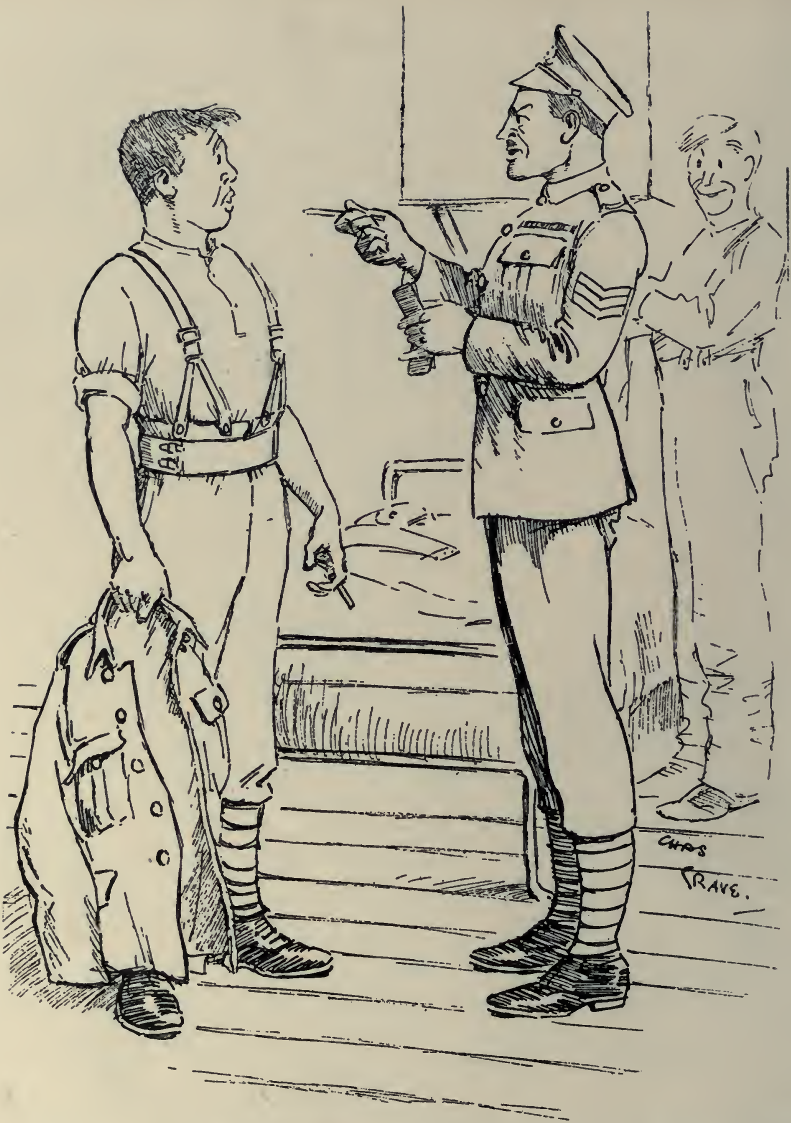
"Well, read it out."

And in a deathly hush he read—

"'Lightning' to Flagship. Commander to Commander. Our bear has returned and reports his search was unsuccessful."



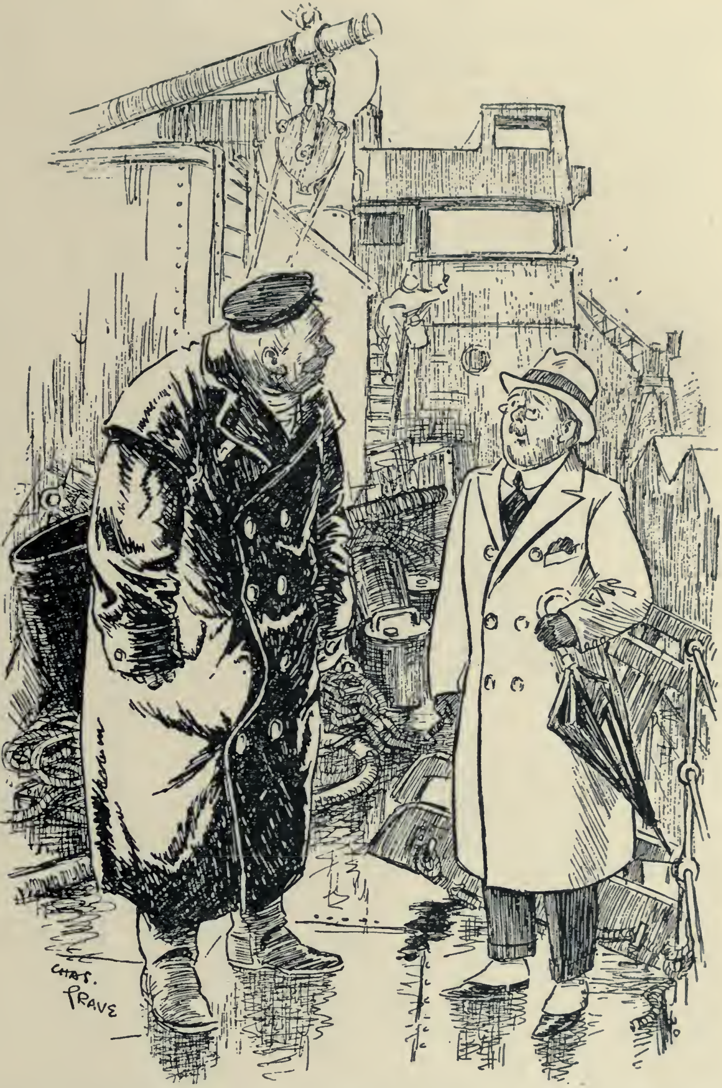
APOLLO. "I never said nothing to 'er—did I?"
NEPTUNE. "No. But you was tryin' on one of yer fascinatin' looks."



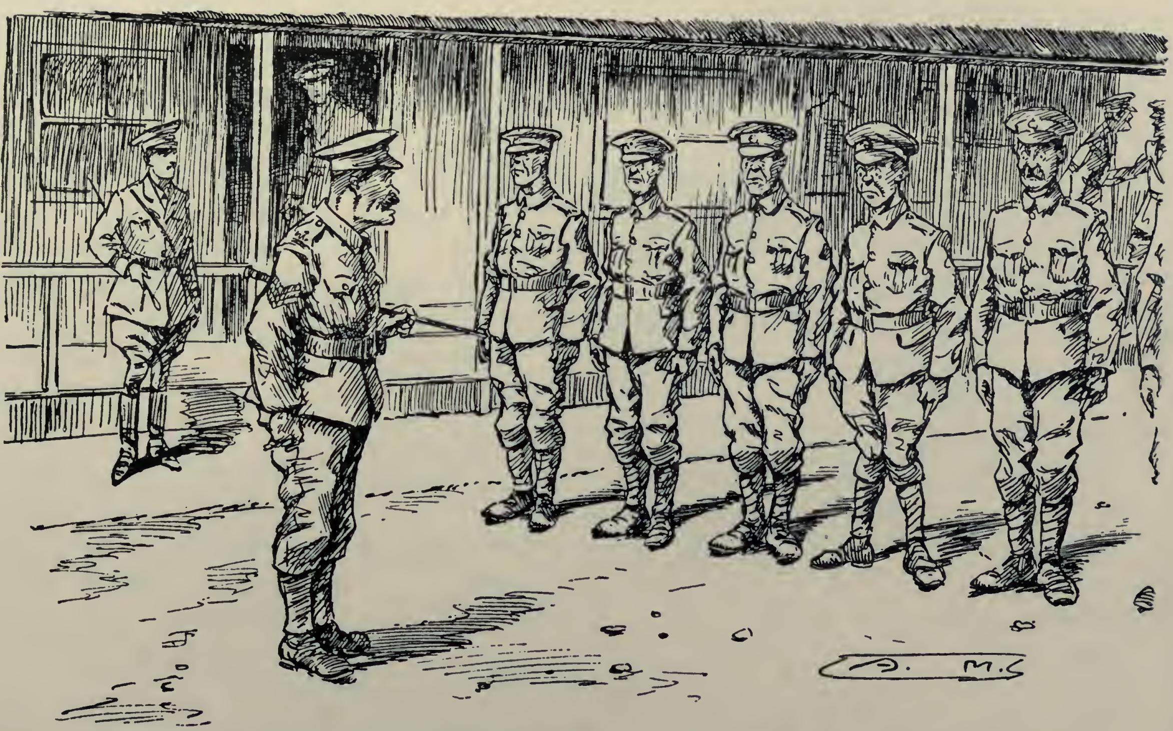
SERGEANT. "I've put your name down for the Army and Navy boxing championships."

PRIVATE. "But, Sergeant, I don't know anything about boxing."

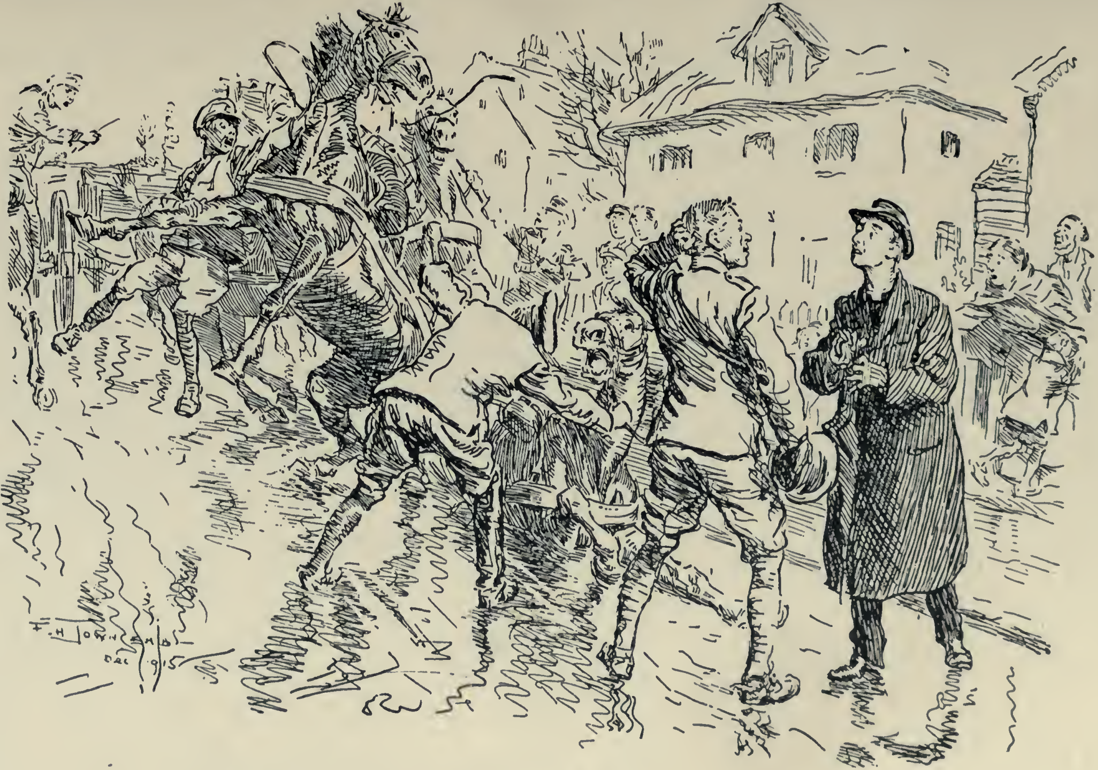
SERGEANT. "I know that; but a dashed good hiding will do you a lot of good."



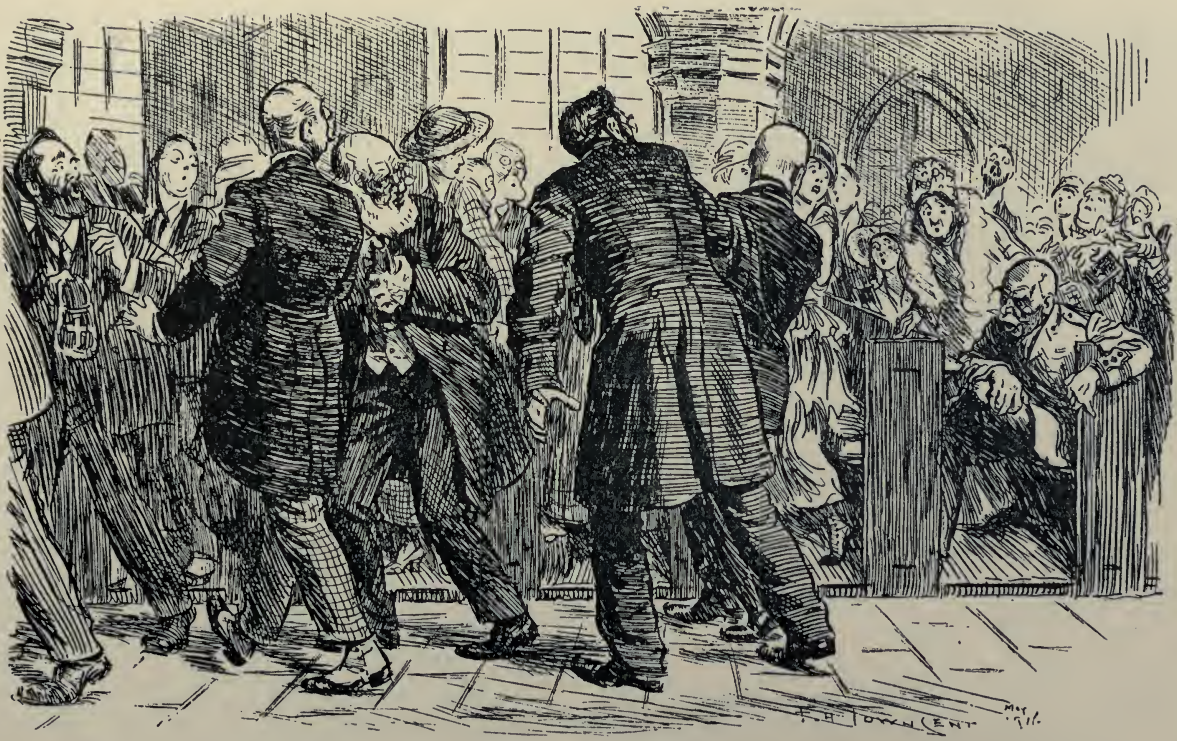
SAILOR (*to Officer's Guest*). "Excuse the ship being in such a mess, Sir; but should you get oil on that nice overcoat o' yourn it'll easily come out if you boil it."



SERGEANT (*after bringing his men to attention, to knock-kneed recruit*). "Well, that wins it, No. 4. All you've got to do on the command 'Stan' at ease' is to move yer blinkin' 'ands."

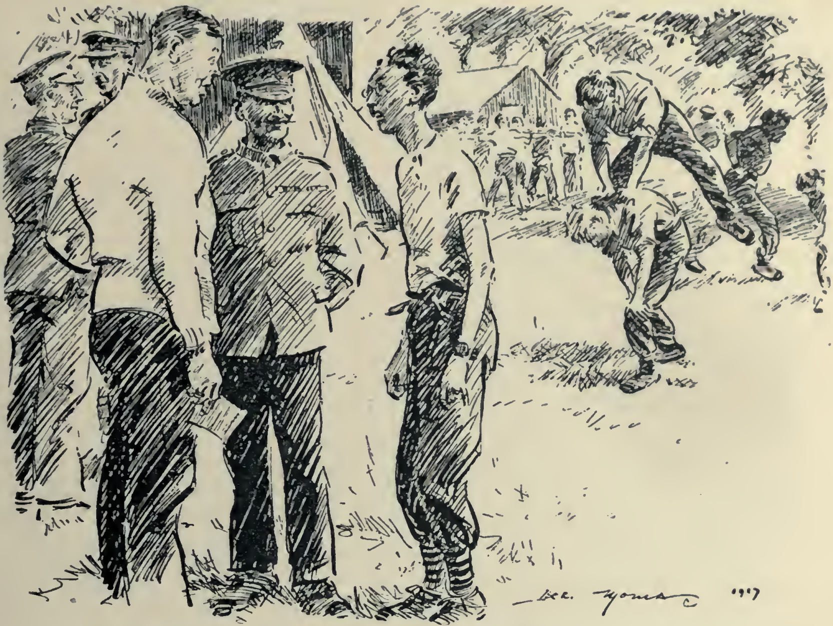


VILLAGE CLERGYMAN. "Can I help you at all?"
ARTILLERYMAN. "Yes, Sir, you can."
CLERGYMAN. "What shall I do, then?"
ARTILLERYMAN. "Well, Sir, if you wouldn't mind going a bit further up the street the horses will understand the language better."



SECOND NATURE

ABSENT-MINDED COLONEL (*as sidesmen march up to the altar with offertory*). "Pick up the step there in the rear file!"



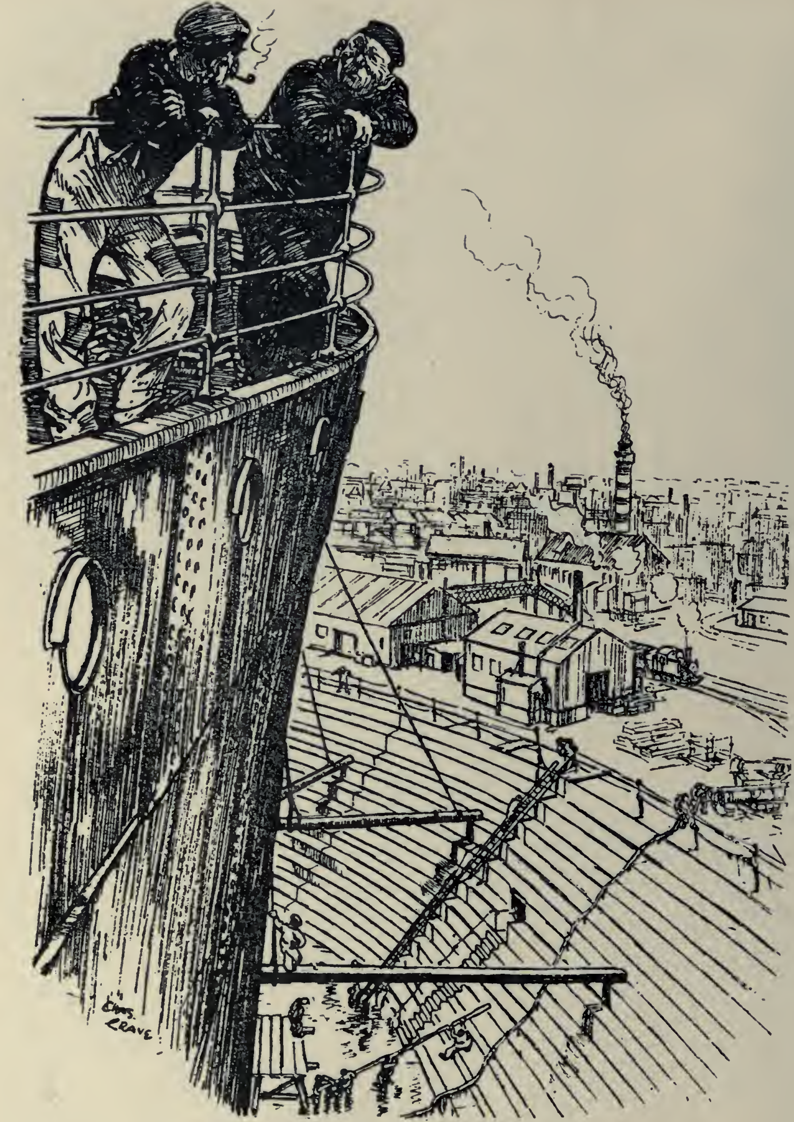
RECRUIT. "Excuse me, Sir, I feel greatly exhausted by this exercise."
INSTRUCTOR. "Do you, dearie? What would you like to play at? Kiss-in-the-ring?"

## A Tragedy Without Words

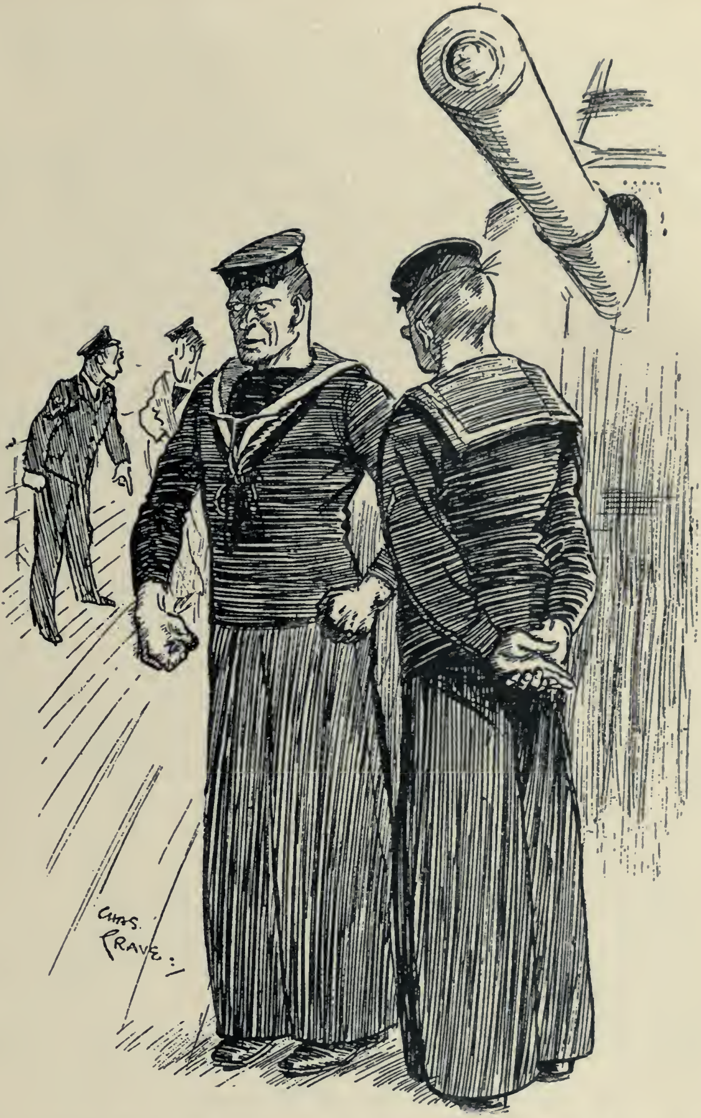
AT the War Office there is a room that is known only to the oldest and most trusted guides. No civilian has ever heard of it. No soldier beneath the rank of Major-General has been inside it. Once, during the War, a temporary-captain, who had been lost in the building for two days, knocked at the door by accident and got half-way through. He is now a nervous wreck and cannot speak of what he saw. This room, and I expect to be sent to the Tower for telling you, is the Inner Sanctum of the Immensely Great One With Spurs.

Here lately he was closeted with three of the Awful Ones whose brows are bound with brass. He was speaking. By the window a less Awful One was muffling the singing kettle with his handkerchief lest a single syllable of his chief's discourse might be lost. A tank ambled inconspicuously up and down the street. Two Lewis guns guarded the passage, and an aeroplane hovered over the building.

" I think," said the Immensely Great One, " that this stunt of the Ad-



FIRST SAILOR. "I 'ate it when the ship's in dry-dock."
SECOND SAILOR. "It suits me, 'cos I can't swim, an' I 'ave the nice 'appy feelin' that if I falls overboard I won't be drowned."



SAILOR (*who has been handsomely ticked off by Petty Officer*). "My cup of 'appiness would be overflowin' at the brim if I could blow that blighter out of a fifteen-inch gun—no, a sixteen-inch gun."

miralty's—peculiarity of temper, and so on, as a reason for retirement, intemperate habits of speech and what not—gives us a lead that we oughtn't to disregard. Nothing like the inculcation of politeness. What say you, Boko ?"

The Awful One who had been addressed shrugged his shoulders. " Can't say I like taking a tip from the Admiralty, Sir. But the idea seems sound."

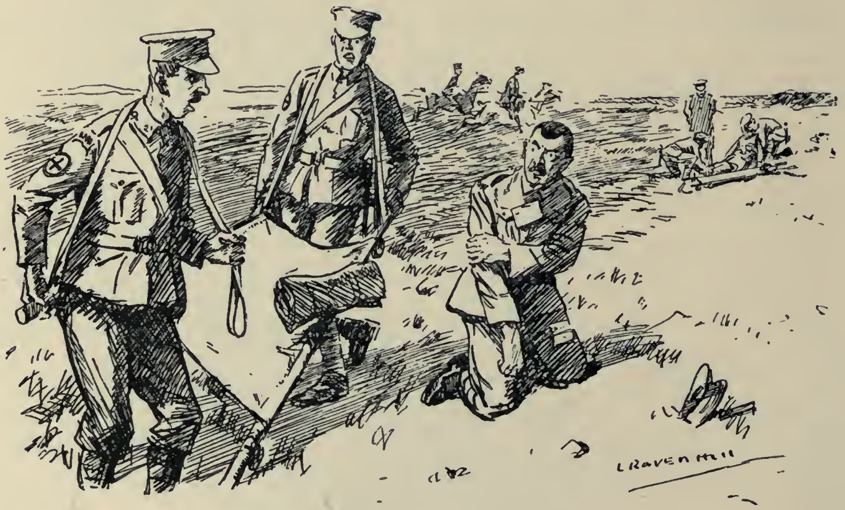
" Of course," went on the Immensely Great One, and he smiled his famous smile, " if we decide to publish a similar order it could be antedated six months and everyone would think that we had the idea first."

Six innocent eyes regarded him admiringly. " By Jove, Sir, splendid !"

" Not a bit of it," said the Immensely Great One. " Is that agreed, then ? Good ! And now for some tea." Whereupon the less Awful One, who had kept his eyes reverentially lowered, unmuffled the singing kettle.

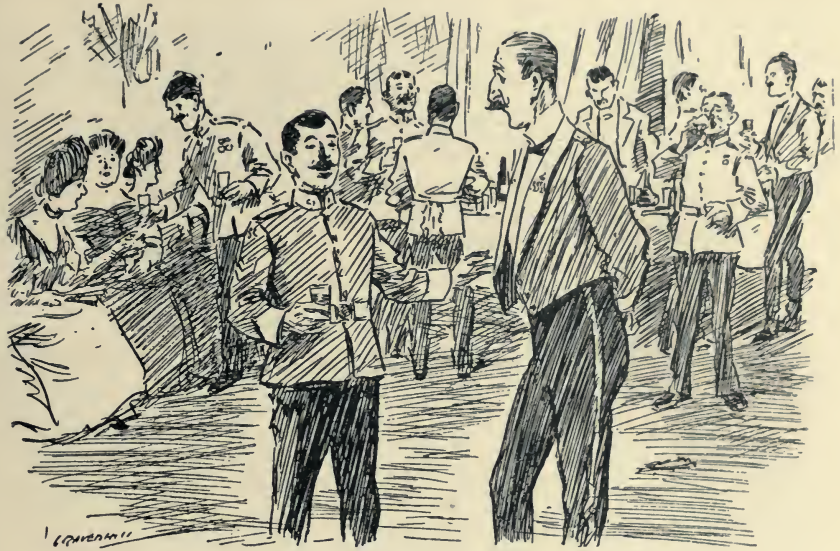
* * * * * * *

Lieutenant-Colonel Horatio Despard Cursior, D.S.O., Officier of the Legion of Honour, frequently mentioned in despatches and five times wounded, sank back in his chair and mopped his forehead. It had been a trying Orderly Room and for one moment he thought his command of language had failed him. His reputation for invective, which dated from the South African War,



The Image and the Reality

TOMMY (*who, in the performance of his duties as "casualty," is wearing labels inscribed "Chest blown in by shell," "Left leg shattered by bullet," and has just been accidentally tilted out of his stretcher*). "Now you really '*ave* 'urt me!"



A.S.C. CORPORAL (*at Soldiers' dance*). "Will you have a drink, Sir?"
MAJOR. "Thanks very much, Corporal, but I think I've had enough."
CORPORAL. "Don't say that, Sir. One more drink won't make you any worse than you are already!"

when as a Subaltern he had captured a kopje with a curse that prostrated its garrison, was world-wide ; but latterly he had been feeling his age and occasionally hesitated for a word.

" Well, Browne," he said, turning a little anxiously to his Adjutant, " did it go off all right ?"

" Rather, Sir," replied Browne. " I think the men enjoyed it as much as I did. But there's that new Army Order under which one can be retired for swearing. Don't you think you ought to be careful, Sir ?"

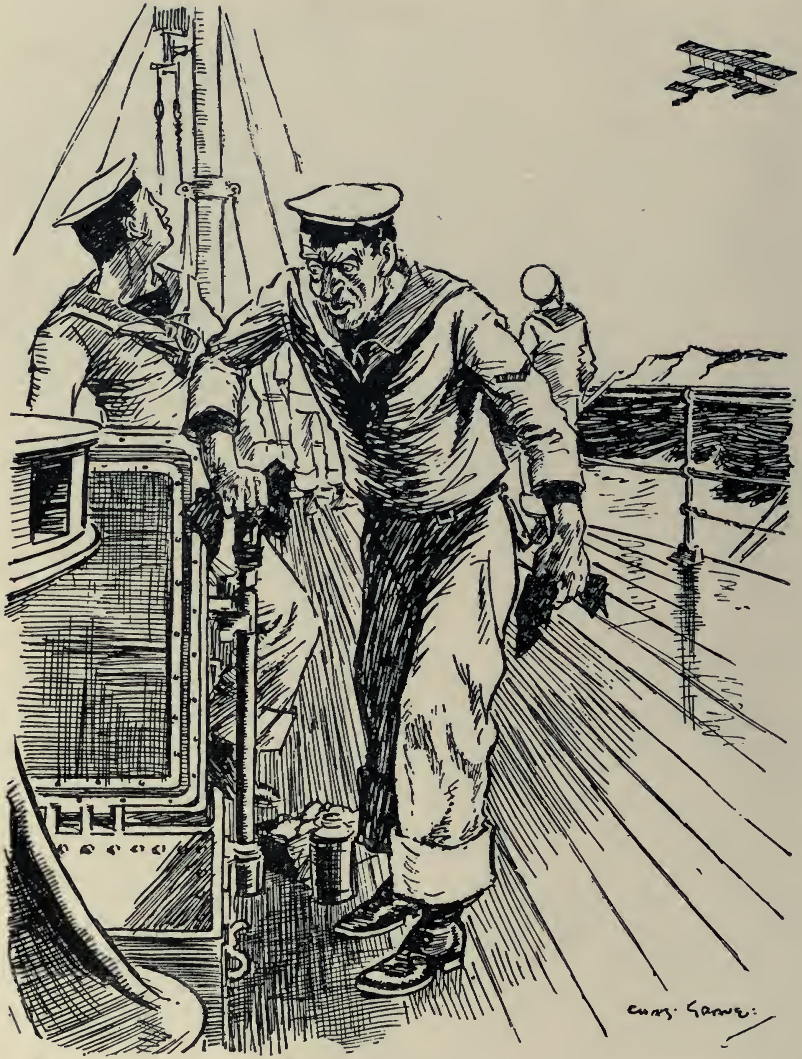
" Nonsense, my boy, nonsense ! There are no spies here. Besides you haven't heard me swear yet."

The Adjutant coughed gently.

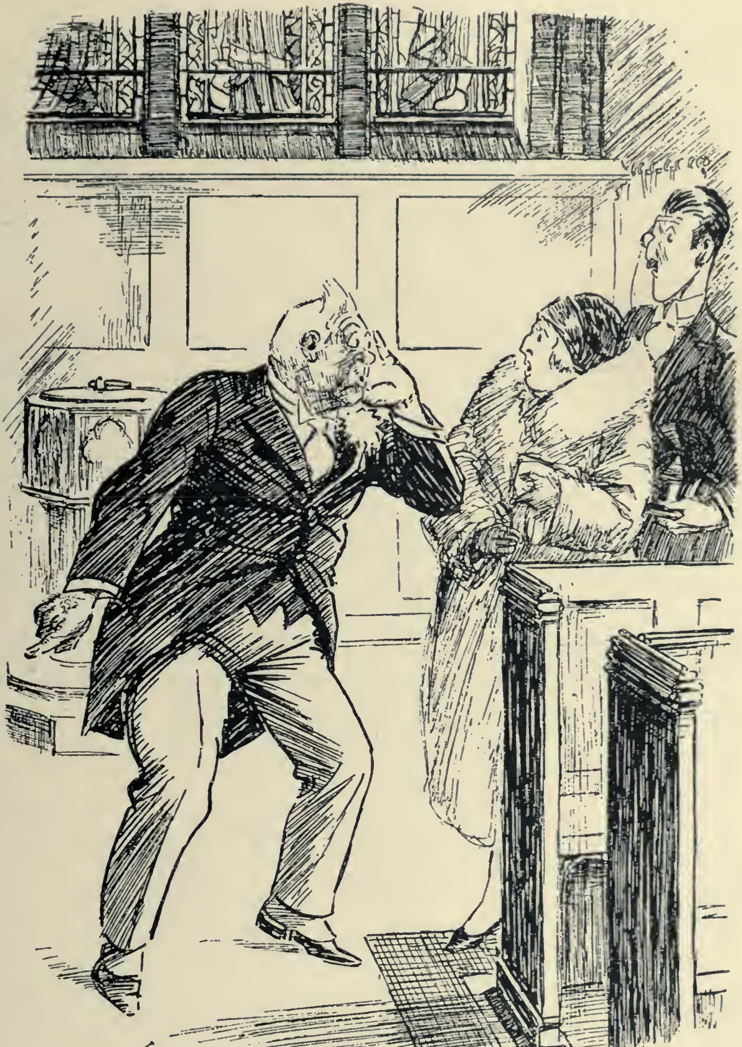
" Now when I was in Burma—— Hullo, who the deuce——"

Behind a monocle there entered a languid young man whose glittering appearance must have been reflected in the Axe when it was raised over the Army. He flicked a glove to the peak of his cap in salutation. He was a Staff-Captain.

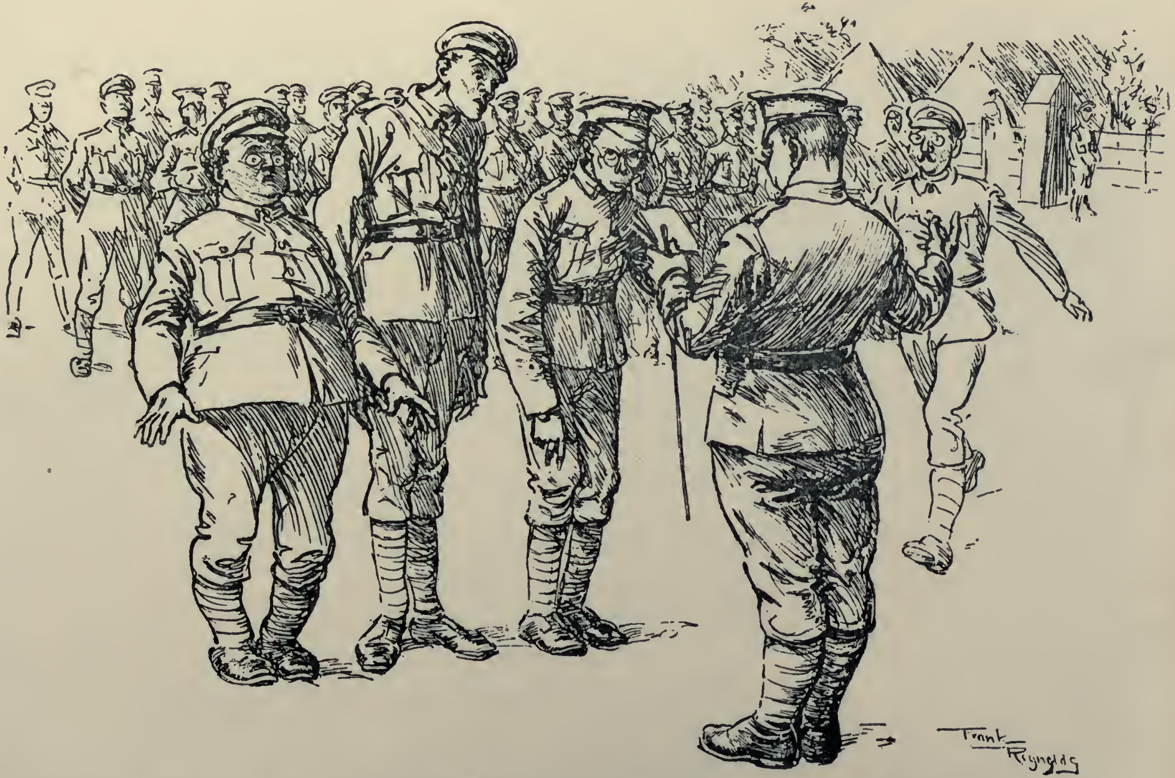
" Morning, Colonel," he said, and the Adjutant felt tired as soon as he spoke. " Fearful predicament. Car broken down owing to incompetent ass of



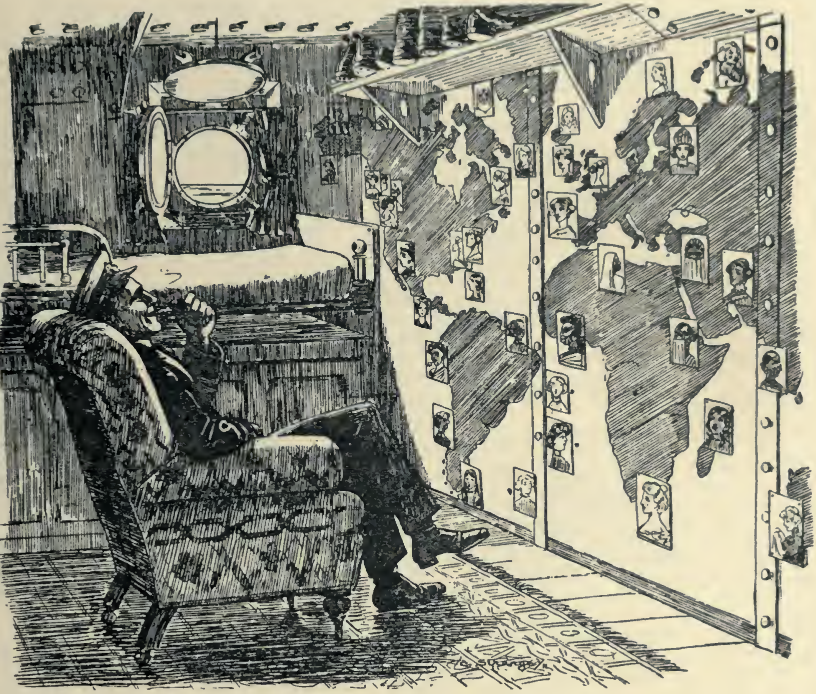
FIRST A.B. "Look, Joe—a seaplane!"
SECOND A.B. (*not in the best of tempers*). "S'elp me bob! ain't this the twentieth century? If you'd pointed it out to Shakspeare 'e *might* 'a' looked."



EX-PETTY-OFFICER (*acting as usher at Officer's wedding*). "Bride's friends to port, an' bridegroom's pals to starb'd."



SERGEANT. "Now then, are you the four men with a knowledge of music I was asking for?"
CHORUS. "Yes, Sergeant."
SERGEANT. "Right. Parade Officers' Mess 11.30 to move grand piano to marquee—distance 500 yards—for concert this evening."



Ingenious device for methodically arranging photographs. Adopted (and patented) by impressionable and much-travelled Naval Officer.

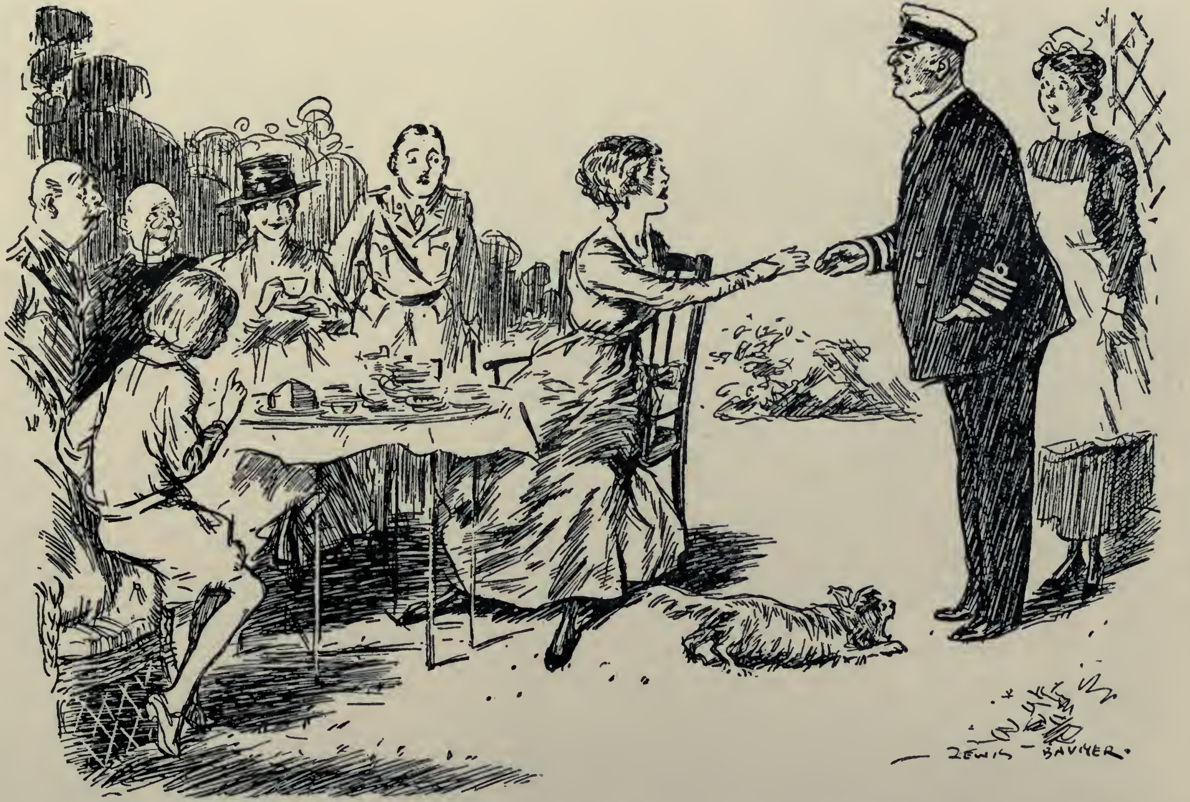
chauffeur. May I crave the hospitality of your mess for luncheon ? I'm used to roughing it."

He sat down on the edge of the Colonel's table, dislodging a mass of papers that slid in glorious confusion on to the floor, and took out his cigarette case. The Orderly Sergeant made a hasty retreat, shut the door behind him and assumed an attitude of prayer on the verandah. The clerk gripped his pen in both hands, set his teeth and gazed straight in front of him.

" Have one ?" said the Staff Officer nonchalantly. " No ? I suppose you smoke nothing but gaspers. These are Turks—rather good. Perhaps you wouldn't appreciate them."

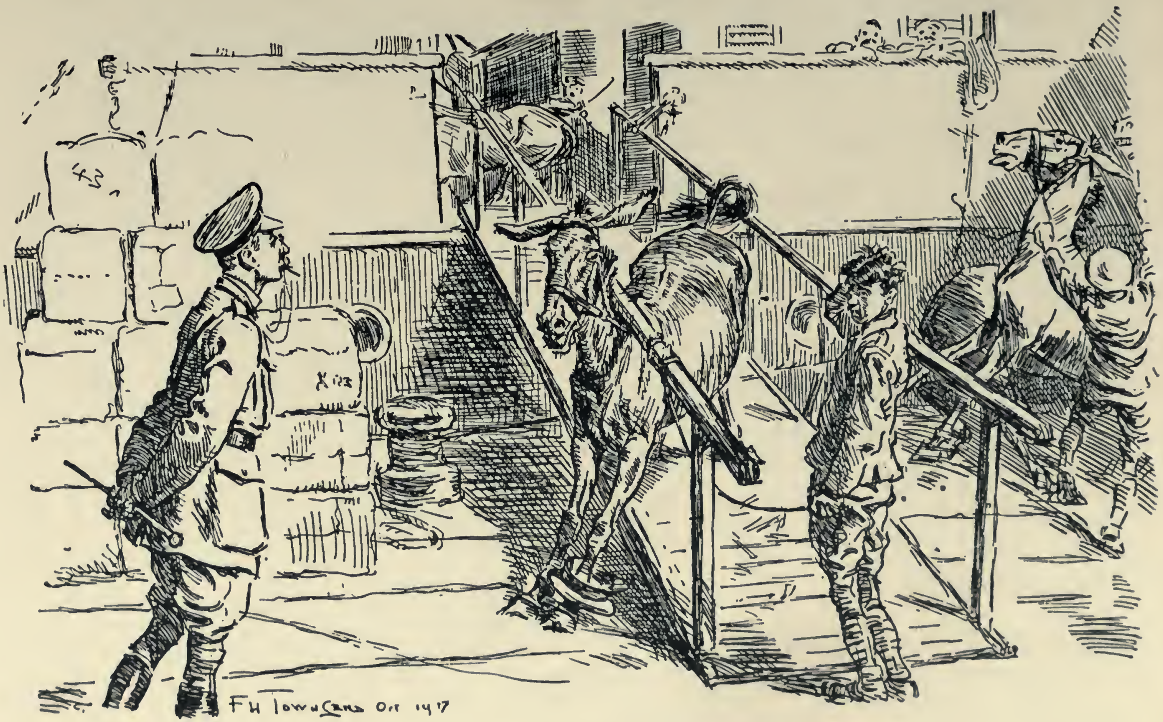
He fumbled for a match and struck it on the Colonel's ink-stand.

The clerk quietly fainted. The Adjutant crossed his legs and kicked himself on the shins with one spur to make sure that he was awake. He swallowed rapidly at the sudden pain and glanced at the Colonel. The sight bereft

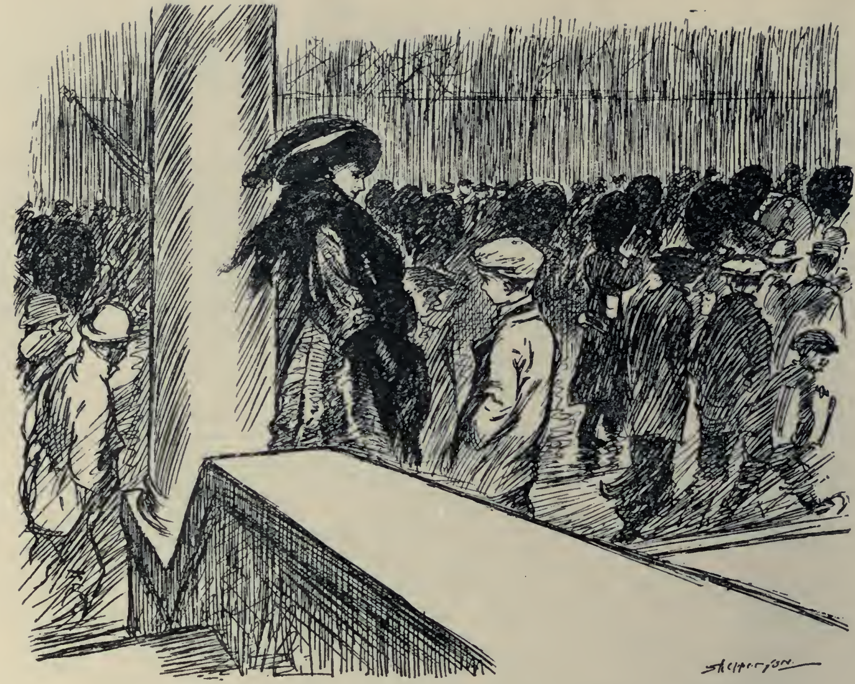


LEWIS - BAUMER

LITTLE GIRL (*as distinguished admiral enters*). "Be quiet, Fido, you silly dog—*that*'s not the postman."


F H Townsend Oct 1917

**PADRE.** "You seem in trouble, my man. Can I help you?"
**TOMMY.** "Yes, Sir. You might tell me how Noah got this blithering kind of thing into the Ark."



BASIL. "Mother, how is it that soldiers' music always make me feel so much happier than I really am?"

him of motion. Can you imagine the Kaiser's expression if a sentry at Potsdam, in the days when Emperors *were* Emperors, had dug him in the ribs with the butt of his rifle and then poked out his tongue? Can you imagine how Trotsky would look if a bourgeois were to speak to him familiarly? Either of these images would convey but a faint idea of Lieut.-Colonel Cursior, D.S.O., in his speechless agony.

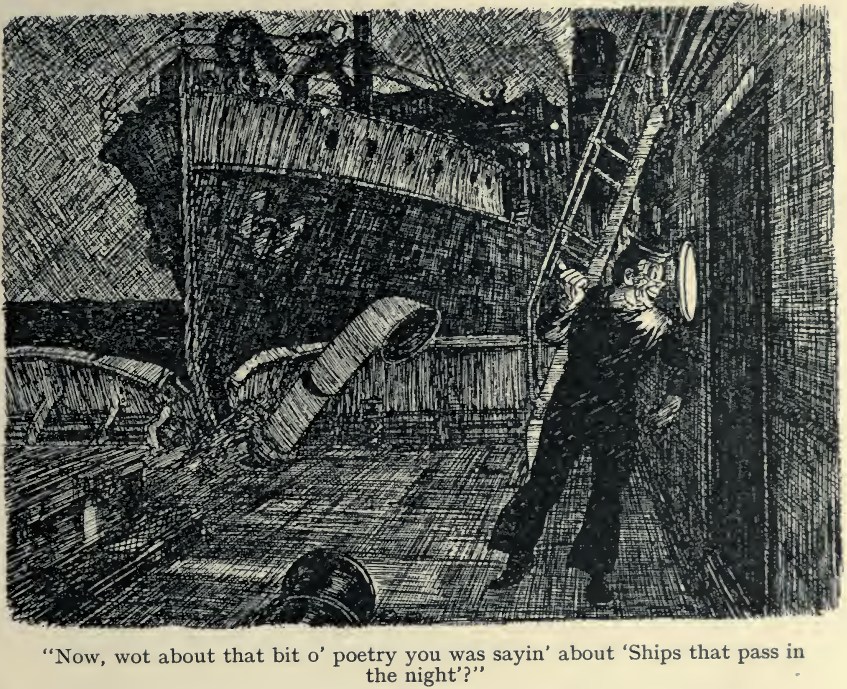
"Well, Colonel," said the Staff Officer, "shall we push off? You're going to give me a quick bracer before lunch, aren't you?" He looked round for an ash-tray, found none and flicked his cigarette over the Colonel's boots.

The Colonel's eyes were blood-shot. His jaws moved spasmodically. A button flew off his tunic and pinged against the farther wall. He was trying to speak—oh yes, he was trying. That was the tragedy of it. But the unparalleled enormity of this situation found him, for the first time in his life, absolutely at a loss for words.

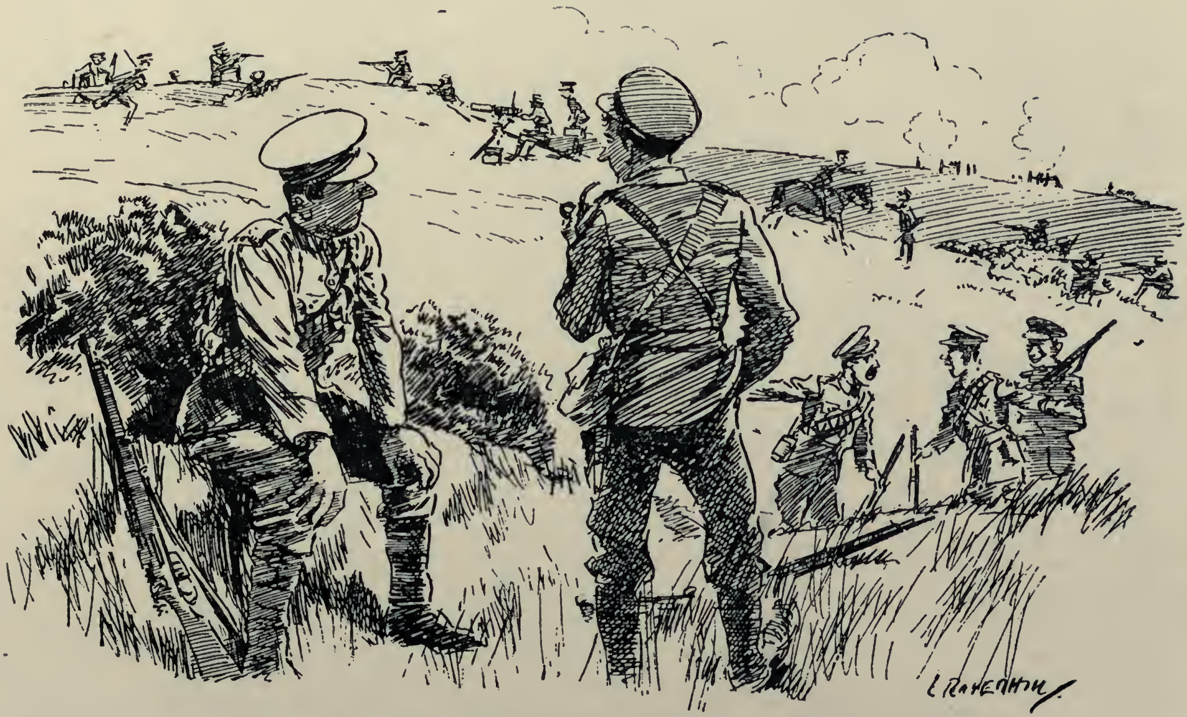
Then the Staff Officer rose briskly to his feet. "I'm very sorry to have troubled you, Sir," he said. "I hate this work, but it's my job. I'm from the War Office. We had a bad report about your rudeness to your subordinates, your swearing and intemperate habits of speech. I was sent to test you. But I've provoked you almost beyond human endurance and you haven't said a word. I shall have much pleasure in assuring them that the report is entirely unfounded. Good morning, Sir." And he jingled out.

They carried Colonel Cursior to his quarters and put him to bed. He lay there raving for two days. On the morning of the third he called the Adjutant to his side.

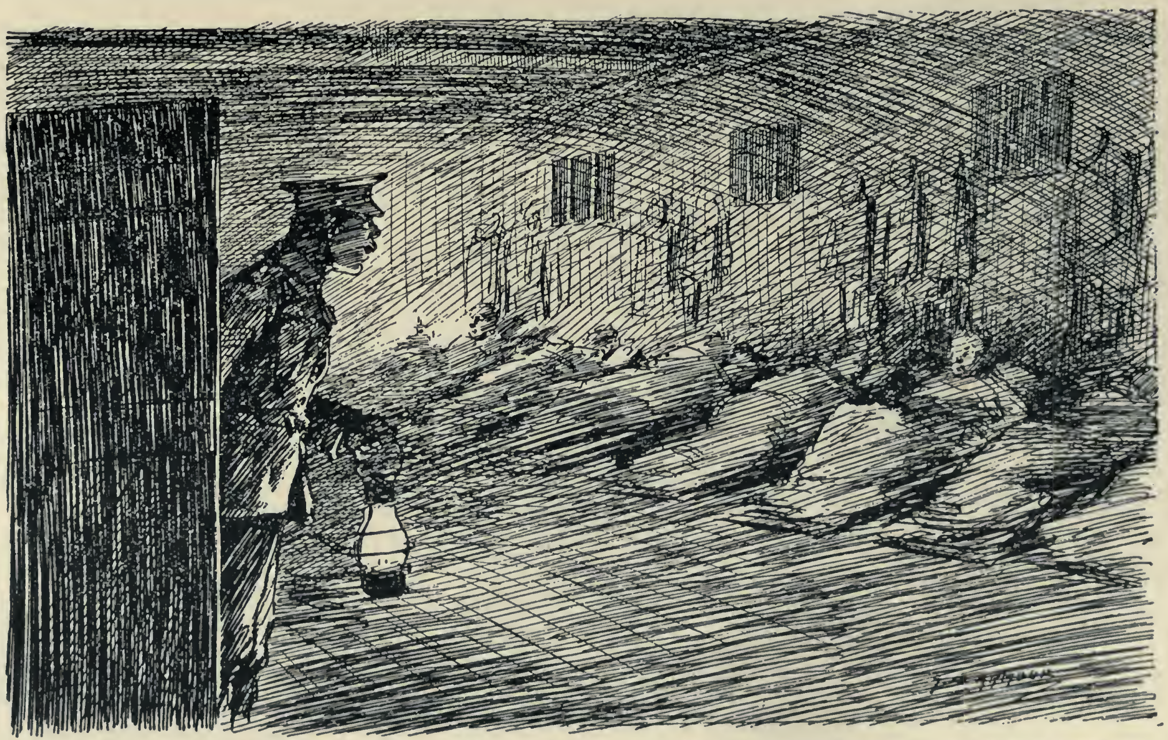
"Browne," he whispered, "they've broken me. I can't carry on. I shall send in my papers. I'm disgraced for ever. That—that—you know—he said he'd tell the War Office that the report about me was unfounded."



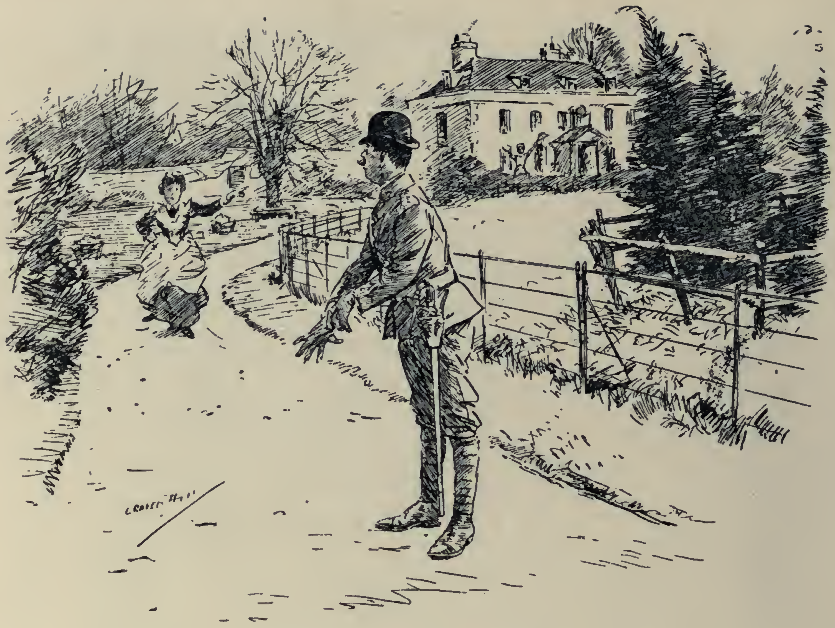
"Now, wot about that bit o' poetry you was sayin' about 'Ships that pass in the night'?"



FIRST TERRITORIAL. "Well, what do you think of our manœuvres, Bill?"
SECOND TERRITORIAL (*hitherto unacquainted with field-days*). "Thank 'evin we've got a Nivy!"
[*May 20, 1914*]



VOICE FROM THE FAR-END OF HUT (*to Sergeant, who is retiring after expressing himself strongly on the question of "lights out"*). "Sergeant! Sergeant! You haven't kissed me good-night!"



Civilian and Soldier too

"HALDANE TERRIER" (*a little late for parade*). "I wonder what the deuce they want to bother me about now?"

(*April 15, 1908*)

## The Yeoman Transformed

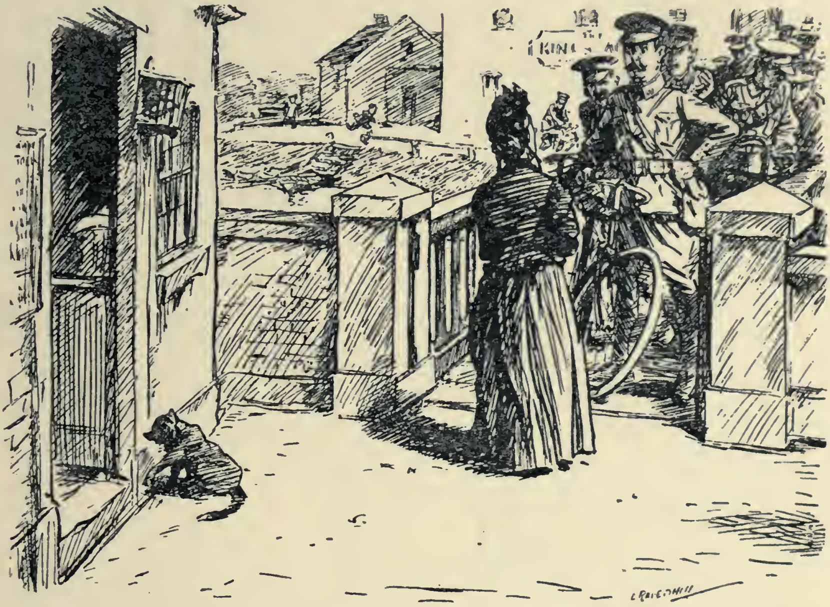
[In accordance with the new Territorial organisation some famous Yeomanry Regiments are to become Motor Machine-Gun Units.]

CAN a horseman turn from his heart's desire at the stroke of a statesman's pen ?
Can we learn to fight from a motor-car—we who were mounted men ?
In a petrol-tank and a sparking-plug shall we strive to put our trust,
And hang our spurs as a souvenir to gather reproachful rust ?
Shall we never again ride knee to knee in the pomp of squadron line,
With head-ropes white as a mountain drift and curb chains all a-shine ?
Will they dawn no more, those glorious days when the world seemed all our own,
Who rode as scouts on an errant quest, alive, alert, alone ?

Can a man be made by a motor-car as a
man is made by a horse,
With strength in his back and legs
and arms, and a brain of swift resource?
We cared for our mounts before ourselves,
their thirst before our thirst;
Shall we come to learn, with the same
content, to think of an engine first?

Grousing enough. Though times have
changed a man may be needed yet.
Shall we stand aloof in an idle dream to
nourish a vain regret?
Whatever England may ask of us our
service must be hers;
And a horseman's quality's in his heart
and not in a pair of spurs.

W. K. H.



Horatia Holds the Bridge

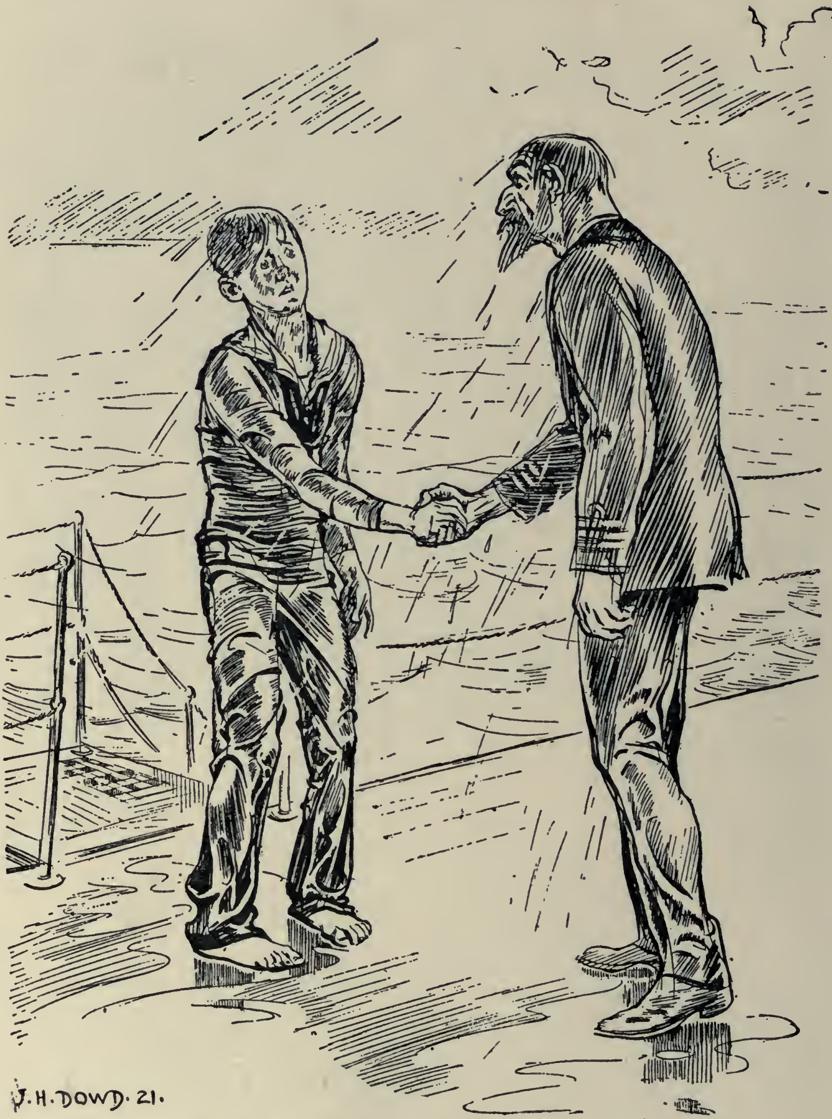
TERRITORIAL OFFICER. "But, my good woman, it's all nonsense to expect us to pay; we're not ordinary civilians, we're on His Majesty's service, don't you know."

TOLL-KEEPER. "I don't know nothink about that. If you comes over the bridge, it's ha'penny each pusson an' ha'penny each bicycle."

TERRITORIAL OFFICER. "But—er—suppose the Germans came and wanted to get across—what would you do?"

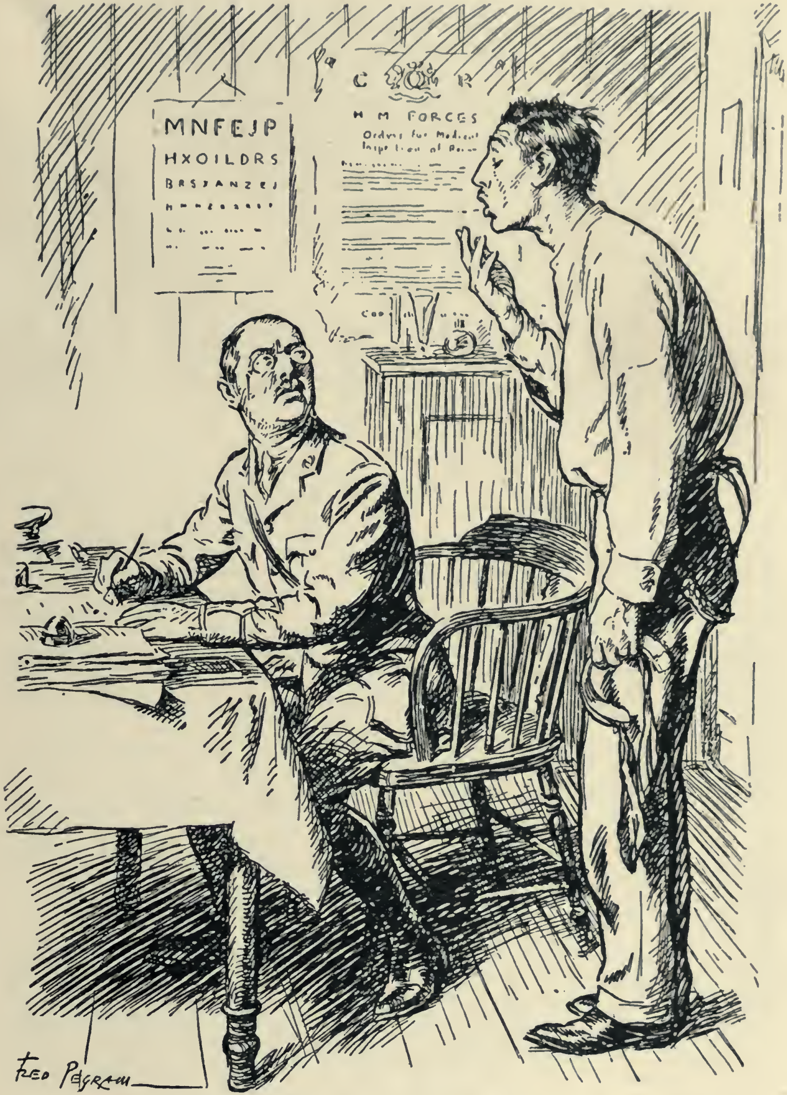
TOLL-KEEPER. "Make 'em pay!"

(*June 23, 1909*)

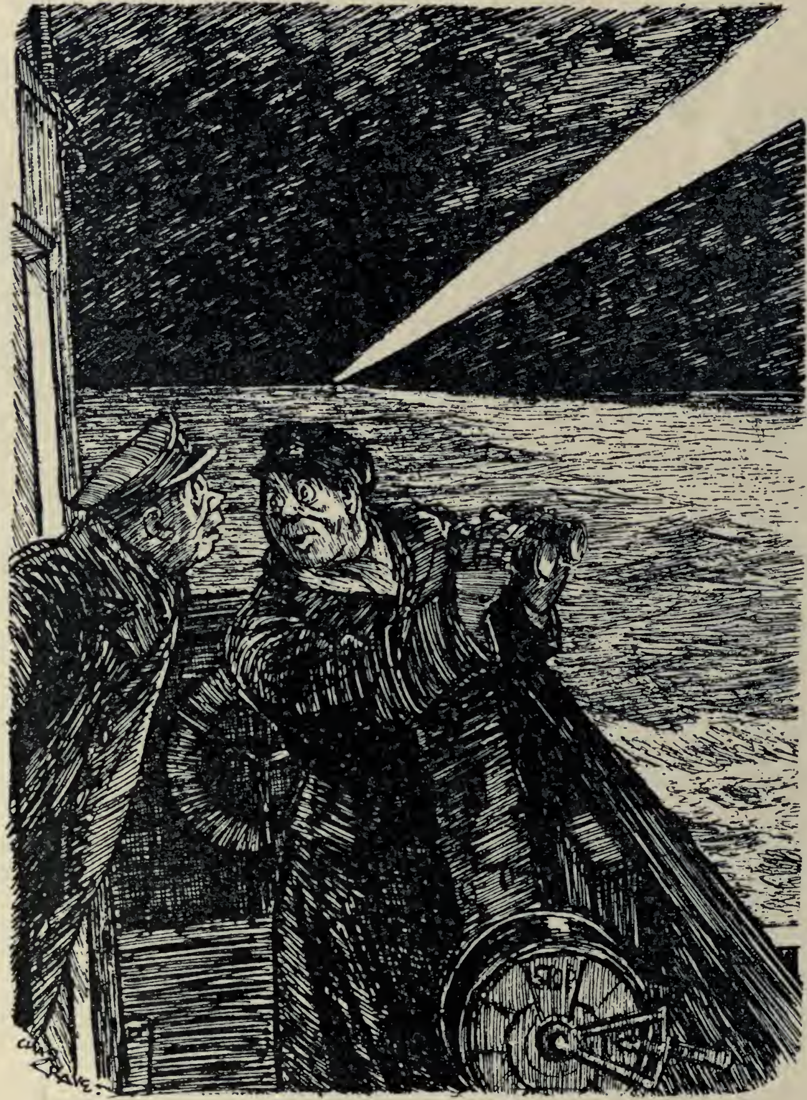


OFFICER (*to sailor who has rescued him from drowning*). "Thank you, Smith. To-morrow I will thank you before all the crew at divisions."

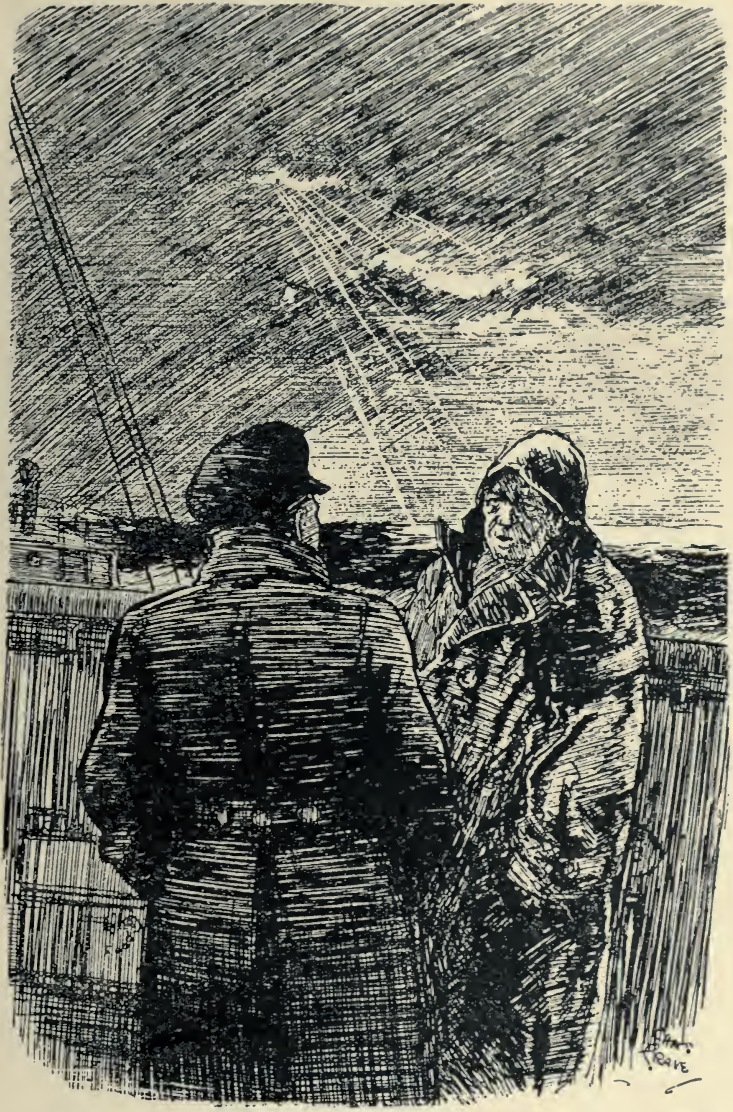
SAILOR. "Don't do that, Sir. They'll 'arf kill me."


MNFEJP
HXOILDRS
C R
H M FORCES
FRED PEGRAM

DOCTOR (*examining recruit*). "And do you always stutter like that?"
RECRUIT. "N-n-no, Sir. Only w-w-w-when I t-t-talk."



THE CAPTAIN. "What the devil lighthouse is that?"
THE MATE. "It isn't a lighthouse at all, Sir. It's 'Cutie's Corsets.' "
[There is a scheme afoot to use the night sky for advertisements by means of powerful searchlights.]



BO'SUN. "You know, Sir, all this talk about a disturbance on the Atlantic, an' low pressure an' depressions from Iceland fairly puzzles me. When I was a lad we just called it wind an' rain."

# Spun Yarns

"WHA-CHER, Sails," sang out Able Seaman Clarke, "come and spin us some of yer yarns."

The sailmaker removed the pipe from his mouth, made a perfect shot at the spitkid from a range of three yards and regarded the group of young able seamen tolerantly.

"I don't know no yarns," he said, "leastways not the sort as would interest blokes like you."

"What's wrong with us then?" laughed Nobby Clarke.

"Too much heducation," replied Sails promptly. "Too clever by 'arf you are; but what can you expect when ships is fitted nowadays with every modern convenience? You never 'as to 'aul on a rope—'cos why?—'cos me Lords 'as provided a ruddy 'lectric motor to 'aul on it for yer. It beats me why nobody 'asn't thought of stainin' an' polishin' the decks to save the pore blues the fatigue of 'aving to scrub 'em."

"The Navy's going to the dogs, ain't it, Sails?" said Nobby encouragingly.

"More like the puppies comin' to the Navy," retorted that worthy salt as he took a seat on a coil of rope alongside the group and yet within convenient range of the spitkid.

"Now, when you was a young A.B.," suggested Nobby.

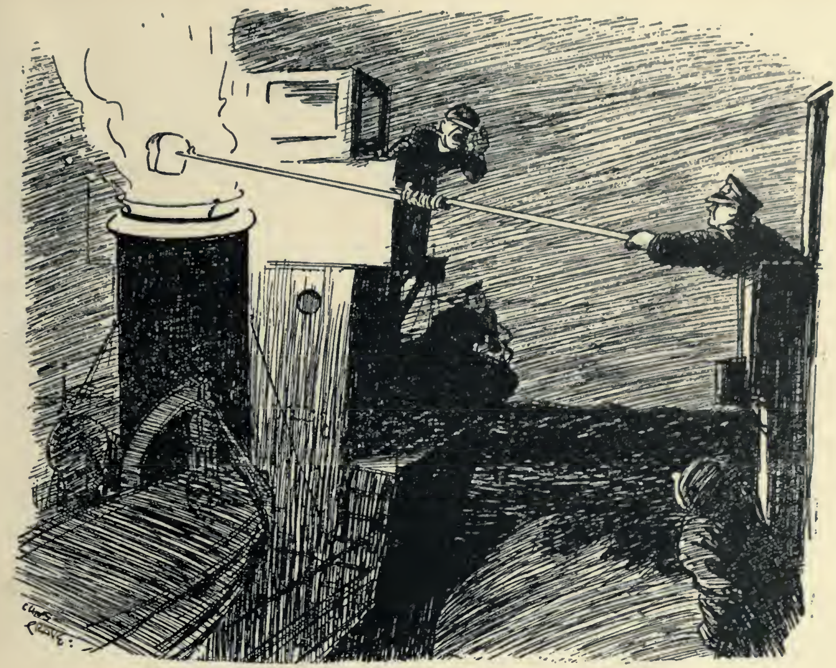
"Ah," said Sails, falling into the trap, "when I first come to sea things was very different. There was room for hindividuality on the lower deck as well as in the cuddy. No wireless and precious little gunnery. Like 'eaven it was compared with now. Hindividuhality—that's the word. I calls to mind——"

"Go on, Sails," shouted a chorus of voices.

"I calls to mind," went on Sails, thus encouraged, "one of my Captains in a destroyer. Ah! 'e was a nut, 'e was, and a proper gentleman. Always 'ad 'is weather eye liftin' for a bit of a skylark. But 'e was that 'umorous that nobody couldn't take offence—not even the Admirality. They do say as 'ow 'e got a hexpression of their Lordships' displeasure and another of their Lordships' approval in the same envelope for one and the same turn-out—but that's too long a yarn."

"Let's have it, Sails."

"No, but I'll tell you another thing 'e did one manœuvres. Our opposite number in the division was a fair swine at flamin' at the funnel. She was always gettin' signals whacked into 'er from Commodore (D) callin' 'er attention to it, as if it weren't already seared on 'er senior engineer's 'eart like Calais on what's-er-name's. Well, one night we was on patrol in the Channel with all lights out and expectin' the Blue Fleet battleboats around any time, when all of a sudden the 'oly stillness of the middle watch was disturbed by flames shootin' feet 'igh from our oppo's funnels. Our Captain was senior orficer of the division and nine out of ten would 'ave gone off 'arf cock at



" 'What the 'ell are you doing?' shouts the Captain of the other destroyer."

'avin' our position given away like that. But 'e just chuckled to 'isself. I was starboard look-out and I guessed 'e was up to one of 'is games.

" ' Starboard Twenty,' 'e says, alterin' course towards the flames, ' and bring me two boat-'ooks and 'arf a loaf of bread.'

" ' Ay, ay, Sir,' I says, and leaves me place o' dooty to get what 'e wanted. When I gets back we was almost alongside the other destroyer, 'oo was still flamin' like 'ell.

" ' Lash the boat-'ooks together,' says the Skipper, ' and look slippy about it.' When I'd done that what d' you think 'e does ?"

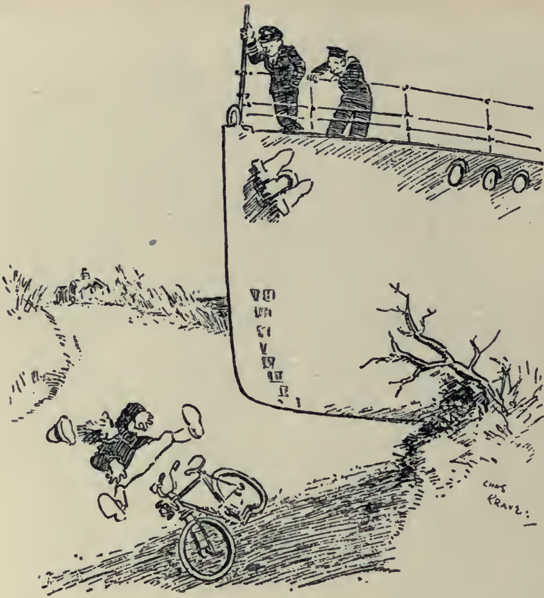
" Use 'em as a bearin'-off spar ?"

" Naow—bearin'-orf spar !—not 'im. 'E sticks the 'arf-loaf of bread on the end of the boat-'ooks and leans right out from the bridge, 'oldin' it towards the flames.

" ' What the 'ell are you doing ?' shouts the Captain of the other destroyer.

" ' Don't be alarmed,' says our Owner ; ' I only thought I should like to make a little toast.' "

" Coo ! What did 'is oppo say ?"



"Then 'e looks up and falls off 'is blinkin' bike."

" I wouldn't sully me mouth with the remarks 'e passed; but there—I expect 'e was overwrought.

" Then there was the time we ran up 'igh and dry on to the Slapton Sands."

" 'Ow was that ?"

" Oh, it was in a fog—thickest one I've ever seen, and we was bargin' about at twenty knots, when all at once up we goes. Any of you lads Westoes?"

" No."

"Ah, well, you wouldn't know the Slapton Sands, then. They runs along from Tor Cross in a narrow strip with lees be'ind 'em, and the road not more'n a few yards from 'igh-water mark."

" Was it 'igh-water when you run up ?"

" It were. Spring tides too."

" Then you must 'ave been stickin' over the road."

" We was. In the mornin' the fog cleared before a bit of a westerly breeze what 'ad sprung up. I was on the forecastle and the Owner 'e walks forrard and leans over the rails admirin' the view."

" Weren't 'e in a way about 'avin' piled the ship up ?"

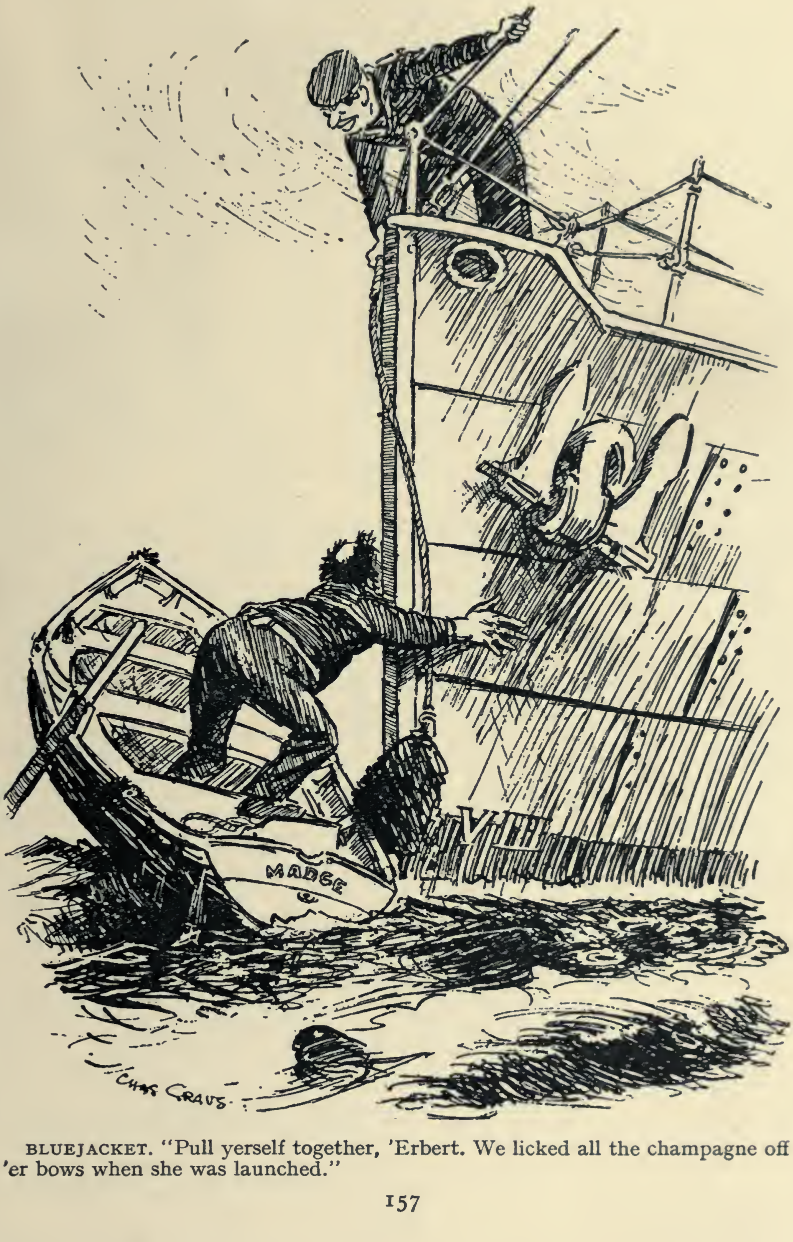
" Not 'im. 'E wasn't one to cry over spilt destroyers. Well, presently 'e sees a farm-'and comin' along the road towards us on a push-bike, with 'is 'ead down against the wind. I could see the Owner's mouth twitchin' and knew 'e was wonderin'—same as I was—what that there yokel would think when 'e suddenly came up all standin' against the bows of a destroyer, seein' as 'ow that ain't a usual thing to find in a Devonshire lane.

" On 'e came peddlin' like 'ell until 'e got into the shadow from our bows acrost the road. Then 'e looks up, makes a Westo noise of being fair took flat aback, and falls off 'is blinkin' bike.

" ' You silly ass,' says the Owner prompt and peevish like, ' why don't you ring your bell ?' "

" Oh, ho! Sails, that's a good one!" roared Nobby. "Can you beat it ?"

" Well," said Sails shamelessly, " perhaps you won't believe this one neither ?"


MADGE
CHAS GRAVE

BLUEJACKET. "Pull yerself together, 'Erbert. We licked all the champagne off 'er bows when she was launched."

" I shouldn't say so, but let's 'ave it anyway."

" Well, this 'ere yarn 'as a moral."

" An' what's that ?"

" That life depends on very small things."

" That ain't a moral, it's a blinkin' fact."

" Well, so long as you're agreed on that, you won't be disbelievin' the yarn."

" Is this another of yer personal hexperiences ?"

" No, me father told me this one. 'E saw it 'appen when 'e was a boy along in sail."

" Ah, I thought we should get back to sail afore long. Well ?"

" Well, there was a cove workin' on the tops'l yard furlin' sail when 'e suddenly comes over all queer like and falls face downwards to the deck."

" Strewth !"

" You're right. Everyone on the upper deck rushed toward 'im if only to be the first to swab up the mess, 'cos they was a very smart ship and very particular about anything spilt on the deck. But before anyone could reach 'im 'e'd picked 'isself up and was walkin' away."

" Oh, Sails ! Come orf it."

" That's a true bill. Me father was a parson's winger in our village after 'e took 'is pension, an' 'e wouldn't tell no lies."

" D'you mean to say the man wasn't 'urt at all ?" insisted Nobby.

" No, now I never said that," said Sails. " You're hanticipating, you are. 'E sustained a minor injury. 'Is two front teeth stuck into the deck that fast that when 'e got up they was pulled out of 'is jaw."

" Ah, I get you. The moral is that 'e ought to 'ave 'ad false teeth, then 'e wouldn't 'ave been 'urt at all."

" 'Ere, dry up," barked Sails, " I ain't come to the moral yet."

" Oh, beg pardon."

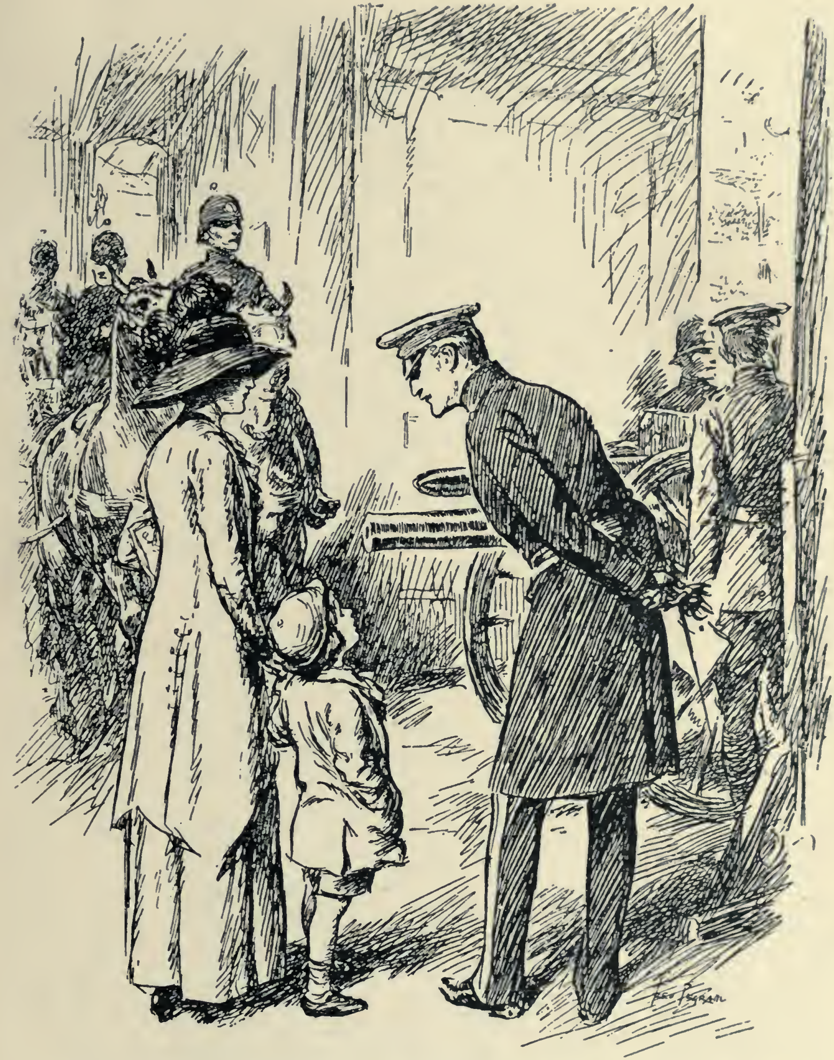
" Now 'e should 'ave lorst the number of 'is mess, shouldn't 'e ? Well, 'e didn't. But one of 'is messmates, running' up to 'elp, tripped over they there two teeth, fell down an 'atch and broke 'is blinkin' neck."

" Sails," said Nobby Clarke, rising solemnly to his feet, " I looks towards yer."

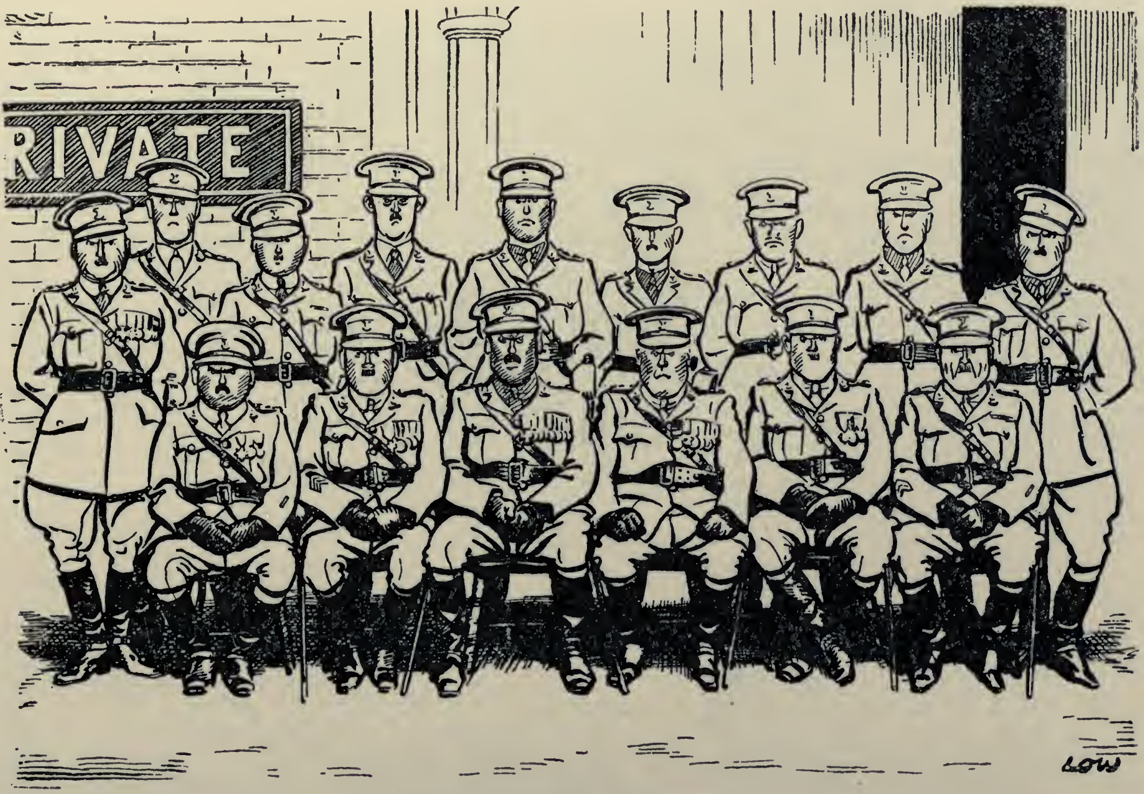
" Sails," continued the next member of his audience, " I catches yer eye."

" I bows according," murmured the third.

" And likewise I," concluded the fourth.

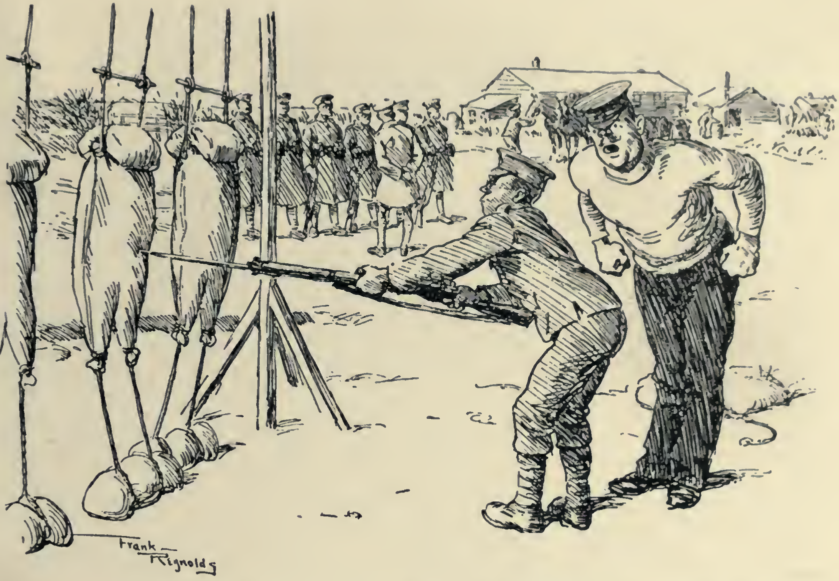


SMALL VISITOR (*at the Naval and Military Tournament*). "*I* was playing at soldiers yesterday."



Photographic Triumphs

The Regimental Group



INSTRUCTOR. "Go on! Kill it! You don't come here to be learnt tattooin'."

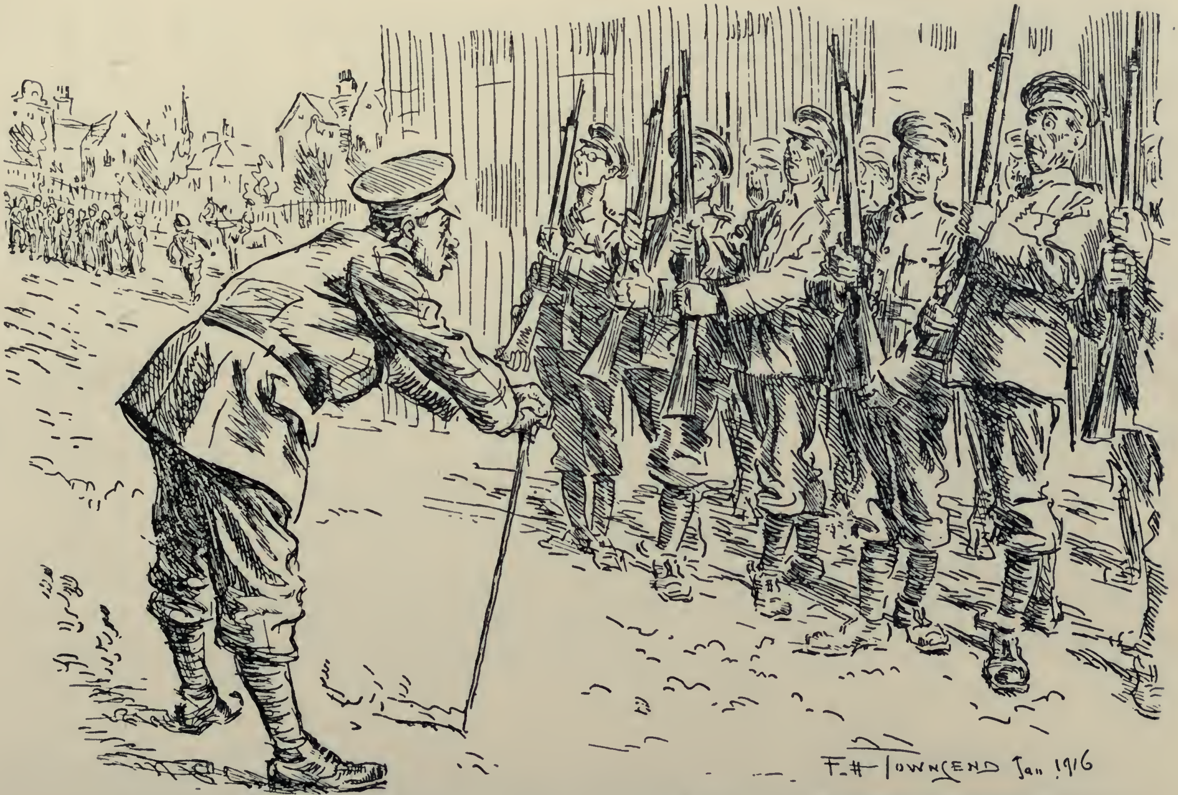
## The Umbrabella

IT was after this wettest of all recorded "Camps" that Fragonet spoke to me about his umbrabella. He is not of those who delight in discussing the number of Territorial Batteries requisite to kill one German scout—nor how many Yeomen must bestride a single charger into action. Details such as these, by every British precedent, are settled after Peace is declared. It is the triumph of experience over theory. It has made us what we are. It will make us what we shall be.

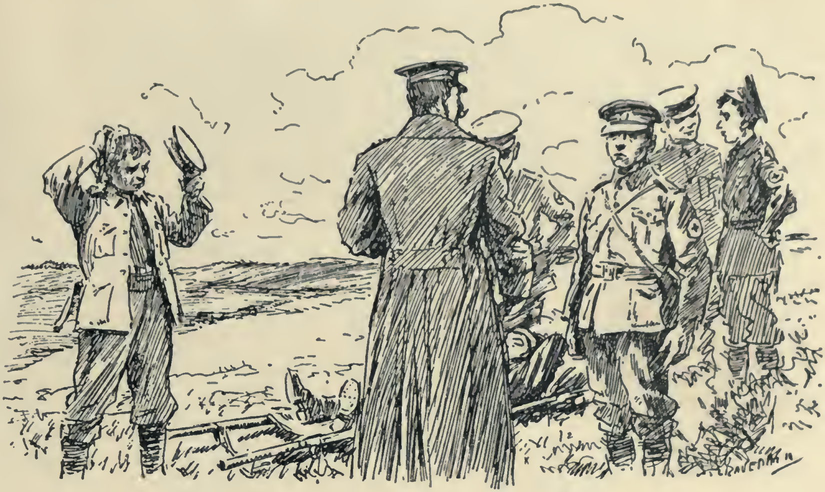
But, for the comfort of the lads behind the counter—the lads who make the charges and, if I may say so, the counter-charges—he is most earnestly concerned. "Why," says he, "should these gallant fellows—England's third hope—be subjected to an inconvenience which a few hundred thousand pounds would totally remove?"

Inspired by such thoughts, he took it upon himself to write to the Secretary of State for the War Department and offer him at very moderate rates (as such things go) an invention of his own for ensuring blue skies and a blazing sun during the Annual Camp.

"Nothing," he points out to him (on page 17), "can exceed the discom-


F. H. Townsend Jan 1916

HARASSED N.C.O. "Call that 'presenting arms'! If I was the King and you presented arms like that, I'd —I'd throw my hat at you!"



Easter Manœuvres

MEDICAL OFFICER. "What did you do first of all?"
AMBULANCE MAN. "Gave 'im some brandy, Sir."
MEDICAL OFFICER. "Quite right; but what would you have done if you hadn't had any brandy?"
AMBULANCE MAN (*promptly*). "Promised 'im some!"

fort experienced by troops under canvas in such weather as we now absorb. Will you condemn the protégés of your predecessor to plod squelchily home, day by day, through the streaming rain when a word (and a cheque) from you would ensure their being as dry as the proverbial Scotsman ?"

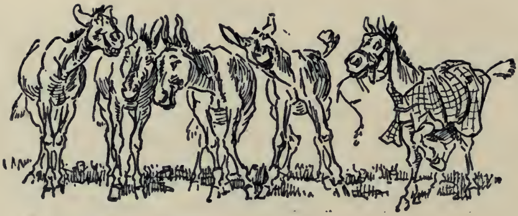
This invention of Fragonet's is simplicity itself. It consists of the upperworks of an umbrella. In place of the conventional "stick" there is a short steel spike which fits into the muzzle of the rifle.

It is an undisputed scientific fact that if one goes out with an umbrella it never rains. The effect on the weather of—let us say—the London Scottish marching out of camp with their thousand kilts a-swinging and their thousand umbrabellas raised towards the heavens would be irresistible. A month's drought at least would follow. The sun would blaze all day and, very possibly all night. The Territorial would sing blithely on the march and the farmer in the cornfield.

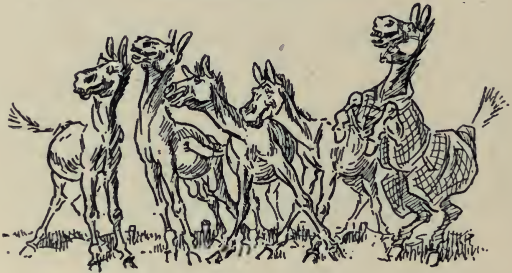
When not in use the umbrabella is sheathed alongside the bayonet in an elastic scabbard.

Nor is this all. The convex surface, which is coloured green, bears upon it a life-size portrait of the profile of a sheep. By way of rank badges and

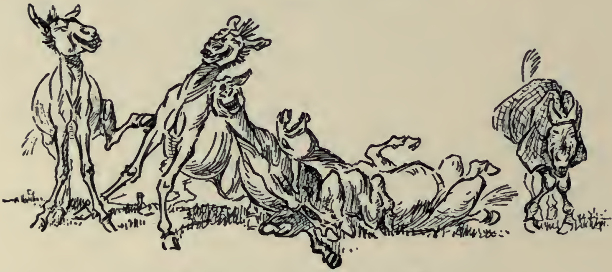
# Mule Humour



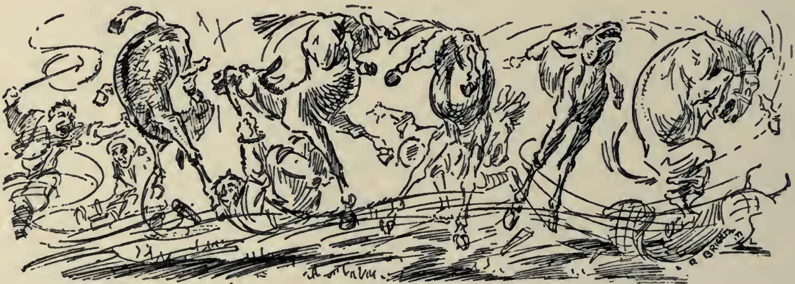
"He's kicked the Corporal!"



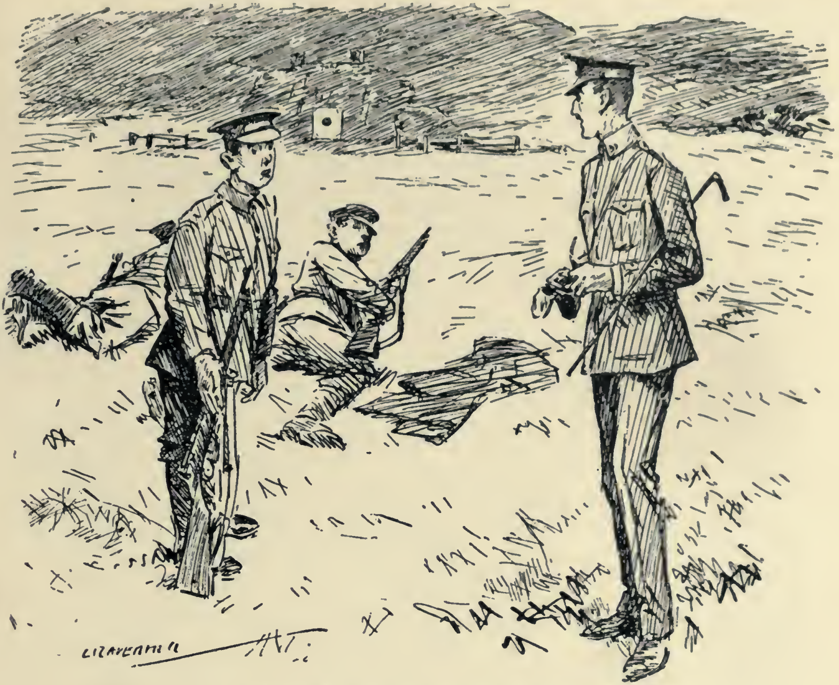
"He's kicked the Vet.!!"



"He's kicked the Transport Officer!!!"



"He's kicked the Colonel!!!!"



Active Service Conditions

SUBALTERN. "What on earth are you fellows doing? There hasn't been a hit signalled for the last half-hour."

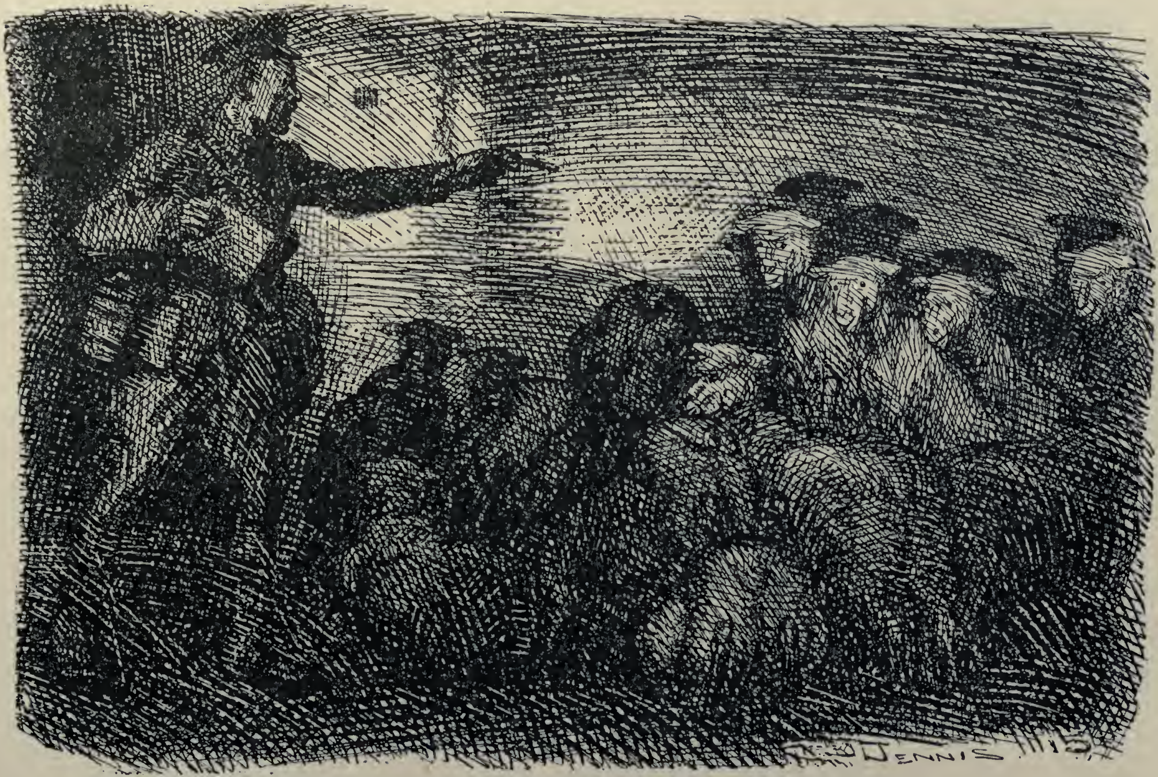
PRIVATE. "I think we must 'ave shot the marker, Sir!"

further to enhance the deception, the umbrabellas carried by officers will have one or more sheep-dogs painted on them.

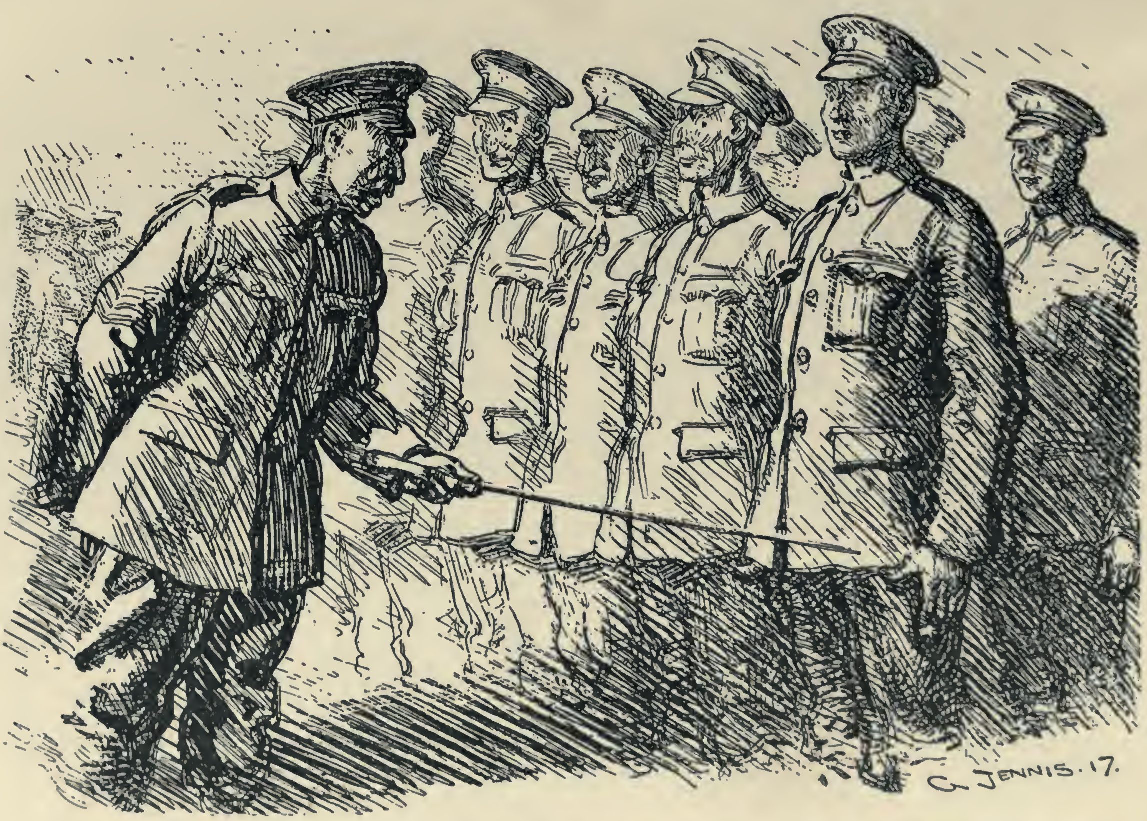
Think what superlative " cover " it would be ! Brigade after brigade, bleating plaintively, could advance to the firing line and pour their volleys into the unsuspecting foe. Victory is ours. Mars smiles down on us in war and Phœbus beams on us in peace !

Never again, says Fragonet, need such an Annual Training as this last one be endured. Let the Government beware how it refuses to provide protection for its citizen soldiers. A General Election is coming. Let it, he says, beware lest these dripping and neglected " Terriers " change their name to " Torials."

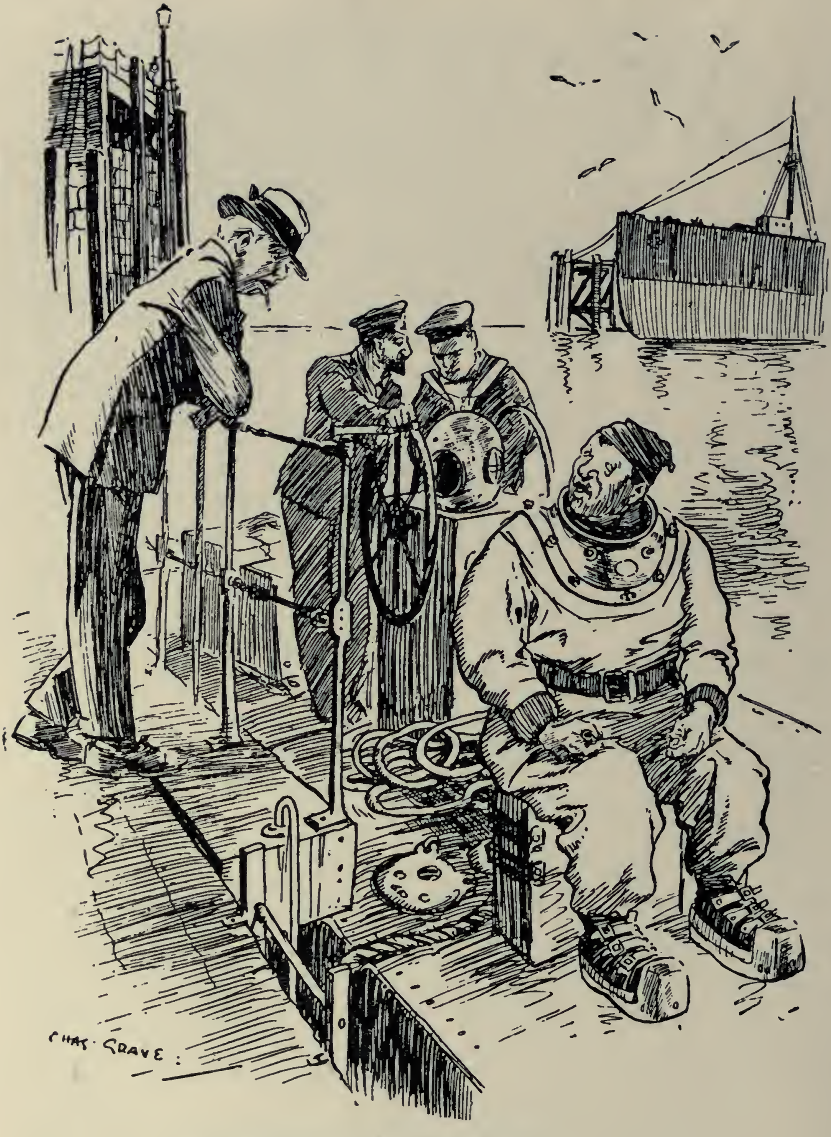
Sometimes I wonder if Fragonet is as mad (or as sane, for that matter) as he pretends to be.



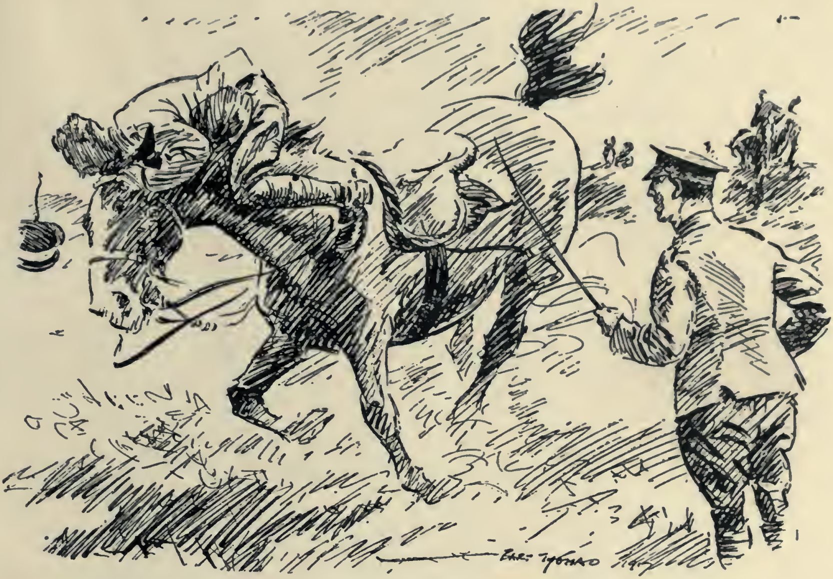
ORDERLY SERGEANT (*who after dark has mistaken a barn full of sheep for his Company's billet*). "Now don't let me have so much moving about when I'm reading Battalion Orders."



SERGEANT. "Put your thumbs down be'ind the seams of your trousers, Number Six! What the 'ell do you think the seams of your trousers are put there for?"



FATUOUS PERSON. "Are you a diver?"
CYNIC. "Ho, no. I'm Pavlover's dancin' partner."



SERGEANT (*to cadet*). "Sit back, Sir! Sit back! Think wot a blinkin' fool you 'd look if 'is 'ead was to come orf!"

## "The Customs used at Sea"

"THAT there 'Uggins 'as been and gorn and done it again, Chief."

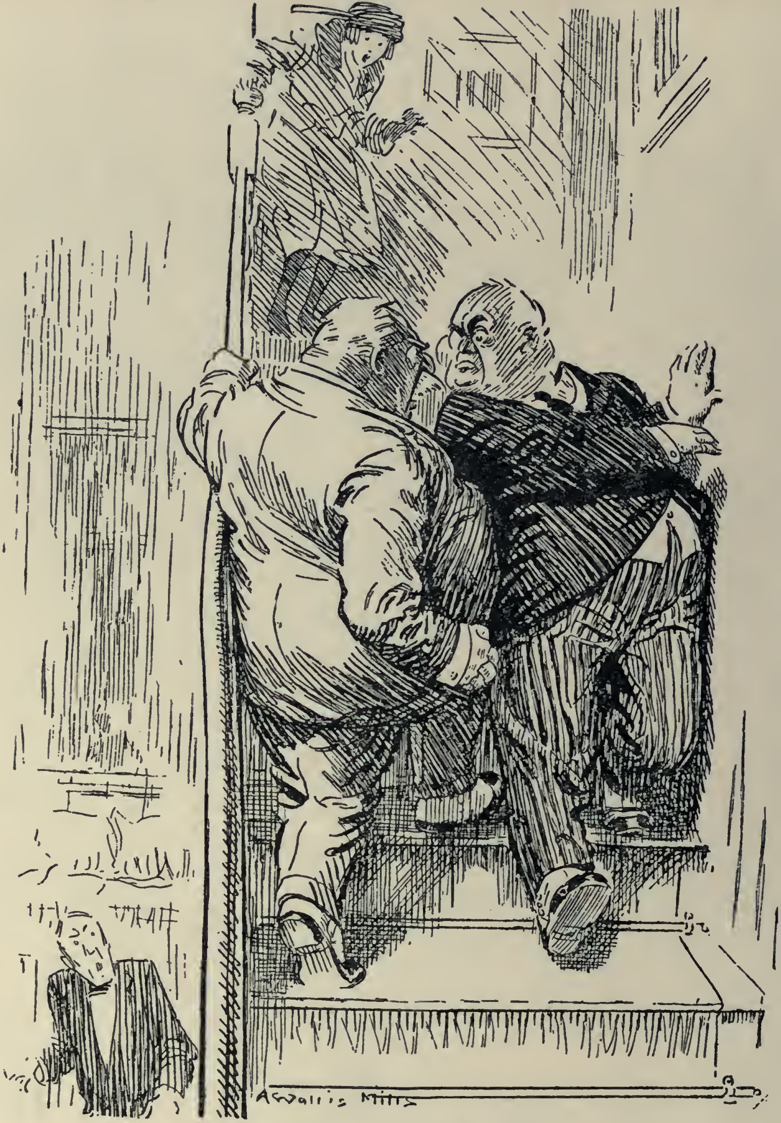
The speaker, a Leading Seaman of pessimistic aspect, sucked his teeth and looked apprehensively at the Captain of his Top. The latter was busily superintending that condition of affairs so dear to the sailor's heart known as "Saturday routine," when every deck is turned into a snipe-marsh in which bare-footed blues paddle happily with hoses. He turned slowly upon his flat feet.

"Done it again, 'as 'e, the perisher? Why don't you clip 'im over the lug?"

"I 'ave, Chief; 'undreds and 'undreds of times I 'ave. But what does 'e do, ar, what does 'e do? Goes and does it again." He appeared to be on the verge of tears.

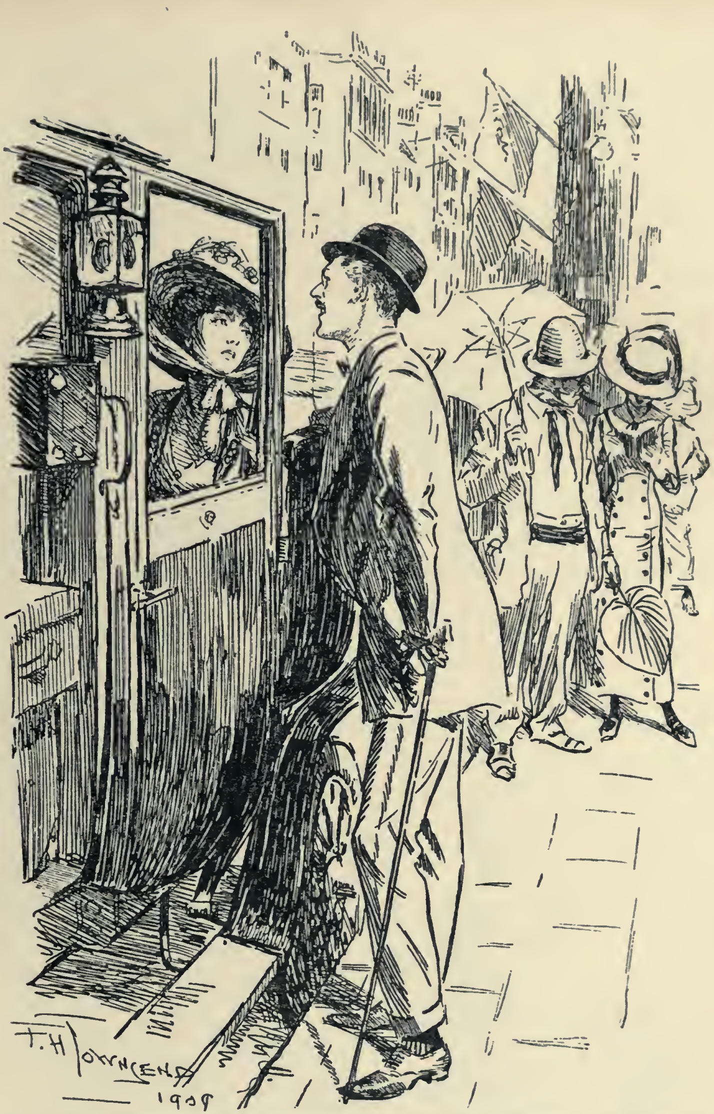
"Well, 'e'll have to be reported to the Officer of the Division this time. Done it too blinkin' often, 'e 'as." And with a sigh he turned and went in search of Lieutenant Blank.

To that officer, browsing contentedly over his eggs-and-bacon and the morning paper, there came an agitated marine waiter. "Beg pardon, Sir;



AN "IMPASSE" AT OUR HOTEL

Our Admiral and General, who are not on speaking terms, find it impossible to ignore one another when they meet on the stairs.



LADY X. (*whose husband has the worst shooting in Yorkshire*). "Well, can't you squeeze in a Friday to Tuesday? Just a couple of days on the moor?"

OSSY D'ARCY. "Sorry, can't possibly leave London. Big scheme on at the War Office. We're crossing carrier pigeons with parrots—hoping to get verbal messages through."

there's a petty orficer out in the flat wants to speak to you. 'Immejit,' he says."

With a moan of resignation he relinquished his breakfast and left the Mess. "Well," he said, "and what's your trouble?"

"I'm sorry to 'ave to report, Sir, that Ordinary Seaman 'Uggins 'as done it again."

The Divisional Officer blenched. "Not again, surely? I cautioned him only last week."

"You did, Sir; but 'e 'as."

"Well, it's a case for the Commander this time, I'm afraid. Put him in the report."

"Ay, ay, Sir."

The Divisional Officer paused to light his pipe and then walked slowly aft to the Captain's Secretary's office and poked his head round the curtain.

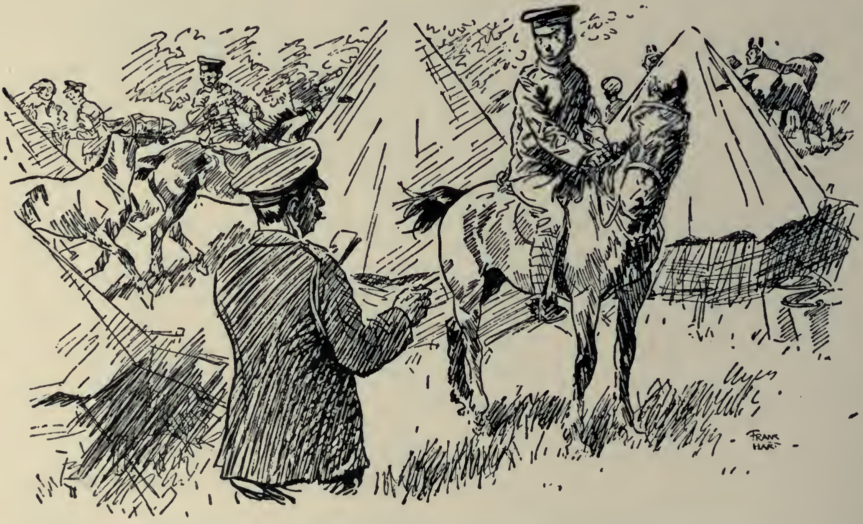
"Good morning, Scratch," he said.

"I hadn't noticed it. Why, and what can I do for you?"

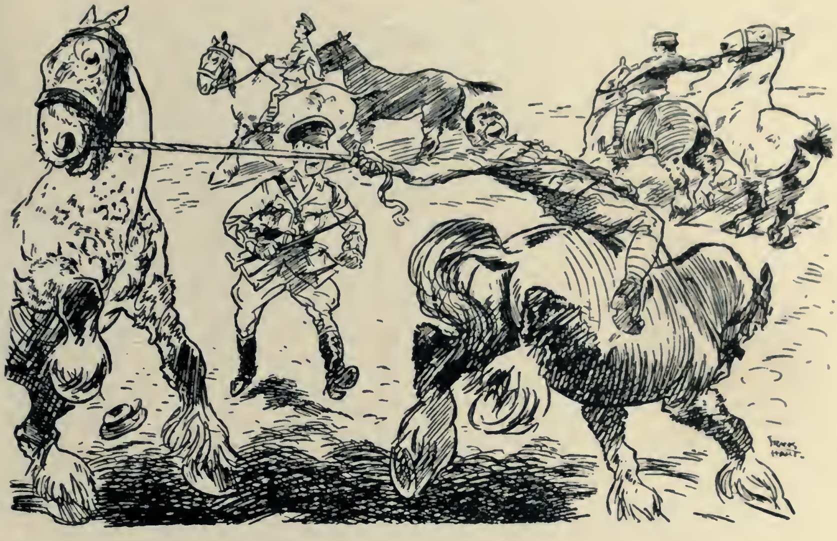
"Can I see one of my troop's papers—Huggins, Ordinary Seaman?"

"Surely he's not in trouble again?" said the Secretary.

"Oh yes, he is, three bags full, bless his little heart! He's done it again for the umpteenth time, *and* the Bloke was given a bad egg for breakfast. Troublesome times will be had by all, I fancy."



SERGEANT (*looking for likely talent*). "Does your horse jump at all?"
RECRUIT. "Oh no, Sir, thank you. He's a very nice horse!"



"Stick to him—stick to him!"
"I'll stick to him, Sir. But which one do you mean?"

The Secretary produced a much-blemished conduct-sheet and whistled in consternation.

" Laugh that off," he said. " There's the whole horrid story. New readers should begin here and a further sensational instalment to-morrow."

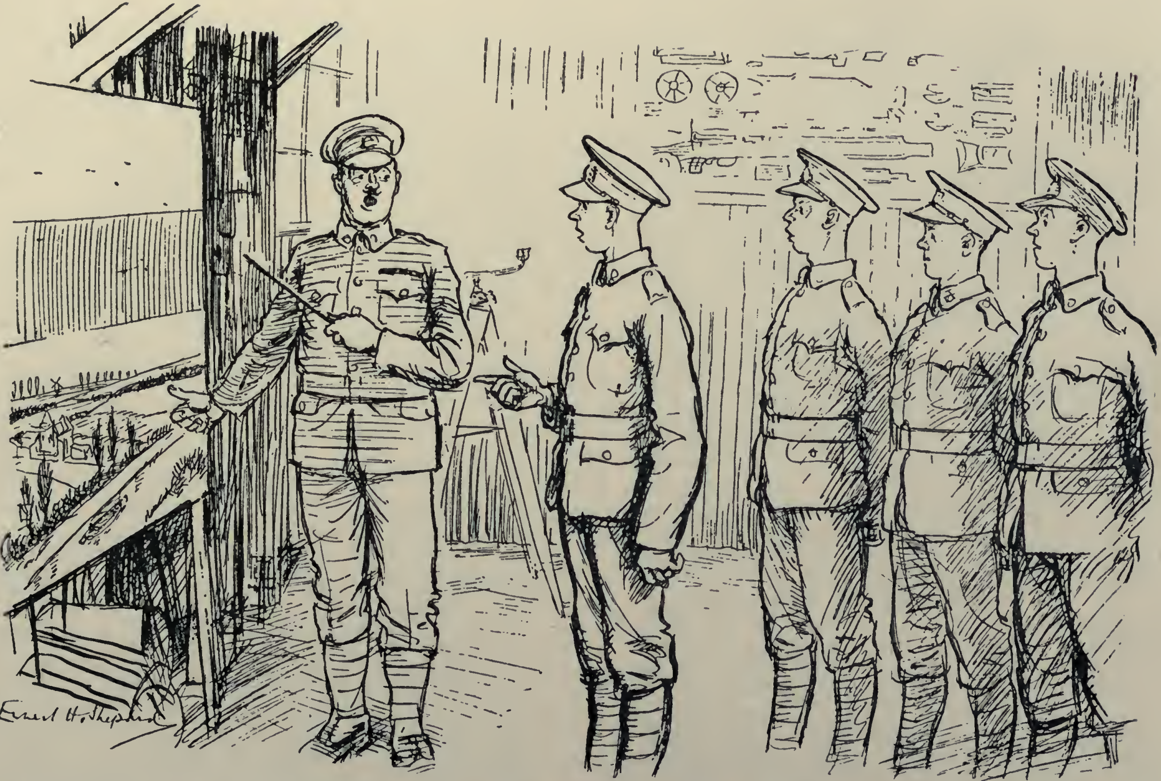
Blank wandered disconsolately out and a moment later tapped on the door of the Commander's cabin, conduct-sheet in hand. The altercation which he heard in full flood between that officer and the telephone-exchange did not encourage him. The Commander, having fused the connection and thrown the instrument across his cabin, turned upon his visitor.

" What d'yer want ? " he growled.

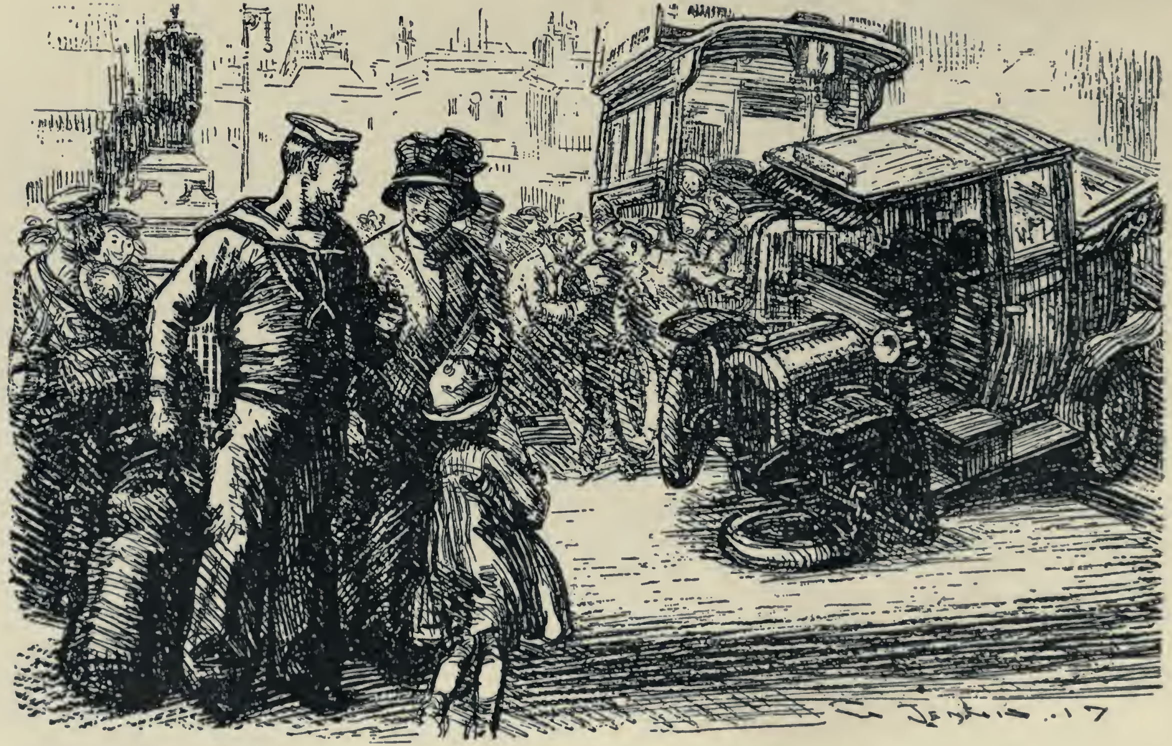
" Sorry to worry you, Sir, but this man Huggins of mine, Sir—er——"

" That dam fellow done it again ? Man's nothing but an infernal nuisance in the ship. I'll pass him on to the Captain this time. See if that will shake him up a bit ! "

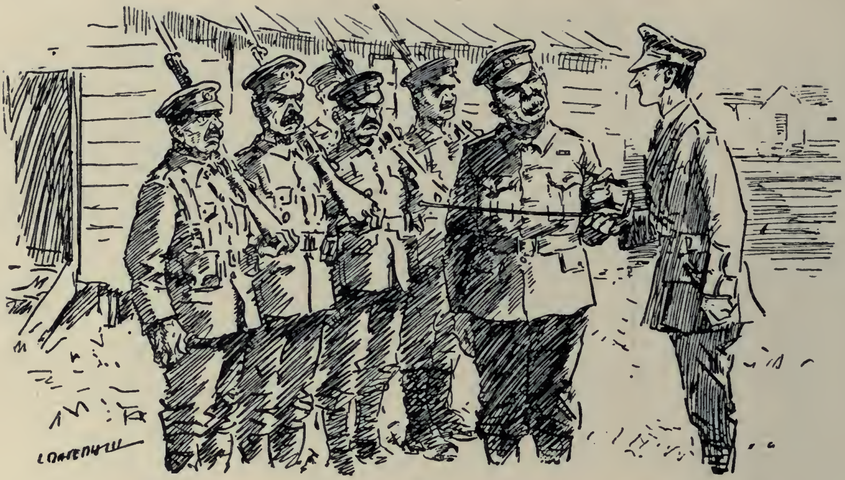
As the forenoon wore on, all the impressive array which goes to make up the naval occasion known as " Captain's Defaulters " gathered upon the quarter-deck. Grouped round the baize-covered table were battalions of ship's police flanked by platoons of witnesses and officers, some concerned with the day's *cause célèbre* and some frankly inquisitive. Afar off, miserable and alone, stood the Cause of all the Trouble, nervously wriggling his bare toes.



MUSKETRY SERGEANT (*giving instruction in visual training*). "Now we take the landscape target. Describe this line."
RECRUIT. "On the right I see a hedge."
SERGEANT. "One minute. In the harmy we don't call a 'edge a 'edge, we calls it a 'edgerow. The reason being that if we talked about 'edges the squad might think we meant a hedge like the hedge of this 'ere board."



BRITISH TAR (*confidentially to lady friend*). "She's sunk all right."



OFFICER. "Very dirty turnout, Sergeant. Look at that man—he's not *clean.*"

SERGEANT. "Well, Sir, it ain't as if they don't *wash* theirselves, but, what-a-mean-ter-say, a lot o' these 'ere men they *dry dirty!*"

" All ready for Captain's Defaulters, Sir." The Master-at-Arms saluted. The Commander took up the charge sheet and went down the ladder to the Captain's cabin. He knocked and entered.

" One defaulter for you this morning, Sir," he said ; " that man Huggins again. He's always doing it, and I thought it would do him good to see you this time."

The Captain glanced at the charge-sheet and frowned. " All right," he said. " Are you all ready ? "

Together they ascended to the quarter-deck.

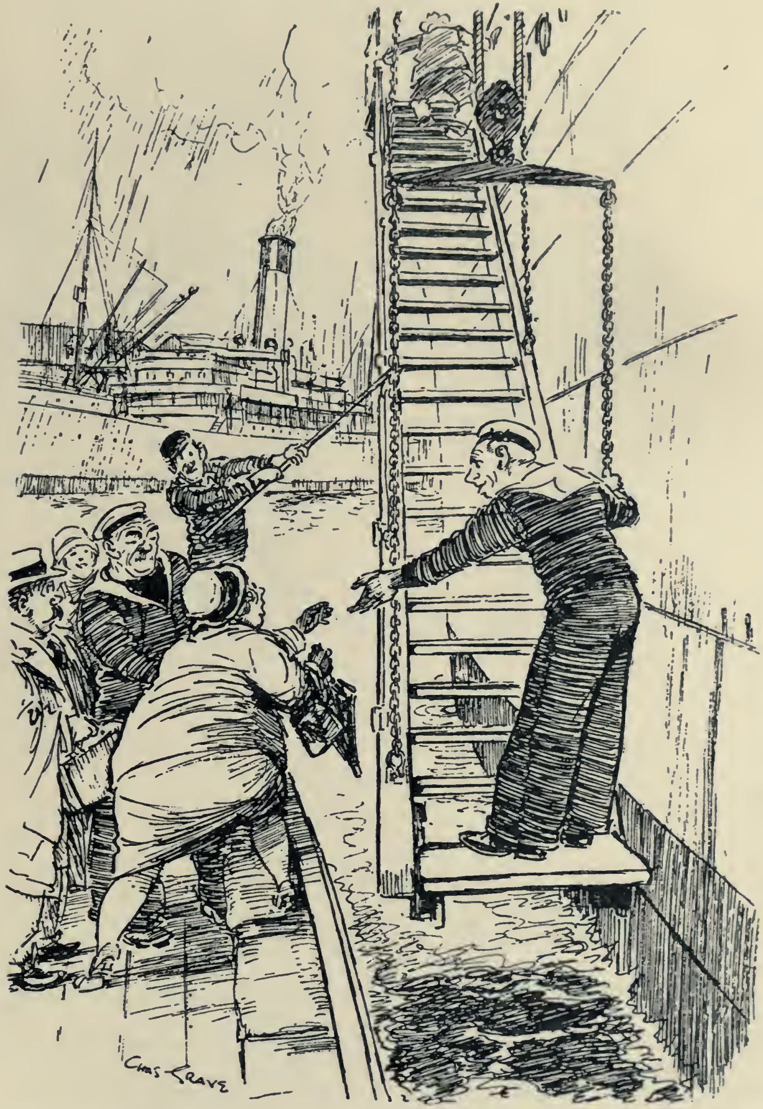
" Defaulters, 'shun !" came the Master-at-Arms' stentorian bellow. " Ordinary Seaman 'Uggins, double-march, 'alt, off cap ! Ordinary Seaman George 'Uggins, Sir, no-badges-first-class-for-conduct-first-class-for-leave-on-the-20th-of-October-at-about-ho-eight-three-ho-did-lose-overboard-one-'and-scrubber-the-property-of-'Is-Majesty-a-repeated-offence." He gasped for breath.

" Have you got anything to say ? " The Captain gazed inquisitorially at the wretched offender.

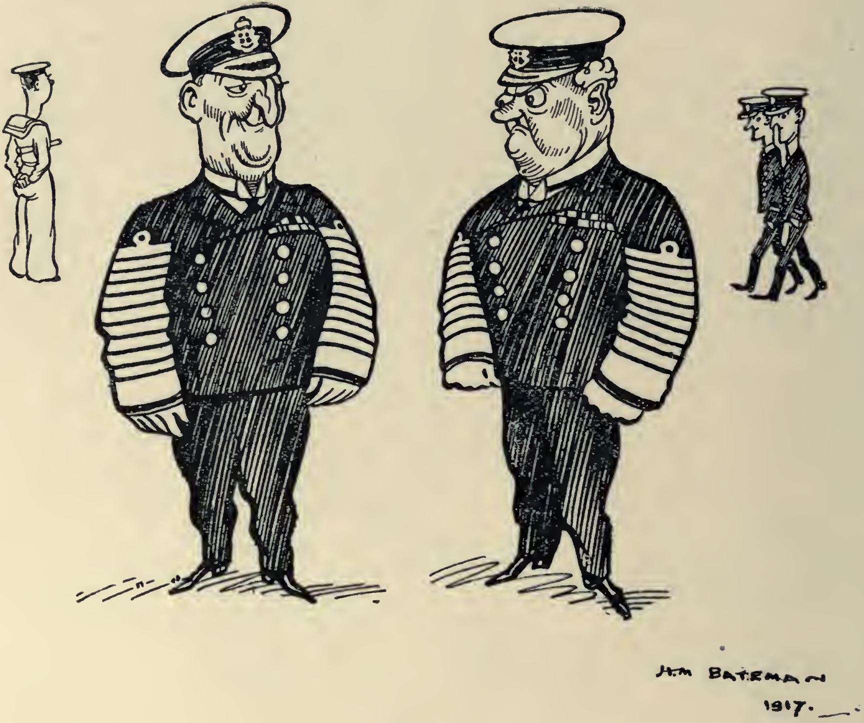
" Nothing, Sir," he gulped. " They seems to slip out of me 'and some'ow."

" Well, you've done it too often and I must take a serious view of it this time. Pay full value."

' Pay threepence !" roared the Master-at-Arms. " On cap, 'bout turn, double-march !"



QUARTERMASTER. "Come on, Ma'am, it's quite safe. Them as falls in we always fishes 'em out."



ONE UP!

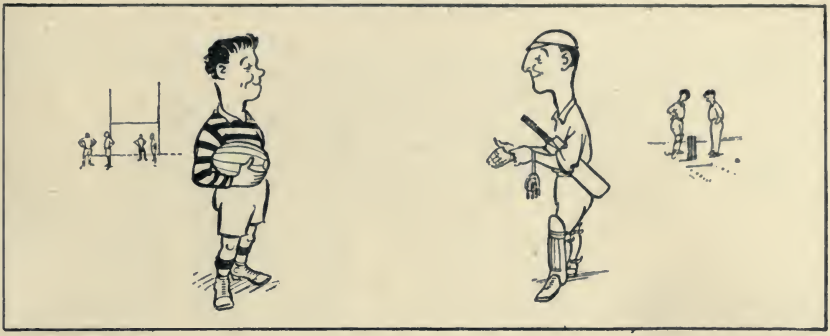
## The Army of To-day

[It is stated that there is at present one donkey
on the strength of the British Army.]

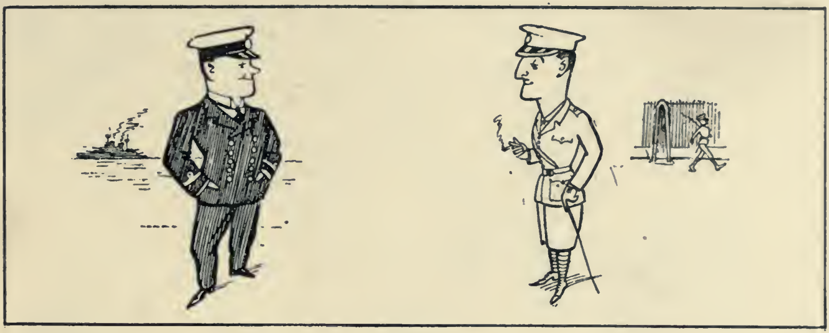
MOST honoured animal, if you could speak,
Would you not boast about your rôle unique?
I wish you could, for then you might explain
How it has chanced that you alone remain.
Oh, what a glorious change has come to pass
If in the Army now is but one ass!

W. K. H.

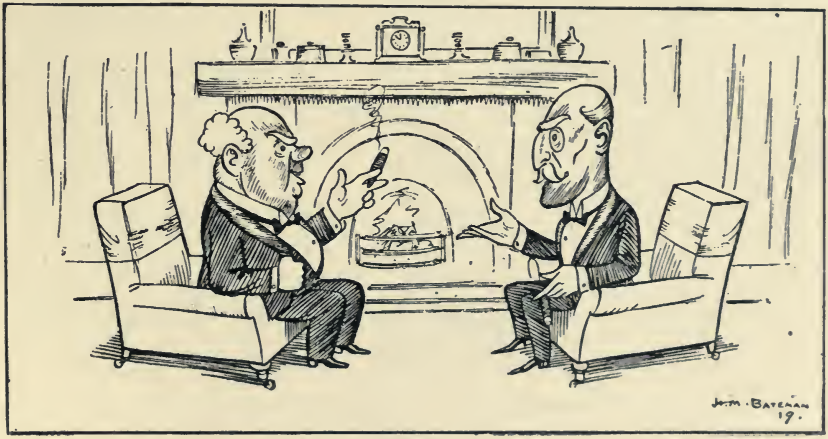
# Service Evolution



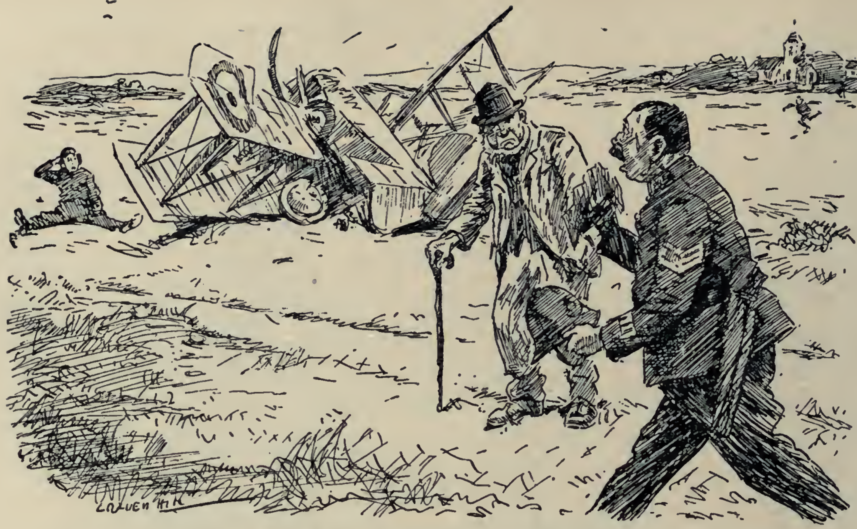
Bud



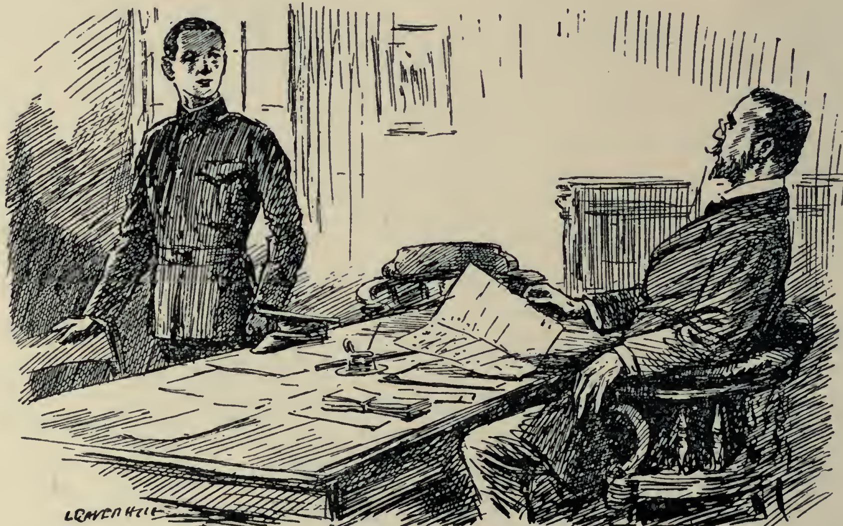
Blossom


H. M. Bateman
19.

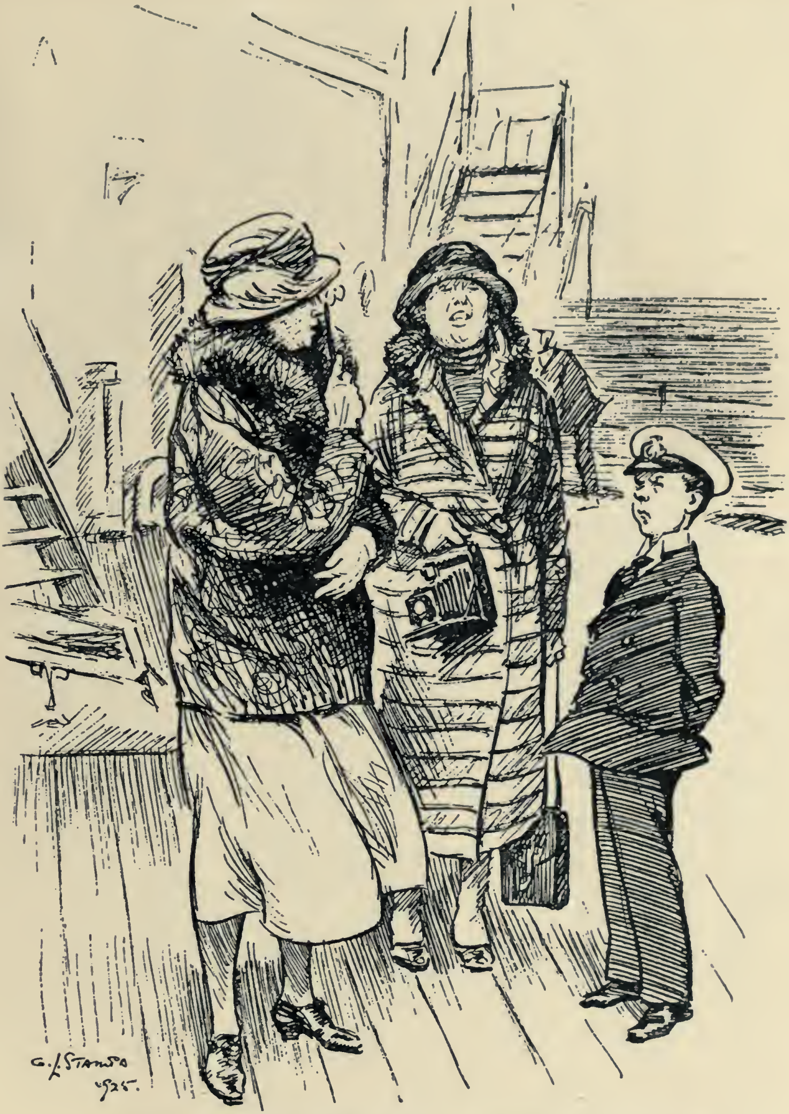
Fruit



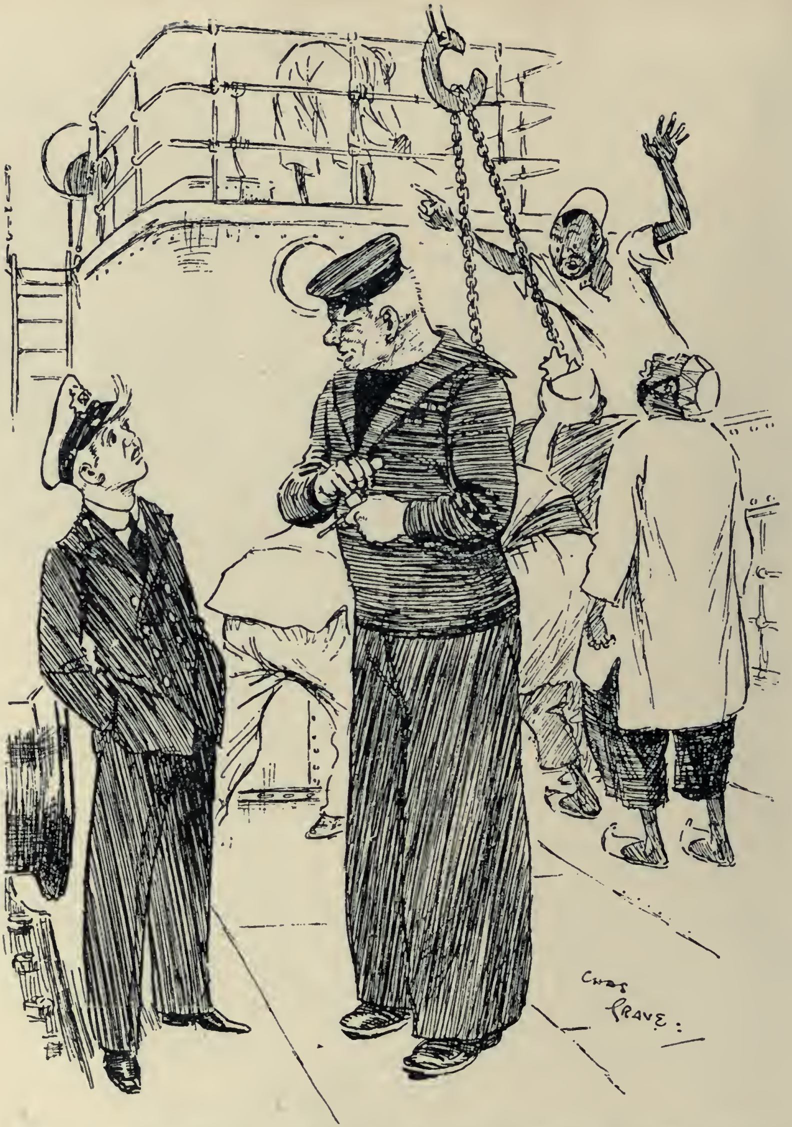
OLDEST INHABITANT. "Just like the perlice—always late."
CONSTABLE. "Where d' you expect me to be? Waitin' about underneath the bloomin' thing to catch it when it falls?"



FRENCH EXAMINER (*consulting list of candidates for linguistic honours*). "Quel est votre numéro?"
CADET. "Er—my name isn't Kelly, it's Dickson!"

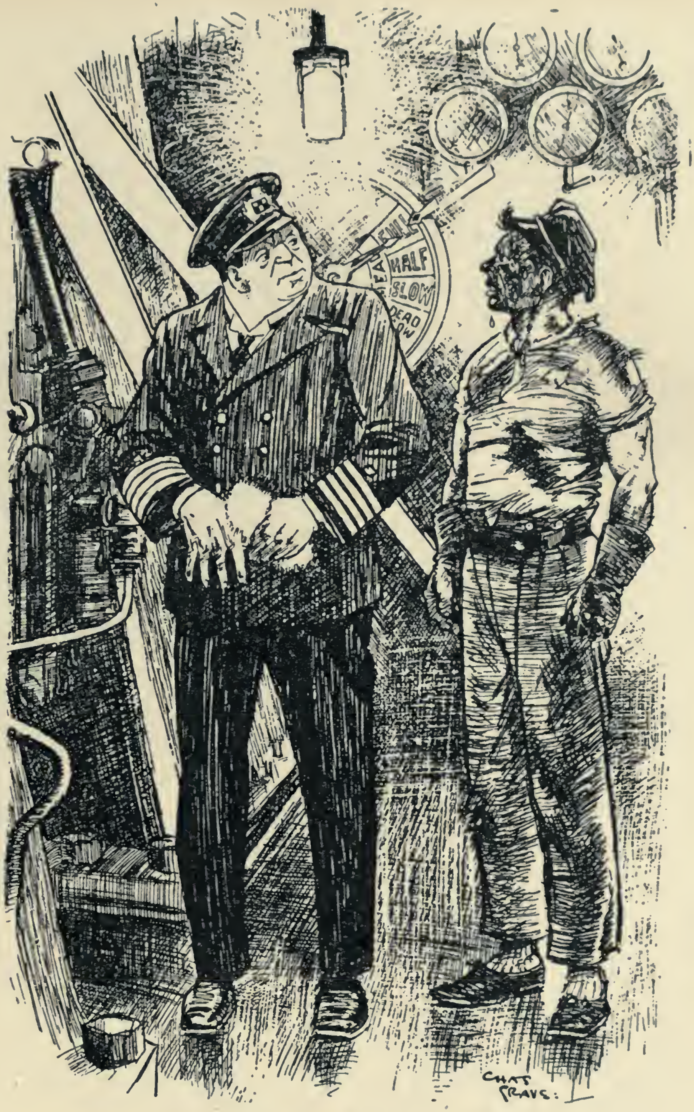

G. L. STAMPA
1925.

"Tell me—have all you little boys to be trained on Dartmoor?"



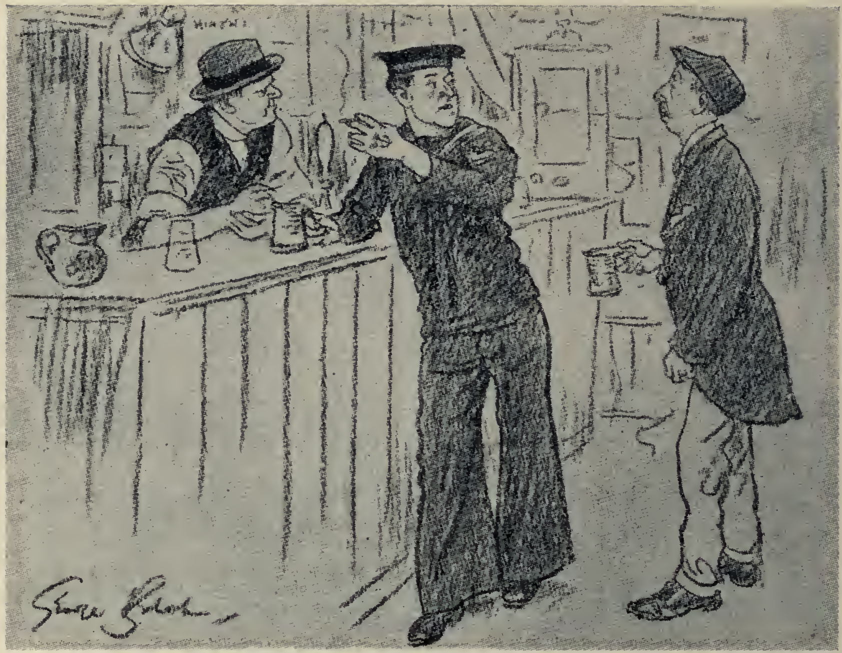
VERY YOUNG APPRENTICE. "They tell me, Quartermaster, that we're loading a steel cargo here. What does that mean?"

QUARTERMASTER. "Well, girders, railway lines, bits o' bridges and—er—curling-tongs."


FULL
HALF
SLOW
DEAD SLOW
CHAS GRAVE:

ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE OBVIOUS

THIRD ENGINEER (*who fancies himself, to Chief Engineer*). "I do wish, Sir, you wouldn't bring lady-passengers down here when I'm on watch. You know I don't look my best."



ACQUAINTANCE. "So yer off termorrer?"

BLUEJACKET (*whose ship is off the Isle of Man*). "Yes, worse luck! Look at the lovely promenade, three miles long, and pubs open all day! Why the Admiral wants to go away 'eaven only knows."

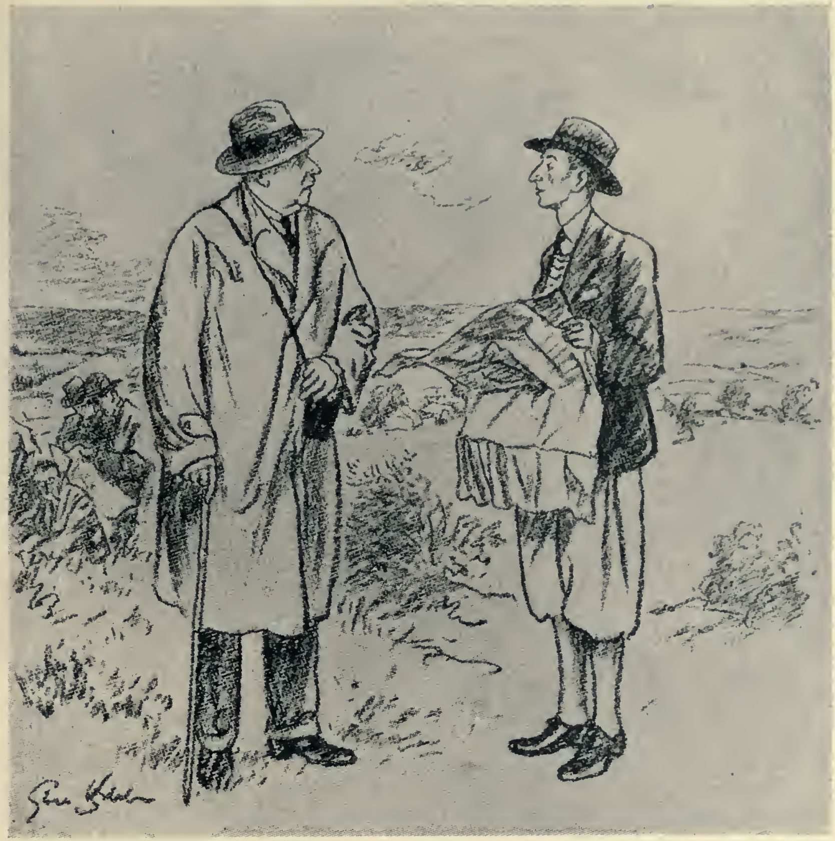
## Commodore

(North Atlantic Mail Service)

TWICE twenty thousand tons of steel obey his sole command ;
He rules, a king whose lightest word is law from land to land ;
And he'd give it all to be fisting down a topsail once again,
With the mate at the bunt a-cursing his best and the skipper raising Cain,
Or bracing yards to each baffling breath in the wayward doldrum weather,
Or tarring down in the North-east Trades, his chum and he together,
Or sand-and-canvassing down the poop till the planks shone white as snow,
A care-free young brassbounder, outward bound to Callao,
A long watch ago.

In harbour-trim from head to heel, each day he goes arrayed
With buttons bright as burnished gold and rows of gleaming braid ;
And he'd chop the blessed lot, Lord knows ! for a suit of dungarees
All paint and pitch, with a patch on the seat, and his trousers up to his knees,
For the feel of the planking warm to his toes and his sun-tanned skin aglow,
A lively young brassbounder,
A care-free young brassbounder, outward bound to Callao,
A long watch ago.

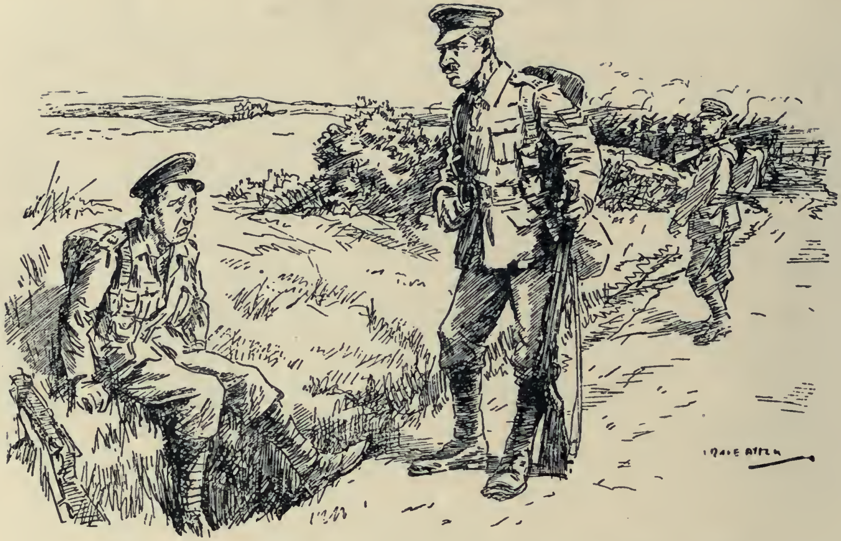
He dines in state with glass and plate and a steward by his chair,



COMMANDANT (*who has asked several abortive questions on Map-reading, to budding Territorial Officer*). "You don't seem to know very much about a map. How on earth *do* you find your way about?"

BUDDING TERRITORIAL OFFICER. "Oh, between the guide-posts, Sir, and the A.A. men I manage quite well."

A band to play his victuals down and fancy foreign fare ;
And he'd swop it all for a greasy kid of pork both salt and tough,
And a lump of leathery harness beef and a slab of the " doctor's " duff,
And the hot sweet taste of the galley tea and the coffee's nameless flavour,
With the wine of youth to wash 'em down and the salt of youth to savour,
And the cabin tarts he collared that, by gum ! he relished so,
A lively young brassbounder,
A care-free young brassbounder,
A hungry young brassbounder, outward bound to Callao,
A long watch ago.     C. F. S.



SERGEANT (*to Tommy, who has fallen out for the fourth time*). "What! At it again? You know you ought never to have joined this 'ere regiment, me lad. *You* ought to 'ave joined the Flying Corps. They only lets you fall out once there!"

## "Jemima Know-All"

(A Memory of Navy Week)

"THIS 'ere," announced the sailor who had been detailed to take our party round the ship, "is termed the quarter-deck."

He paused for a moment to allow the solemn fact to sink into our intelligences and was just turning to lead us further when he received a poke in the ribs from the end of an umbrella.

"Sailor," said its owner, a lady of uncertain age and obviously spinster habits, "what was that you said? I wasn't listening."

The man swung round sharply and glared at his assailant.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," she went on hastily, "I didn't see that you were a petty officer. You see," she said, addressing the rest of the party, "you can tell he's a petty officer by the crossed anchors on his left arm." She pointed to the badge with her umbrella. "On his right arm you will find the badge of his gunnery or torpedo rating"; she gave him a slight prod with the umbrella so as to bring his right arm into view. "Ah! there you see, he is a gunlayer—gunpointer, as the Americans call them—but then we're not Americans, are we? No; so we call them gunlayers—and that is what this petty officer is."

She paused, presumably for want of breath. Considering that she was treating him like a magic-lantern slide, our guide kept remarkably calm.

"Now what was it you said?" she went on; "I didn't hear because I wasn't listening."

It seemed an adequate reason.

"I just passed the remark that this 'ere deck what we're standin' on is termed the quarter-deck."

"Ah! yes, the deck you always salute."

"That's right, Miss."

"Do you *always* salute it?"

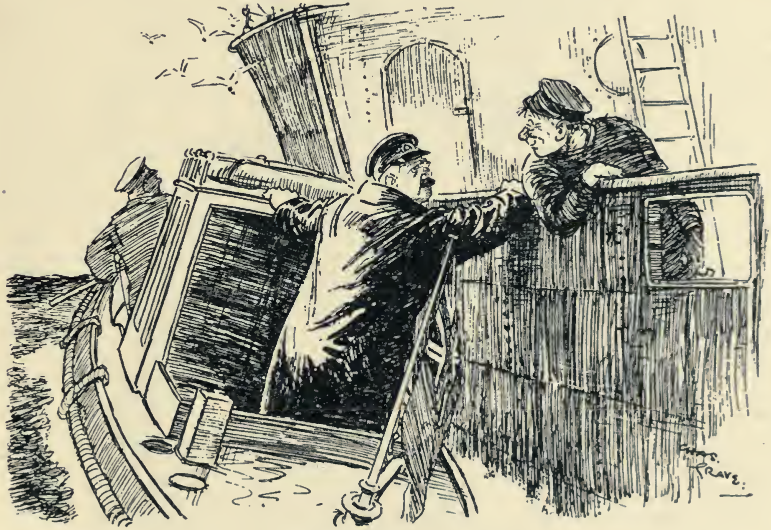
"That's right, Miss."

"Every time you come on to it?"

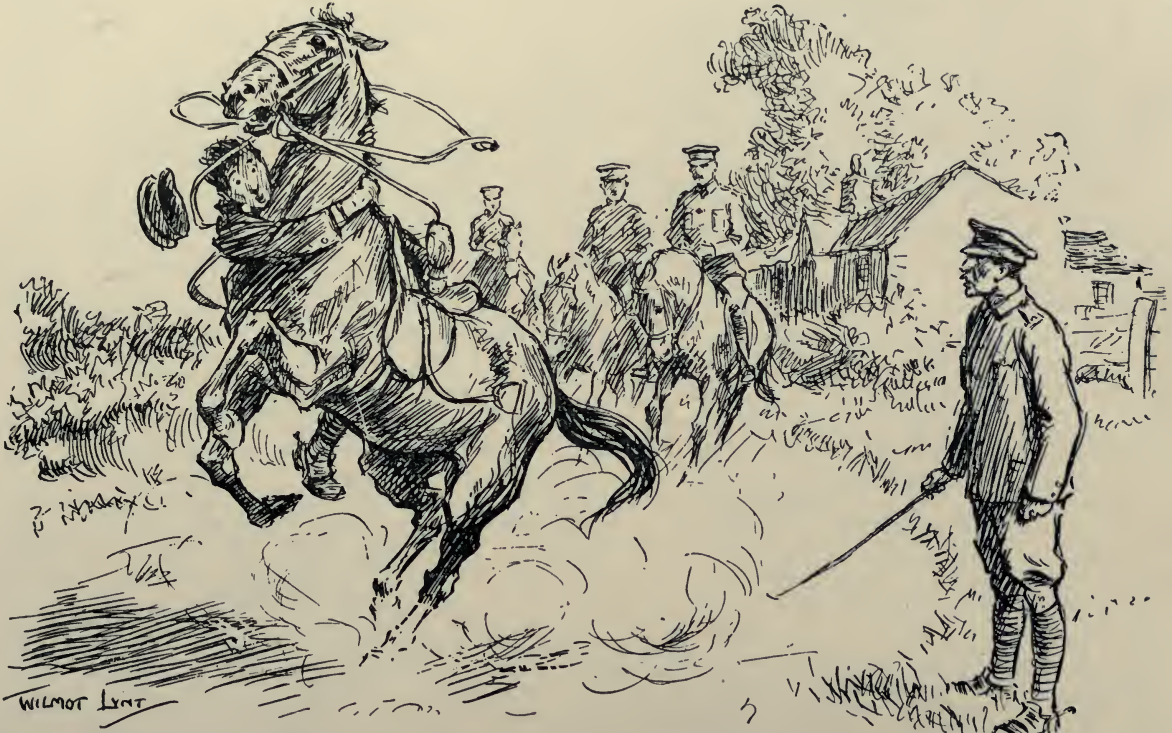
"That's right, Miss."

"Yes, I knew that." She turned to the rest of us. "Did everybody hear that? This is the quarter-deck. The deck they always salute. Quaint custom, isn't it? But then the Navy is full of customs; that's what makes it so fascinating."

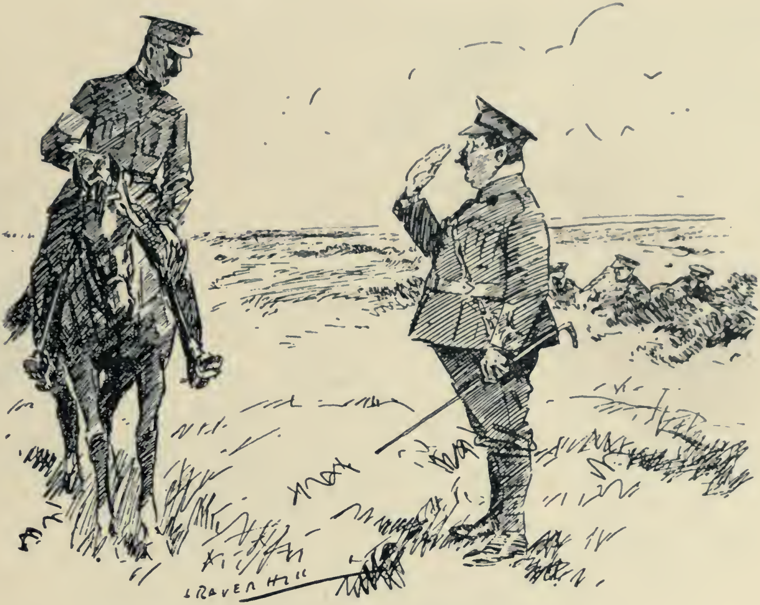
A slight tendency to murder passed over the party.



CUSTOMS OFFICER. "Anything to declare?"
DECKHAND (*just arrived from the Continent*). "You're too late, boy. We've drunk it."


WILMOT LUNT

CAVALRY INSTRUCTOR (*to nervous Recruit*). "Now then; none o' them Cossack stunts 'ere."



UMPIRE. "What do you represent, Sir?"
PORTLY CAPTAIN. "The skeleton enemy, Sir."

" Well now, what are you going to show us next ? " she asked, ignorant of the peril in which she stood.

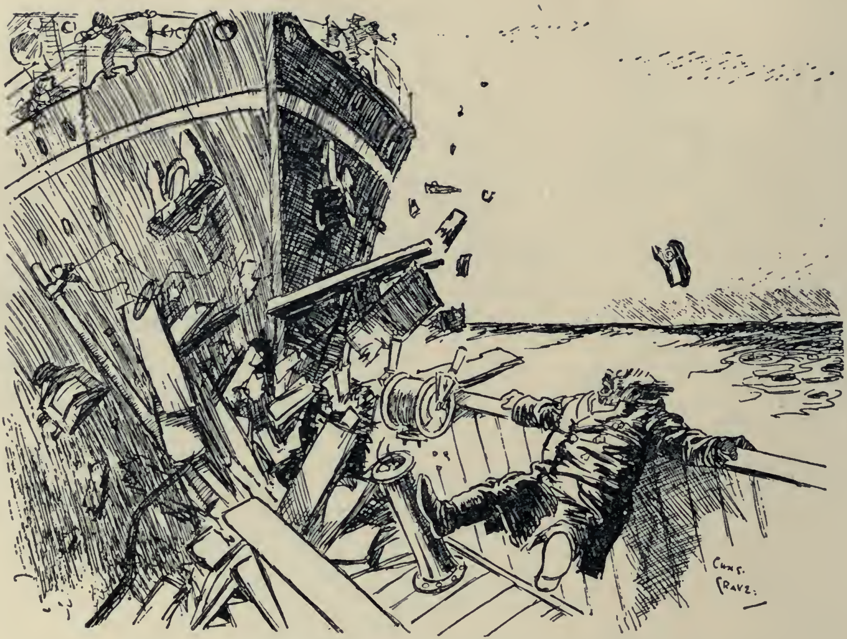
The petty officer looked at her in a dazed sort of way and then, pulling himself together, imparted his next piece of information in a voice calculated to reach the ears of every member of the party whether they were listening or not.

" That thing what you see the two guns sticking out of is called a turret."

" Why ? " asked his tormentor, or so we all understood her to say. The poor man removed his cap, displaying a packet of cigarettes neatly balanced on the crown of his head, and scratched his ear.

" I don't rightly know why, Miss ; that's its tally—name, as you might say, same as yours might be——"

" Yes, yes, my good man," she snapped, " I know quite well what a turret is. What I meant was that it is ' Y ' Turret—the letter ' Y ' ; that is its denomination. That one up there "—she waved her umbrella at a similar structure on the deck above—" is ' X ' Turret, and the ones at the other end of the ship are ' A ' and ' B.' " She turned fiercely to our guide. " Am I right ? "



POETIC CAPTAIN (*as things begin to happen*). " 'Oh, where are you going to, all you Big Steamers?' "

" You've got it, Miss," he said.

We moved on miserably and came in sight of a small boat hanging from some davits.

" Is that the Captain's boat ? " asked our colleague.

" That's right, Miss," droned our guide.

" It is called his galley, isn't it ? And in a ship a kitchen is called a galley too ; so, as the Captain has a kitchen of his own, he has two galleys—I always think that is so funny." She dissolved into girlish laughter.

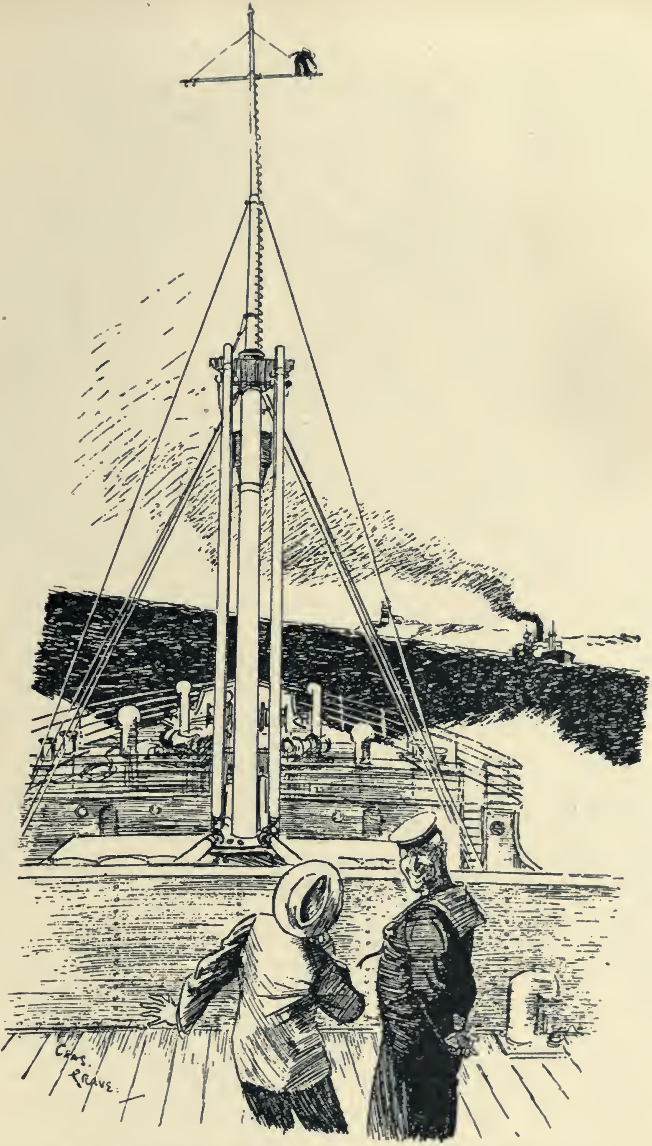
But the rest of the party had lost their sense of humour.

" What," asked another member of the party of our guide in as subdued a voice as possible, " is that ? " He pointed to what looked like a little house built on top of the tripod mast.

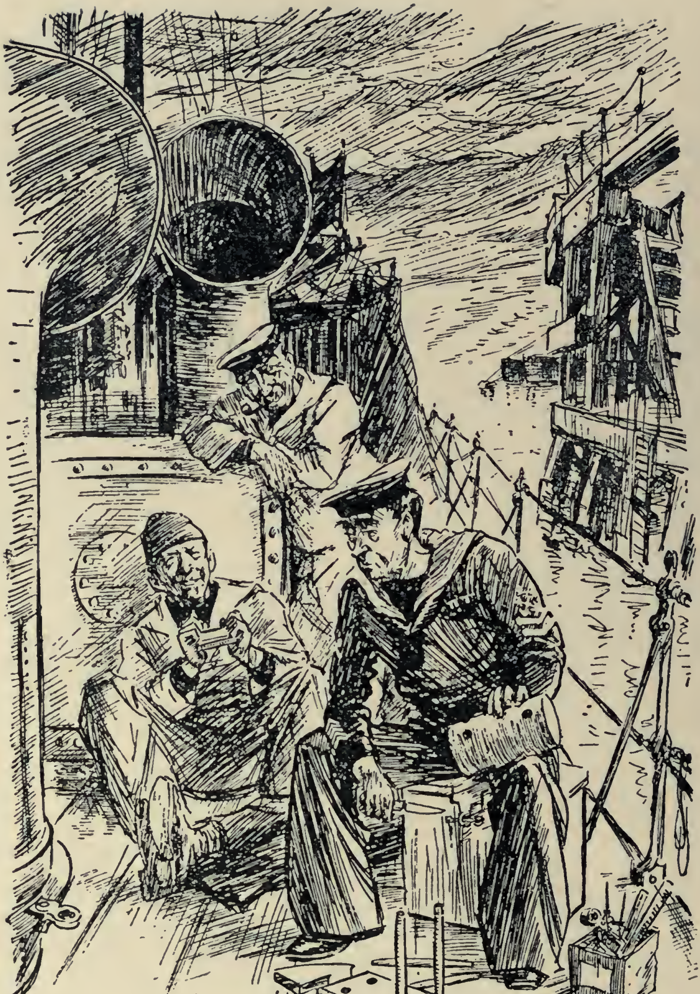
But he had not spoken softly enough.

" Oh, I can tell you that ! " said our pest promptly. " That is called the Spotting Top. Now I can see you want to know why. Because they spot from it. Spot what ? The fall of shot."

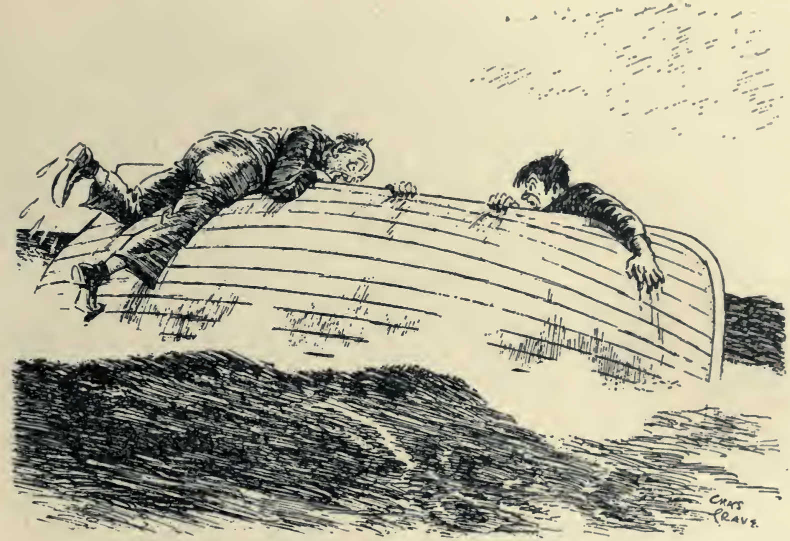
" Poetic, ain't it ? " remarked the petty officer to me behind his hand.



PASSENGER. "It makes me positively ill to even look at that man up there."
QUARTERMASTER. "An' what makes it really interesting, Sir, is that the same bloke went sick yesterday with neurasthenia."



BORN GRUMBLER. "For over four years I 've battled furiously against a 'ard an' bitter foe. An' 'ere I am constructin' a wooden 'orse for the captin's son."



THE SAILOR ON THE OTHER SIDE. "Don't wriggle about so much, 'Erbert—you 'll 'ave us over."

" But we must pay attention or we shall miss something we ought to learn."

" You see," our instructress was saying, " the way they find the range of the target——"

" Excuse me, Miss," interposed our official guide, " I don't think you better tell 'em that ; it 's confidential."

" So it is," she said ; " I was forgetting."

We processed a little further in beautiful silence ; then, just when I felt in my bones that she was going to start again, the ship's bell struck.

" Was that six-bells ? " she asked.

" More like seven, Miss," said the petty officer.

" Gracious ! and I promised to meet my niece at the gangway of the ' Victory ' at three o'clock. Poor child ! "

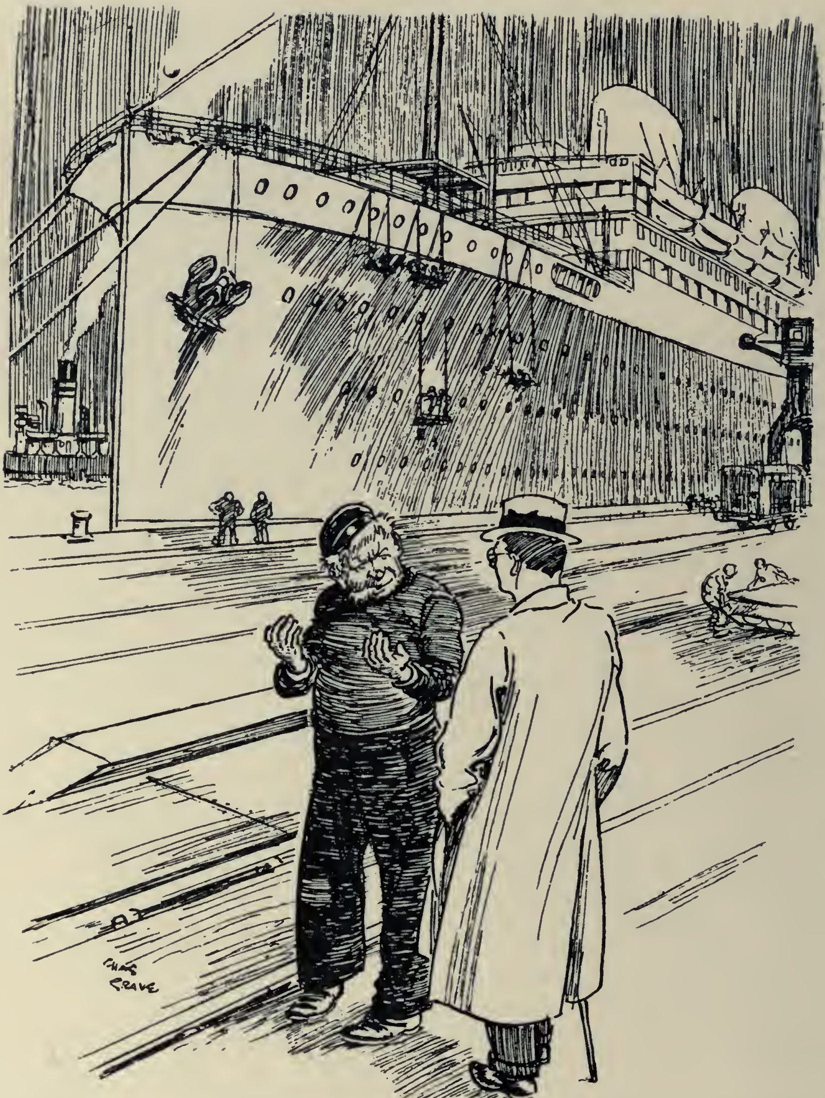
" Poor child ! " we echoed in chorus.

" I must fly. Thank you so much ; I *have* enjoyed myself."

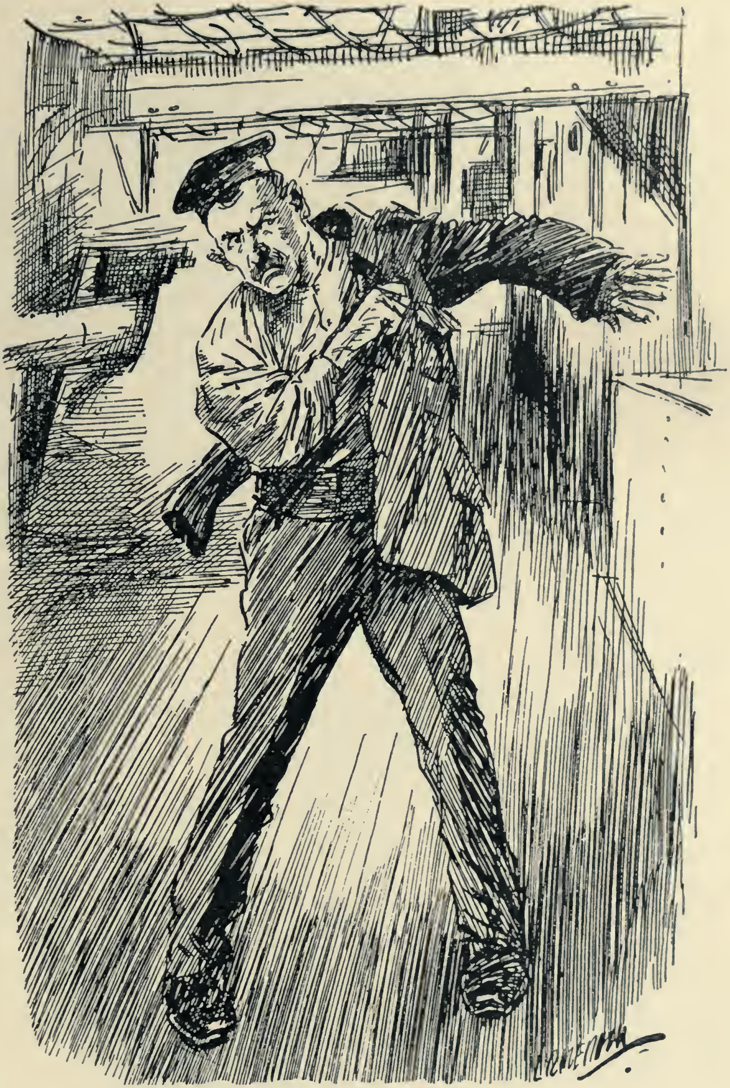
" You seems, if I may say so, to know a lot about the Service, Miss," said our guide in a much happier voice.

" Oh yes," she giggled ; " my nephew, who is a lieutenant, often laughs and says that I know more about it than he does."

" I expect," said the petty officer wistfully as he watched her retreating figure, " that laugh of 'er neffew's 'as a 'ollow sound about it."

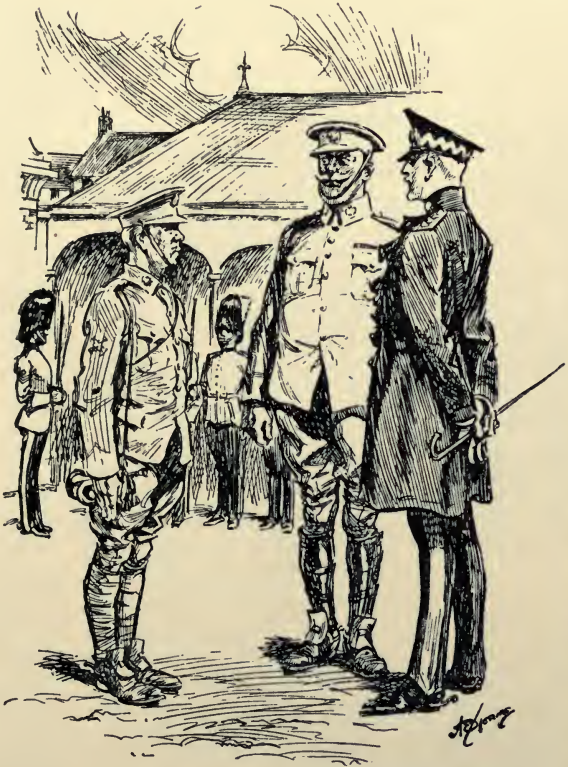


THE REACTIONARY. "She ain't bad lookin' for a big 'un, but every ship ought to 'ave a figger-'ead. Now if she 'ad a saucy-lookin' elephant on 'er bows it 'ud fetch 'er up lovely."



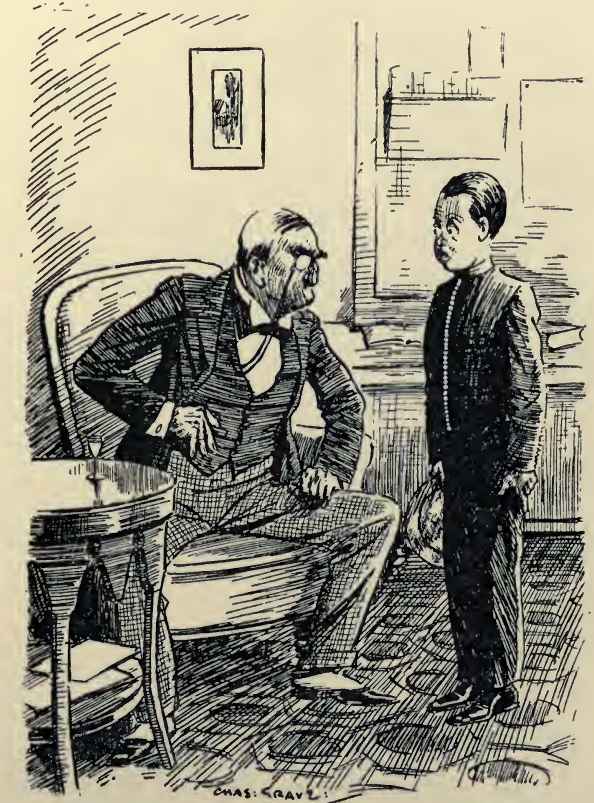
A Handy Man

MARINE (*somewhat late for parade*). "At six o'clock I was a bloomin' 'ousemaid; at seven o'clock I was a bloomin' valet; at eight o'clock I was a bloomin' waiter; an' *now* I'm a bloomin' soldier!"



CAPTAIN. "Supposing the barracks were to catch fire, what call would you sound?"

TRUMPETER (*newly joined*). "Sure, Sorr, I'd sound 'the cease fire.'"



LIEUT.-COL. MCWHIZZ-FITZBANG (*to hotel page*). "Boy, the twenty-fourth button of your tunic is unpolished. See to it."

## Hands and Arms

[" Territorials need not apply."—Recent Commercial Announcement.]

I JOINED the Territorials; I saw the need was great;
And here the chance was ready to my hand
To learn to play the citizen, to hold a rifle straight,
And win the right to serve my native land.

My leisure was but little, but I did what in me lay,
While Dick and Tom and Harry wandered free;
My holidays were labour, labour, labour all the way,
While they were idly loafing by the sea.

They didn't see their duty, or they thought it well to shirk
The trouble and the discipline behind;
They knew—if they did nothing—there was none to make them work,
When I—who did do something—might be fined.

They hugged their independence, as the Briton only can;
Their freedom, which was far too dear to touch;
Forgetting that a citizen may be a better man
For learning to behave himself as such.

But I, the Territorial, said, those can laugh that win;
For if the time should come—as come it might—
When Britons have to battle for their country or their skin,
They'll neither have the power—nor the right.

I've left the Territorials. A little while ago,
The notice of a billet caught my eye;
I entered for the job, but the employer answered, " No;
For Territorials need not apply."

He owned that we had merits. But for purposes of trade
He liked a man of more pacific stamp,
Who didn't ask for Saturdays and evenings for parade,
And didn't want an extra week in camp.

He'd take us on—and willing—if his rivals did the same;
But competition kept him on the run;
And Harry, Tom and Dick must have priority of claim
Till all were Territorials, or none.

* * * * * * *

I'm not a Territorial. I tried to do my best.
But, though I'm just as loyal as before,
Till Tom and Dick and Harry do their duty with the rest,
I'll be a Territorial no more.

For he that can't defend himself and won't defend his land
Will never lack employers to select him;
But gets the very billet from the patriotic hand
That loses it by learning to protect him.

DUM-DUM

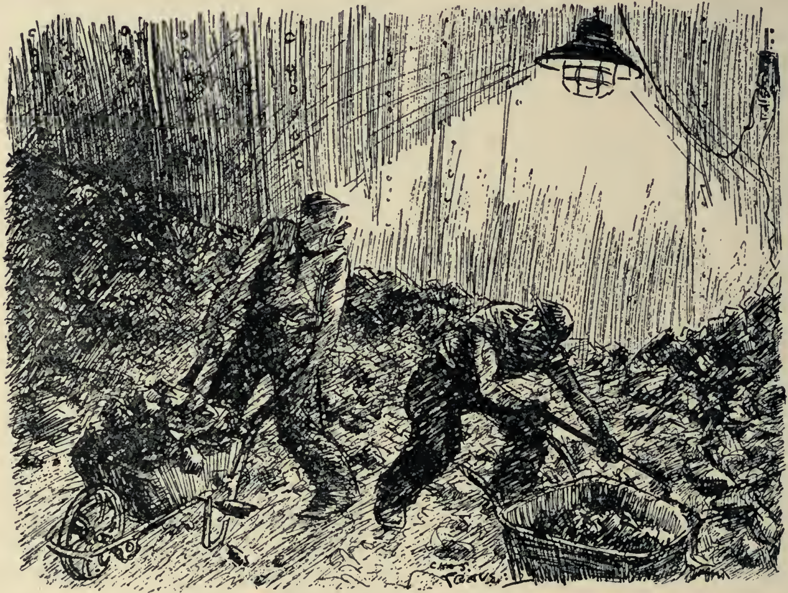
(*June 15, 1910*)

# The Admiral's Luncheon

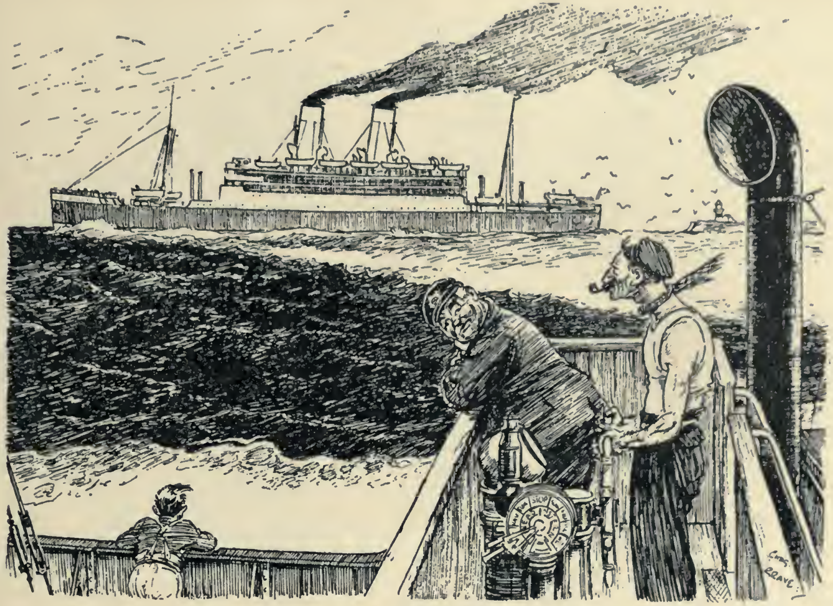
OUR Lieutenant Holster had an important letter at breakfast the other morning. I don't mean a pale pink thing smelling of *Quelques Choses* or *Ville d'Orient*, which is the kind he usually gets. Nobody except the poor fish himself calls those important—not even the Post Corporal, who takes such a close interest in Holster's impressionable heart that he is often able to tell the Mess Sergeant that "Young 'Olster's noo bit 'as written three blinkin' times this week."

No, this particular letter was from an Admiral, a friend of Holster's late father, and it read thus :—

> DEAR JACK,—I shall be in town on Tuesday next and shall be glad if you would lunch with me. My own club, "The Admiral and General," is closed for repairs and we have been sent to a pot-house called "The Junior Serving Officers," but I suppose one can get a meal there. So I shall expect you at 1 P.M. No doubt you can obtain a day's leave, though, if the Colonel Howitzer down in the Army List as your Colonel is old "Snouty" Howitzer whom I used to know in Hong Kong, you may have difficulty.
>
> Yours sincerely,
>
> T. QUARTER-DECK



FIRST COAL-TRIMMER TO SECOND COAL-TRIMMER. "Did yer know, 'Arry, that in the advertisements this ship is called a 'floatin' palace of rest an' recreation'?"



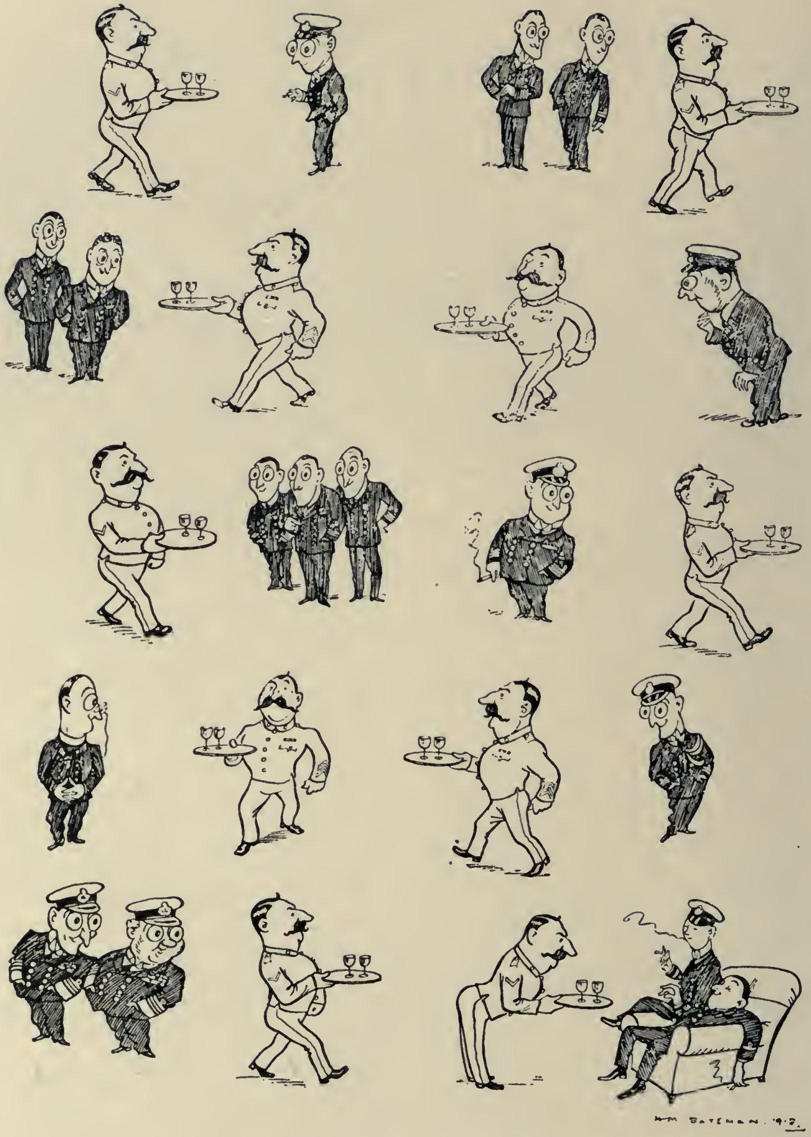
THE SKIPPER. "How would you like a joy-ride as a passenger in that ship, George?"

THE MATE. "I'd like it fine if it wasn't for this flapdoodle dressin' up for meals. Separate me from my little singlet and my appetite's a goner."

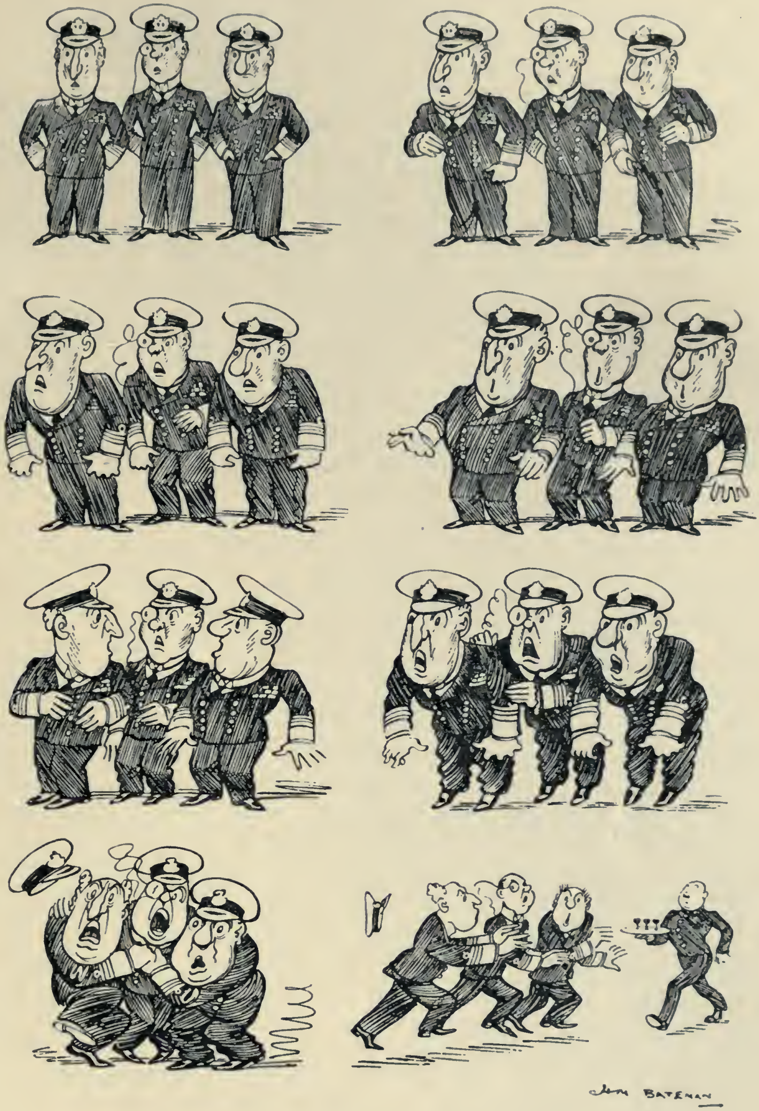
Holster was naturally pleased with this letter. The fact that he himself had been for two years a member of a club to which the Admiral had in all innocence referred so disparagingly, did not worry him; he was far more interested in the revelation of his Colonel's nickname at Hong Kong and in the fact that he had been invited to lunch in London on a Tuesday.

Now when one is in the Army and stationed at Havershot one rarely lunches in London on a Tuesday. Sunday, yes, and Saturday, just; but not Tuesday, unless one is on furlough. Seeing, however, that the letter was from an Admiral, Holster thought it just worth trying. So he went about it tactfully.

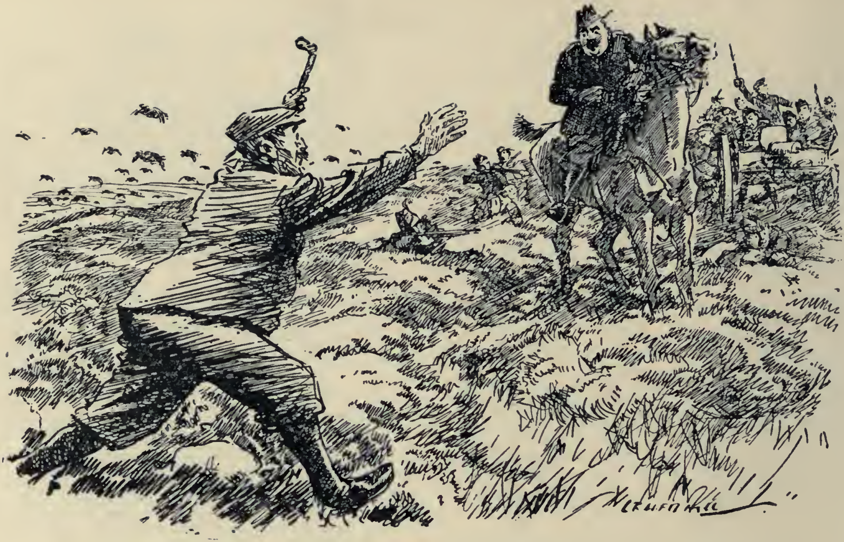
He first ascertained from a Power Behind the Throne (Private Rifle, the Adjutant's clerk) that he was not likely to be Orderly Officer on Tuesday. Then he ascertained from the Mess Sergeant that the Colonel had had a good breakfast, and from the Colonel's batman that the Colonel had definitely


H M BATEMAN. ·9·7.

THE EYES OF THE FLEET



"Their Lordships view with growing concern——"



DESPAIRING KEEPER. "Ca' them off! Ca' them off! Din ye no mind next week's the twalfth?"

TERRITORIAL COLONEL (*very much "out of bounds"*). "Eh, Mon, but ye cannot stop a battle!"

sung in his bath that morning. Finally he asked the Adjutant whether his C.O. would be disposed to grant him leave to proceed outside the Command on Tuesday next ; or, as he actually put it : " I say, what are the odds against my knocking a day in town off the Old Man ? "

The Adjutant said one could but try, and ushered him into the Presence ; and the Colonel promptly said " No " on principle. Holster therefore handed him Admiral Quarter-Deck's letter to read, after which the Colonel said " Yes " quite genially, at the same time trying to look as if he had never been stationed in Hong Kong in his life.

At 12.30 P.M. on Tuesday, Holster turned up at " The Junior Serving Officers." He had arrived thus early, both because it is bad form and dangerous to keep an Admiral waiting and because he wanted to write some letters. This he did at a table in the hall whence he could watch the front-door. Also he thought that the Admiral, not knowing that he was a member, would expect to find him waiting in the hall like a good little guest.

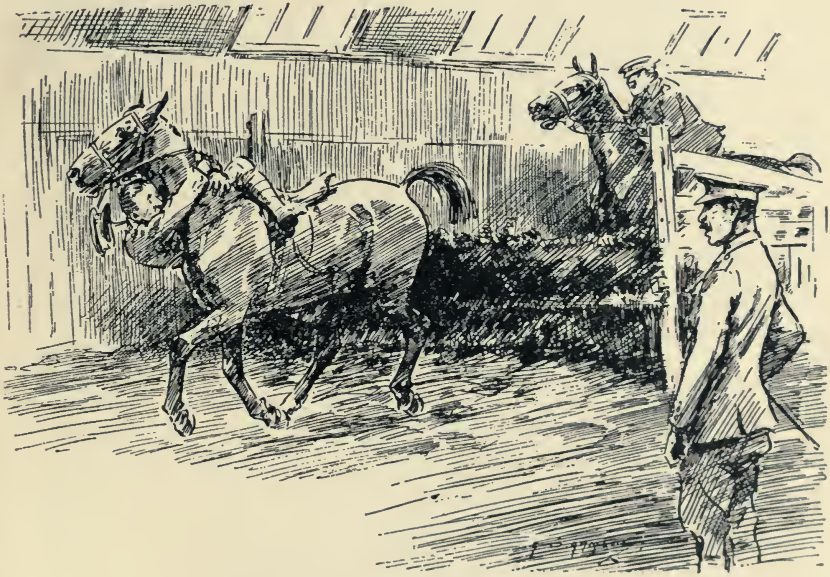
At ten past one the Admiral had not materialised, and Holster had a terrible thought. Suppose he too had arrived early to write letters and was doing it in the smoking-room. He at once looked into the smoking-room to see if his host were there. He did not find the Admiral, but he found two bosom-friends on furlough and sat down with them, keeping an eye on the door.

At three gin-and-it's past one Holster was saying, " No, really, old boy, I can't stop; it's nearly twenty-five past and I haven't seen my host yet, and anyway I know that one." From twenty-five past to twenty to he sat in the hall. He then conducted a search of the upper drawing-rooms, where Admirals quite frequently go in the early spring. At five to two, as the Admiral had apparently failed to appear and Holster's mind was beginning to dwell rather persistently on the " Special dishes this day," he decided his host had been torpedoed *en route*. So he crept into the dining-room, sat in an unobtrusive corner and ate a large meal.

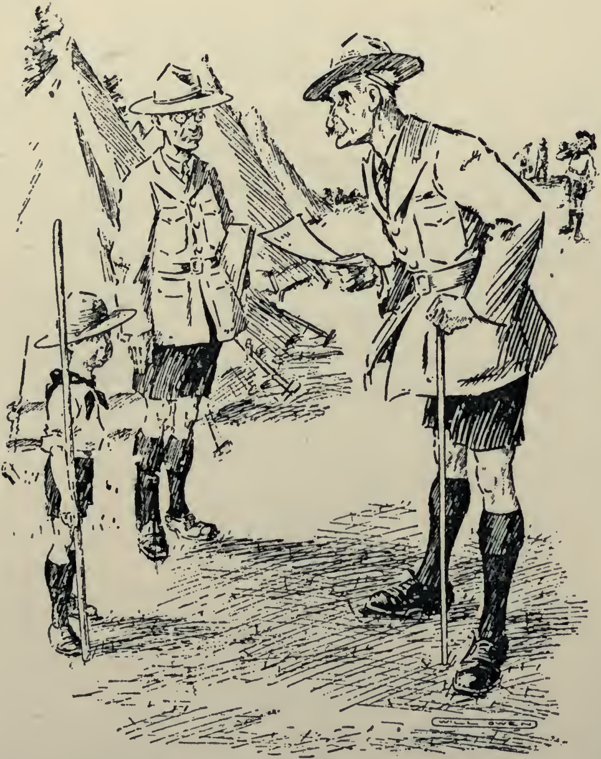
He had just paid and emerged into the hall once more when he met Admiral Quarter-Deck.

The Admiral looked a little shaken, but recovered himself with that breezy bluffness for which the higher ranks of the Silent Service are so famous in fiction.

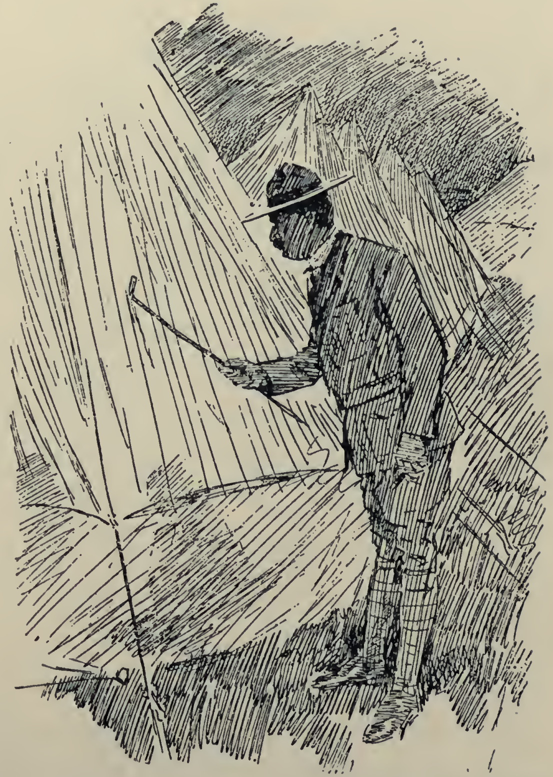
" Ah, Jack, my boy; been looking for you everywhere. 'Fraid I was a few minutes late. Were you here at one ? "



INSTRUCTOR. "Now then, none of that hupside down flying 'ere; you ain't in the haviation corps."

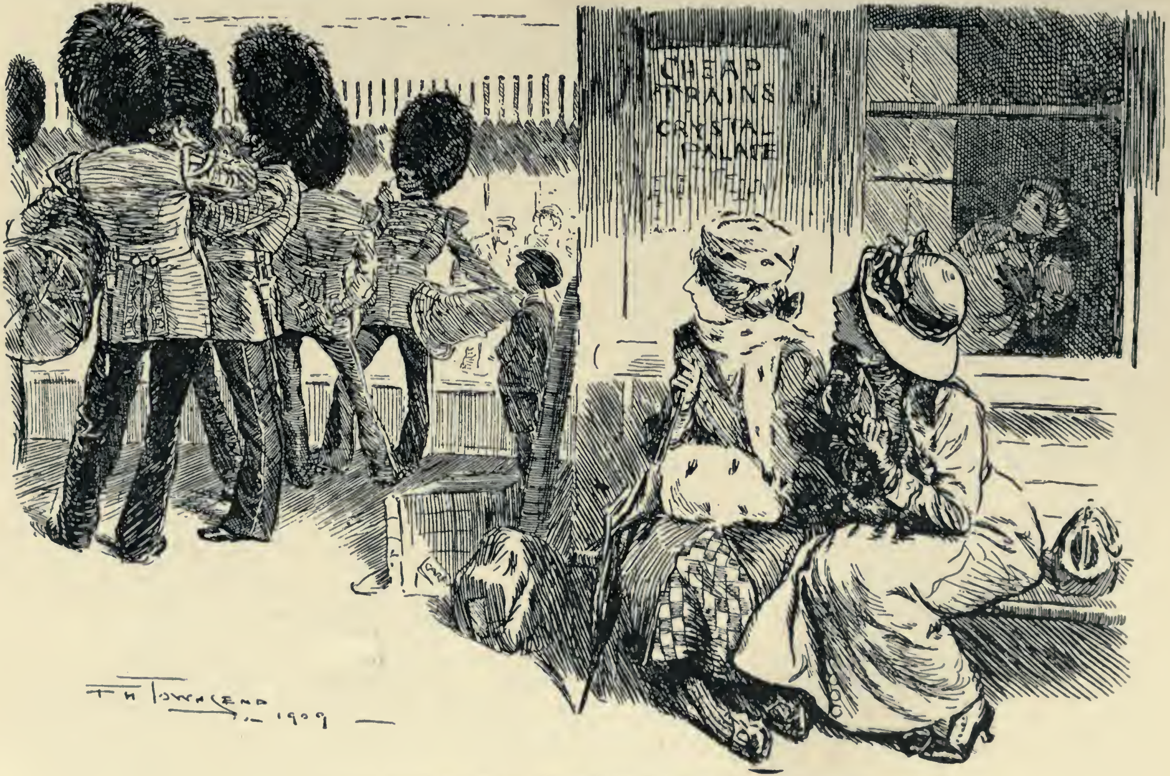


SCOUTMASTER. "You have been found guilty of a grave dereliction of duty, Smith. In war-time the penalty is death. You will now be fined twopence."

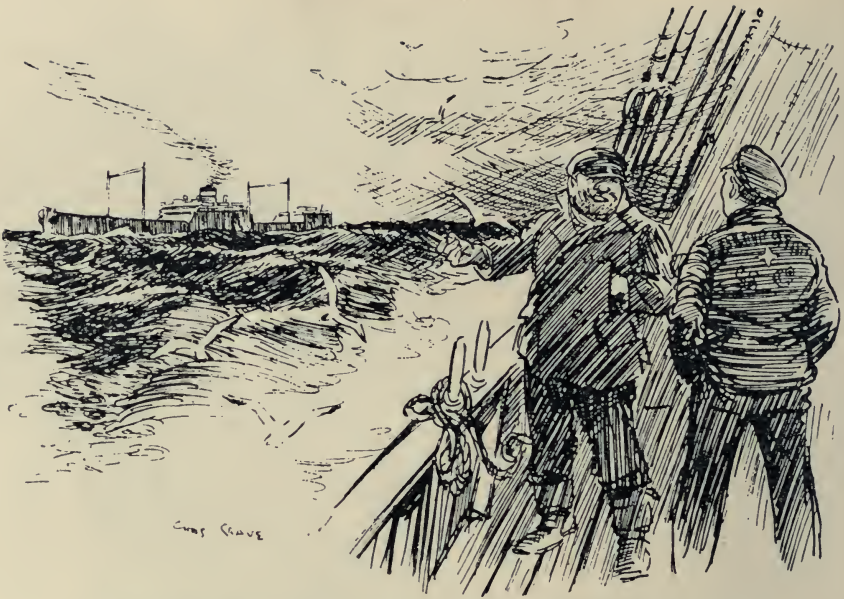


GALLANT C.O. (*returning to Scouts' Camp*). "Now then, I won't have this talking going on; if it doesn't stop at once I shall have you boys put in the guard tent."

SMALL VOICE (*after long pause*). "Please, Sir, this *is* the guard tent."


CHEAP
TRAINS
CRYSTAL
PALACE
F H Townsend 1909

"Oh! I do love 'em in those hats—muftis they call 'em."



CAPTAIN OF SCHOONER (*indicating modern steamship*). "Now, I suppose, Jim, on a boat like that the skipper would 'ave to be a kind of referee."

" Well, yes, Sir," began Holster.

" Then that damned hall-porter is half-witted. I asked him directly I came in whether a stranger, my guest, had inquired for me, and he said ' No.' "

" Well, Sir," began Holster even more nervously, suddenly realising that neither the Admiral nor the hall-porter could have imagined that the expected guest was a well-known member of the club. " Well, Sir, you see I myself am——"

" I expect it's the bad organisation of this infernal pot-house that's responsible," continued Admiral Quarter-Deck genially.

Holster just stopped in time. It hardly seemed the moment, after all, to tell the Admiral he was a member.

" Well, my boy, I expect you're hungry," continued the old sailor, fixing him with a keen nautical eye.

With masterly control Holster checked a sudden treacherous sign of repletion and gulped out instead that he thought he was a bit peckish. Admiral Quarter-Deck thereupon led the way into the dining-room and ordered expansively.

He ate little himself during the meal, but talked widely on the poor quality of the food as compared with that at his own "Admiral and General." At intervals he broke off to reproach Holster with lack of enthusiasm for his food, and to remark that appetites were not what they were in his young days. Holster suffered tortures. He says he will never be able to look a steak in the fried onion again.

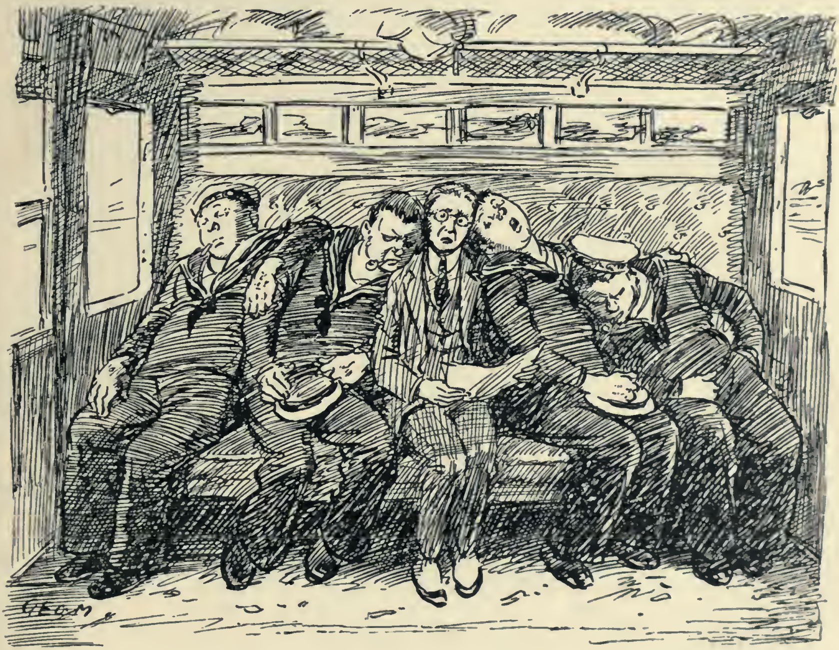
At last they rose and went out, Holster blindly groping his way from table to table. He sat in the smoking-room for a while in a state of torpor, only once rousing his sluggish mental processes to wonder (for Holster is superstitious and a believer in omens) whether there was a horse called Anaconda running in any race that afternoon.

Soon afterwards he took his leave, the Admiral having twice dropped off to sleep. As he was going a tactless waiter came up.

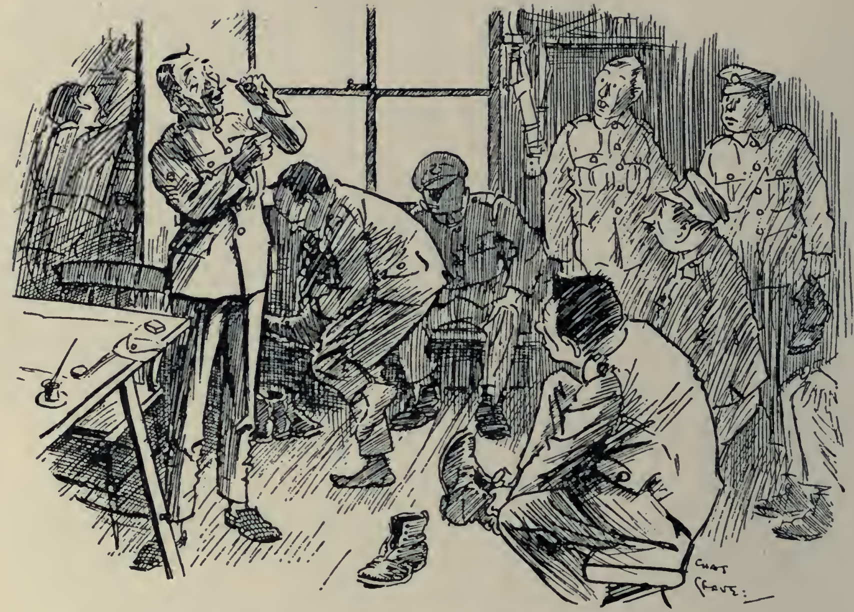
" Admiral Quarter-Deck ? "

" Yes, yes, that 's me."

" Please, Sir, the cashier sent this bill and asked if you 'd mind settling it. It 's for your first luncheon—the one you had by yourself."



Pacifist (centre) is more than ever convinced of the need of a smaller Navy



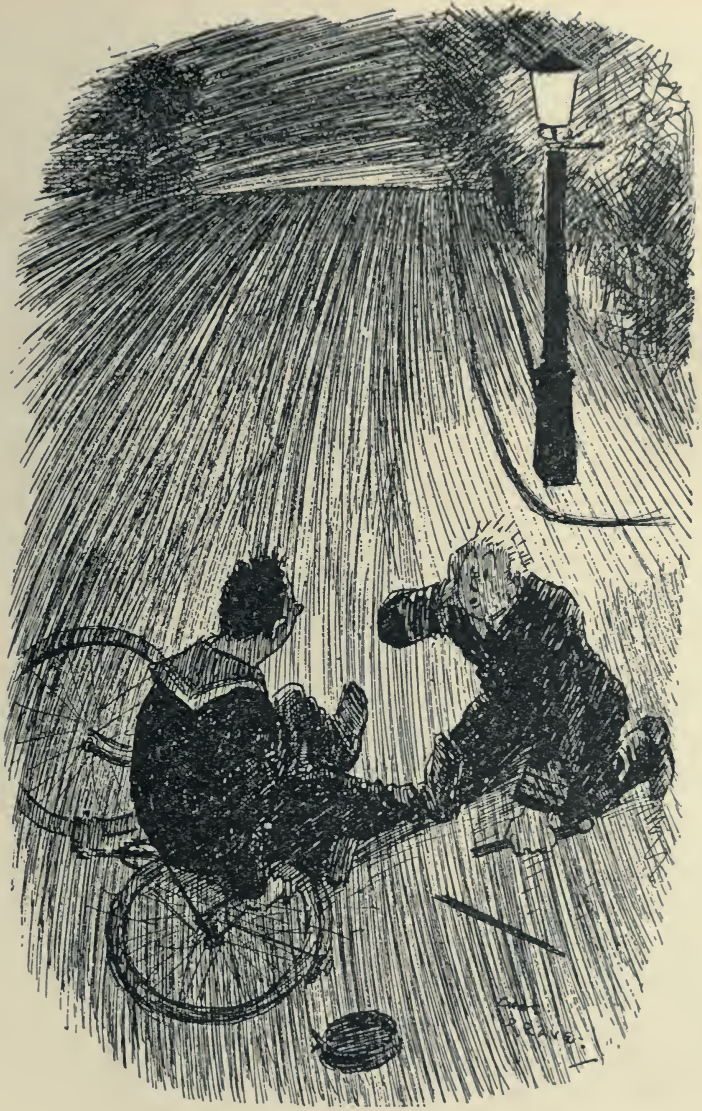
QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT. "Them as 'as boots as don't fit 'em an' don't want 'em, 'and 'em over to them as 'asn't 'oo does."

## Mars and Æsculapius

LAST week our barracks was the subject of a lightning inspection by Somebody Very Senior. Usually there is a definite routine in all inspections, and we know what the result will be beforehand. If it is the Inspecting General's first year, the battalion is too filthy and awful for words; if it is his second year, it is admitted that we are only just ordinarily dirty; if it is his third year we show distinct signs of improvement; and if it is his fourth year we are all quite too lovely, and the General gets a K.C.B. and promotion elsewhere for his efficiency, leaving us to become filthy and awful once more for the new General's first inspection.

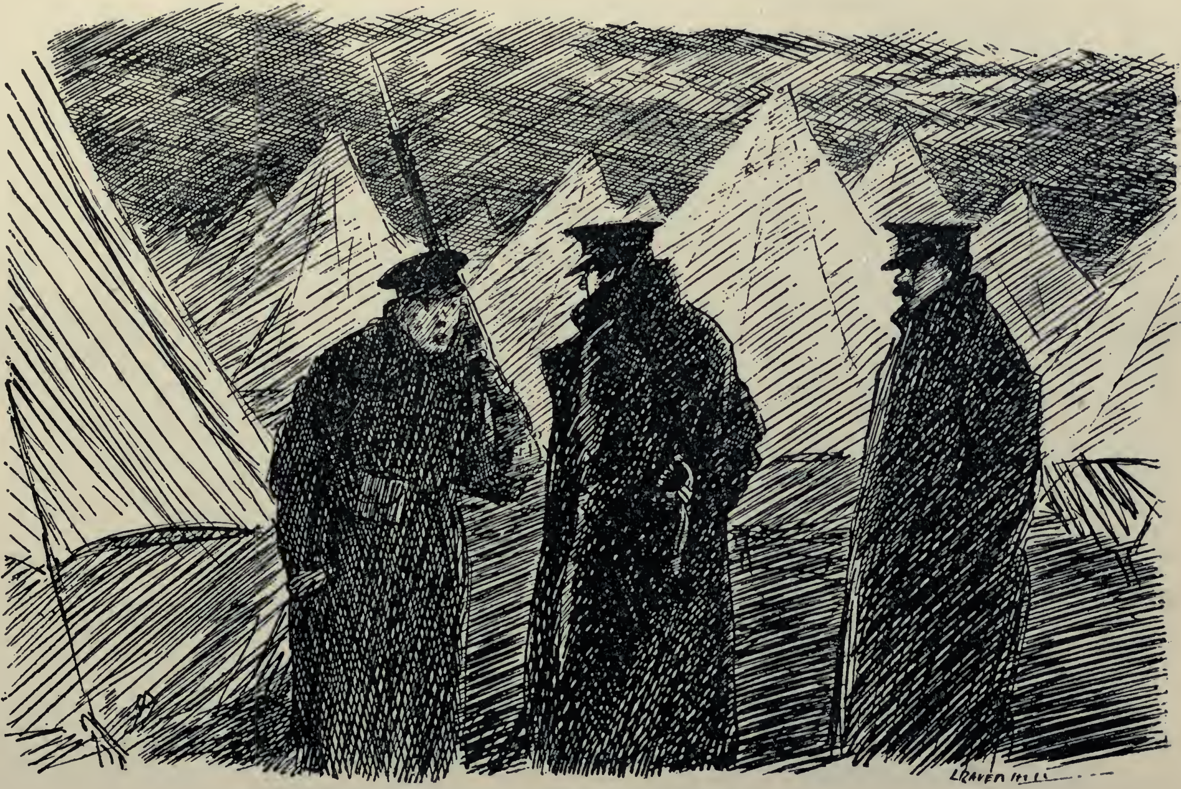
But this particular inspection, we learnt, only just the day before, was no ordinary one; it was, in fact, a *medical* inspection. In other words the Somebody Very Senior was also Somebody Very Medical, who would want to see our food, water, sanitary and hospital arrangements, rather than rows of troops at the " present."

We had a busy day of preparation on these new lines. Fatigue men were frantically cleaning out choked gullies; short-tempered cooks were being

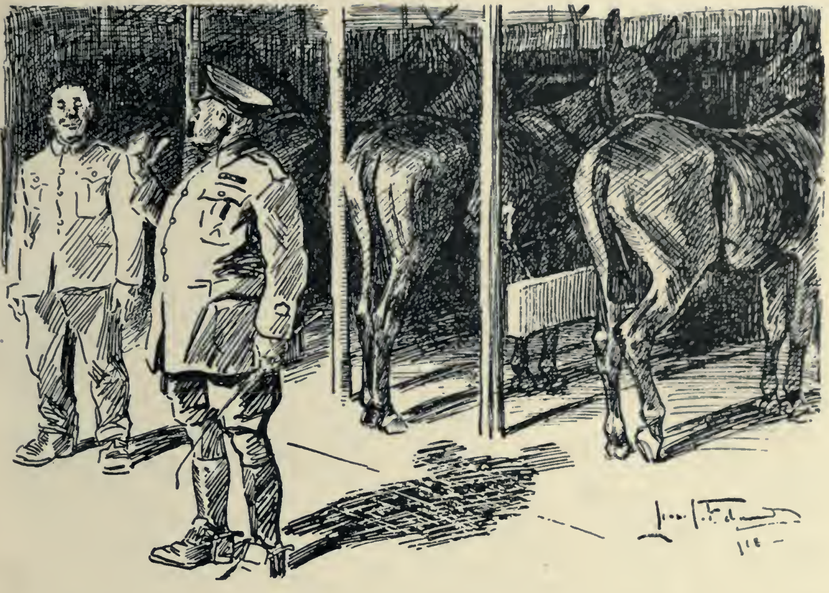


PRESENCE OF MIND

SAILOR. "Flat-footed son of a sea-cook—(*perceiving it's an Officer*) that I am, Sir!"


L RAVEN HILL

OFFICER OF THE DAY. "Repeat your orders."
SENTRY. "On no account to wake the Sergeant, Sir!"

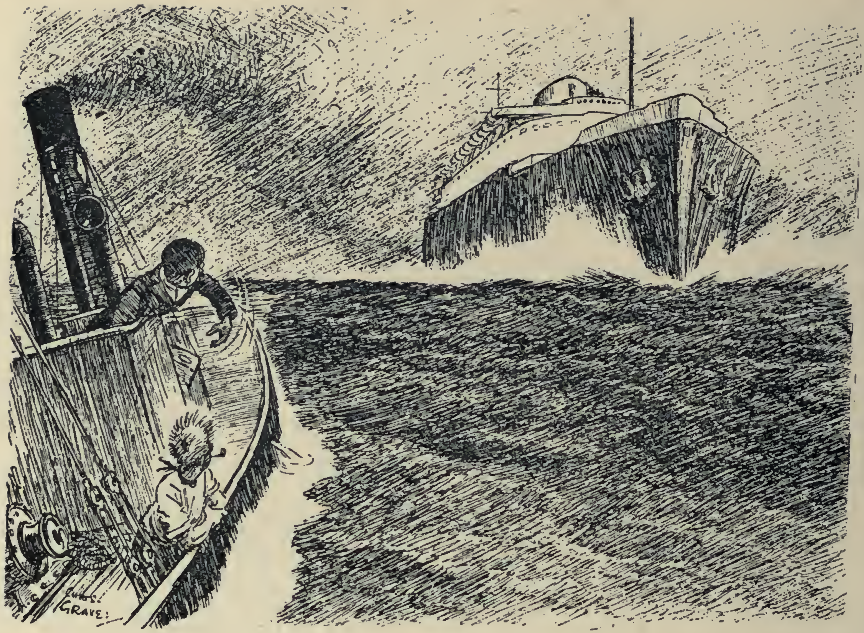


IRISH "FEED" ORDERLY. "Please, Sor, it's two feeds short I am. Which of the horses will I give them to?"
S.S.M. (*also Irish*). "The mules, av coorse."

urged by orderly sergeants to wash their hands ; fly-papers were hung up in every mess-room, and men with whitewash were everywhere, for whitewash on any inspection is like charity.

At the last moment it was discovered that, owing to our unit's being particularly healthy, there happened to be no sick men at all in our small barrack hospital. At a conference held in the Colonel's office it was decided that we should get a very black mark indeed if we didn't have a nice showing of men in little white cots. So the Colonel said, " Let there be sick men," and everybody gave orders to everyone else, with the result that four files of surprised privates were suddenly told on parade by a stolid orderly-sergeant : " From 'ere to the left, four paces left close—march ! Go up to 'orspital and report sick."

There was a general impression left in the troops' minds that the end of the world must be at hand if an orderly-sergeant could say things like that. For an orderly-sergeant's usual conversation about sickness is confined to—" Now look here, me lad, don't you try to work that one off on me ! *I* knows quite well how you come over queer d'reckly you heard there was a rowt



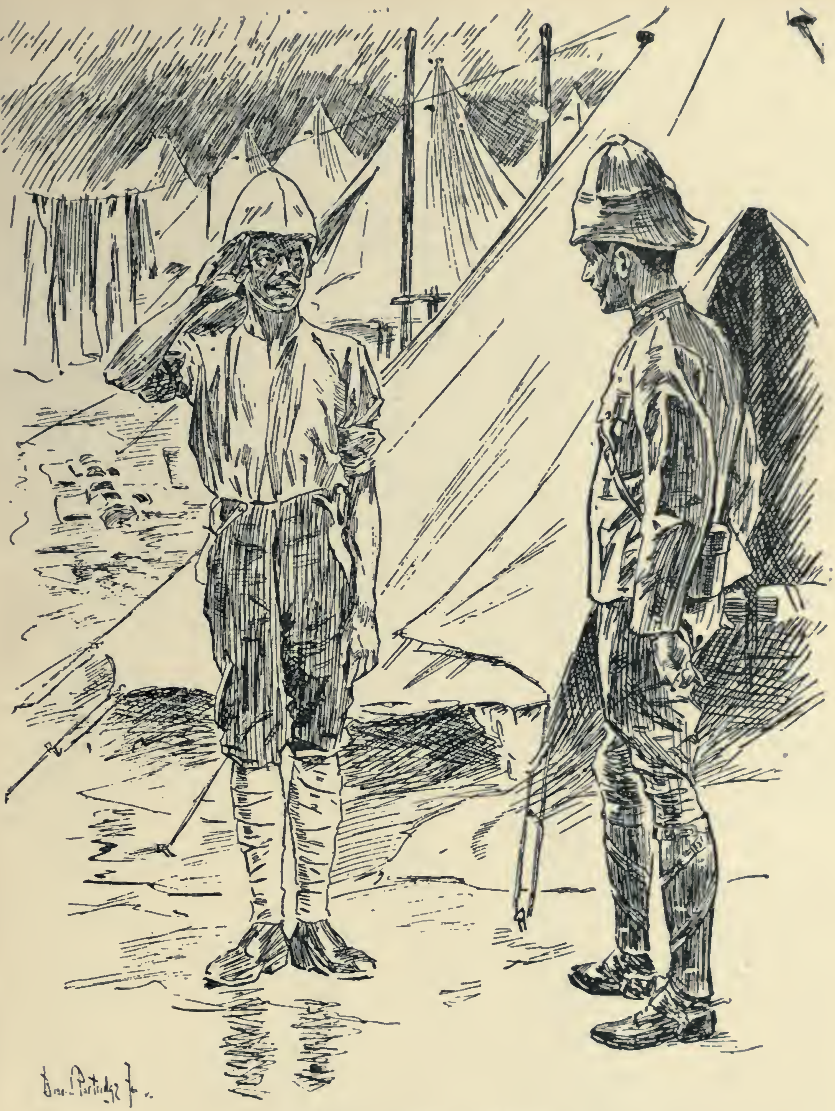
Courtesy of the Road

SKIPPER OF TINY STEAMER (*"waving-on" liner out for the record*). "You can come through, mate."

march. Well, *I'm* a doctor, too, I am, and *I* ses a nice walk in the country will do you a —— lot of good." And so on till the invalid feels better.

The only person who appeared unaffected by the general bustle in barracks was the one person who ought to have been bouncing about like a parched pea on a drum, and that was the medical officer attached to us, one Captain Malinger, not a pleasant man. He had been talking largely for some weeks previously about resigning his commission because the army wasn't what he had been given to understand. He now said this inspection was a great nuisance, and, if he found it interfered with his leisure, he would resign his commission the next day, and anyway he didn't care a hang for Generals, not even medical ones. We thought privately that if that was the line Captain Malinger proposed to take during the inspection he would probably find that he had resigned his commission before it was even over.

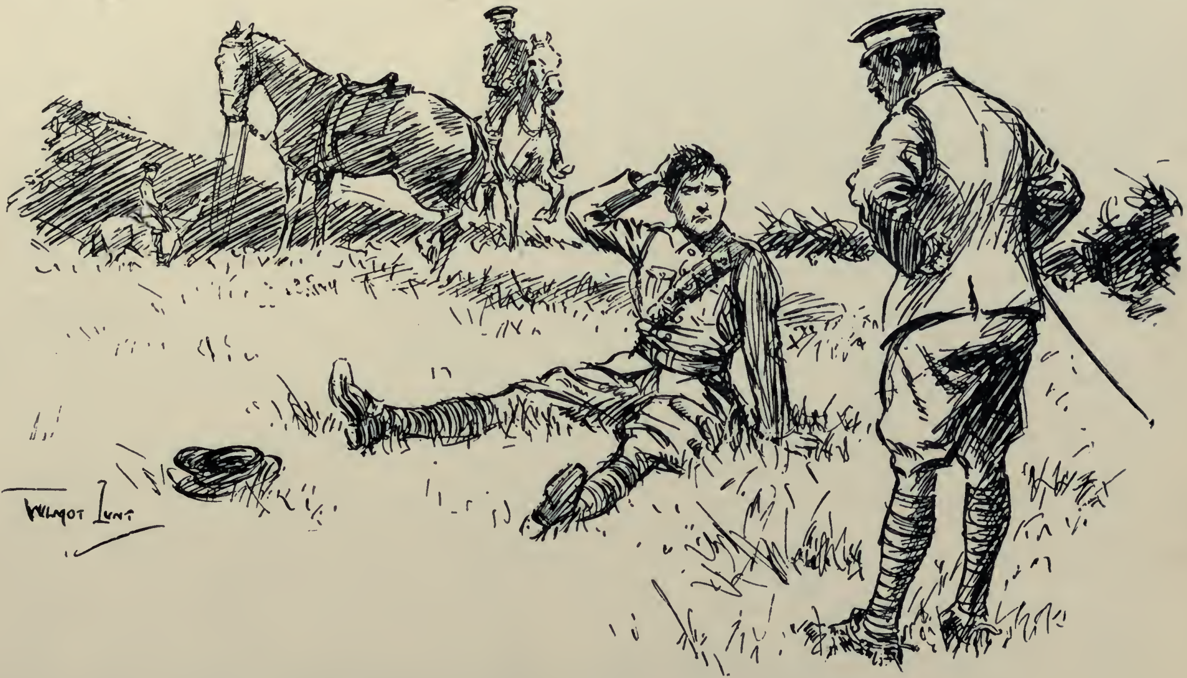
On the great day General Stethoscope arrived in force. He was very small and very pompous, and we stood round and saluted him because he liked it. All, that is, except Captain Malinger, who sent down word from the



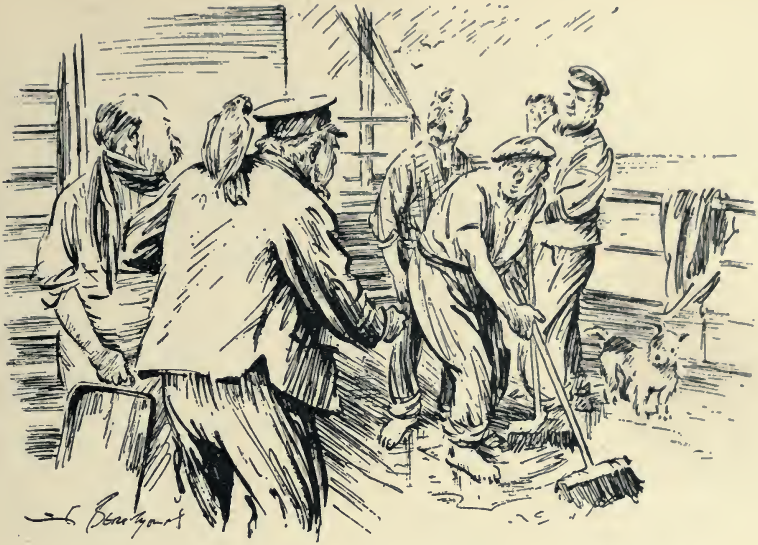
Mark Tapley Atkins

OFFICER (*going his rounds after a night of heavy rain*). "Well, did you find the Ground very wet last Night?"

TOMMY. "Oh no, Sir. Our Blankets soaked up all the Rain!"



CAVALRY INSTRUCTOR. "From where did you receive instructions to dismount, Sir?"
RAW RECRUIT. "From hindquarters, Sir."



SKIPPER. "Here, which of you've been teaching my parrot this dreadful language?"

DECK HAND. "Must 'a' bin Cook, Sir—'e talks in 'is sleep."

hospital by an orderly that he had a difficult case on. The difficult case, we heard later, was Private Sling, who, in view of the fact that he wanted to cycle ten miles that evening to see his best girl, was refusing to be considered sick and wanted to go out on parade, which last statement seemed to indicate to the doctor's orderlies (who knew Private Sling) that he might be genuinely ill after all.

The inspection began to pass of satisfactorily. Thanks to the presence in the cookhouse of three cooks simultaneously washing their hands, and a large bottle of disinfectant with a perforated top (which we discovered later was taken by one of the cooks to be a new kind of condiment), General Stethoscope approved of our cooking arrangements. Luckily he did not look in the angle behind the door—a favourite repository. As a matter of fact he would not have been able to, because the cook-house orderly, who'd been had before, this time had fastened the door back with a wedge.

He then visited the men's mess-rooms. Here again he was pleased to see six fly-swatters and ten fly-papers. There really were twelve fly-papers, but we feel positive he didn't see the other two, even though he took them away with him.

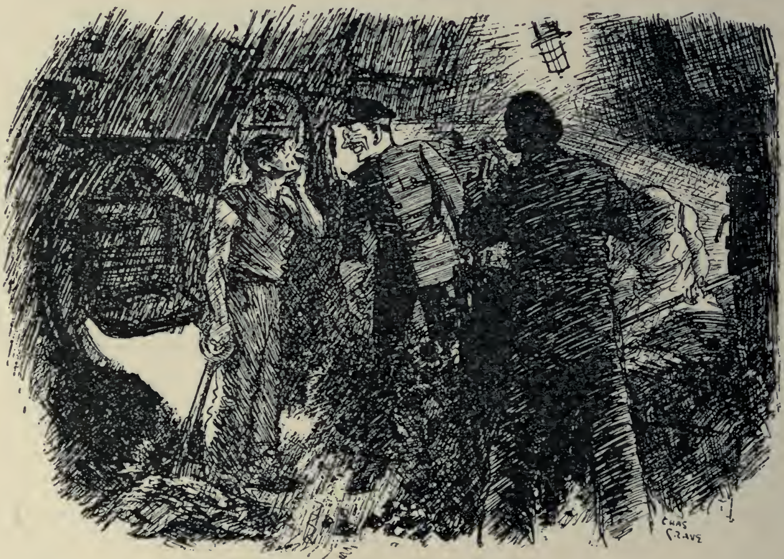
After a prolonged and invigorating inspection of drains we arrived eventually at the hospital. Our part of the show had gone off well and we were now all wondering exactly what would happen to Captain Malinger.

In the hospital there were eight patients. The methodical orderly-sergeant, when detailing them that morning, had allotted to each a definite complaint and made them learn up the symptoms. In this he had exceeded his orders, because we felt sure that Private Rifle's " Yes, Sir ; bad attack of leprosy, Sir," was hardly a likely case and took some explaining ; while Private Barrel, with nineteen years' service, could hardly have been suffering from infantile paralysis. Private Sling was roped down to his bed and was called a mental patient. In support of madness it was pointed out that he was still babbling about wanting to go out and drill.

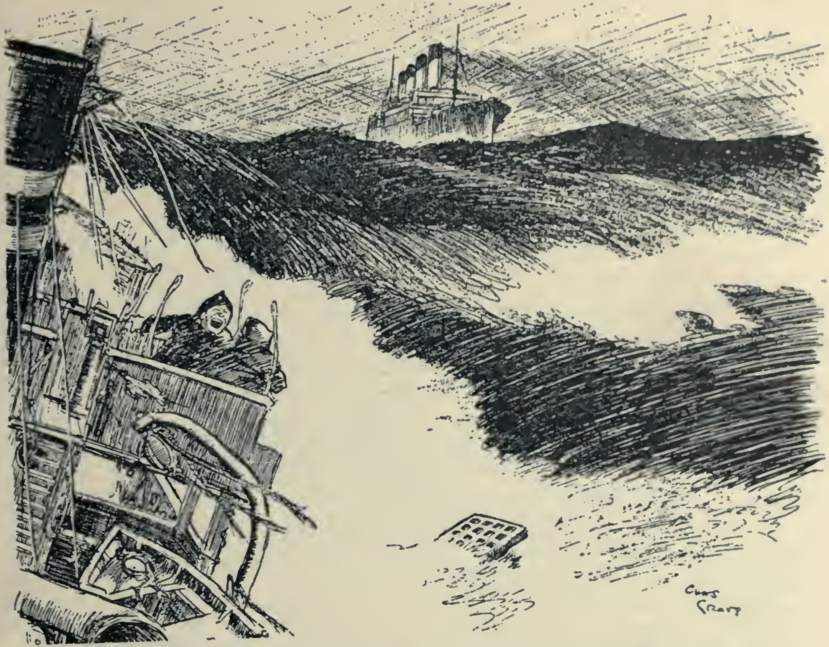
General Stethoscope, however, seemed a little annoyed, and his annoyance was increased when Captain Malinger was not on view when he arrived. We could see that the General was out to find something wrong with the hospital ; but for once the place was fairly clean, the hospital sergeant, an opportunist, having made his eight patients clean most of it up before going to bed sick.

At last the General perceived a piece of fluff under a remote cot. The great moment had come.

" Is that a piece of fluff ? " he began in an important voice. An obsequious



ENGINEER (*to complaining fireman*). "Toothache! Why, you 're the luckiest man in the ship. All you have to do for toothache is to keep it warm."



SKIPPER OF BADLY BATTERED TRAMP STEAMER (*to the Mate*). "We'll realise it's blowin' a bit when we read in the newspapers how that poor little giant liner had two cups and a saucer broken."

orderly instantly dived under the bed, looked closely at it, came out again and reported with a salute that it was.

This rather shook the General, who had not expected that kind of answer.

" Shall I sweep it up, Sir ? " continued the orderly efficiently.

" No," boomed the General, and added : " Give *me* a broom ! "

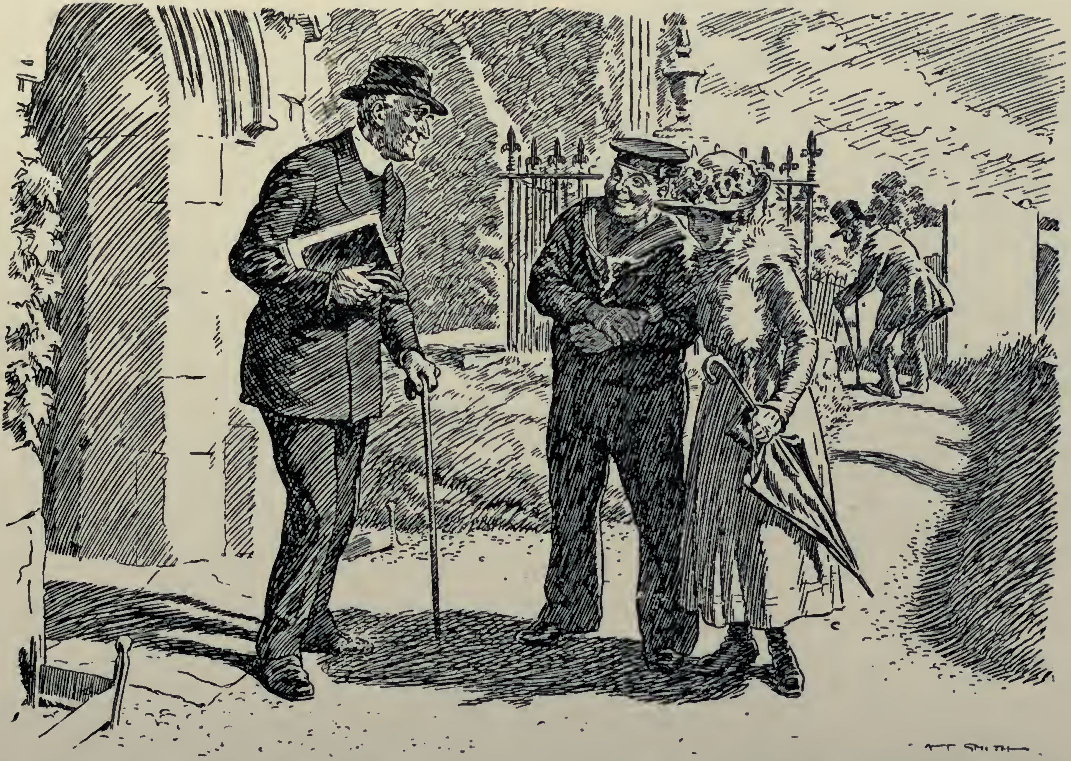
Everybody fell over everyone else to produce a broom for him. It was rather like handing a performer something on the stage.

The General took the broom and, somewhat hampered by the hospital kitten, who thought it was a game, chivied the bit of fluff out into the centre of the room. Then he turned to the orderly :—

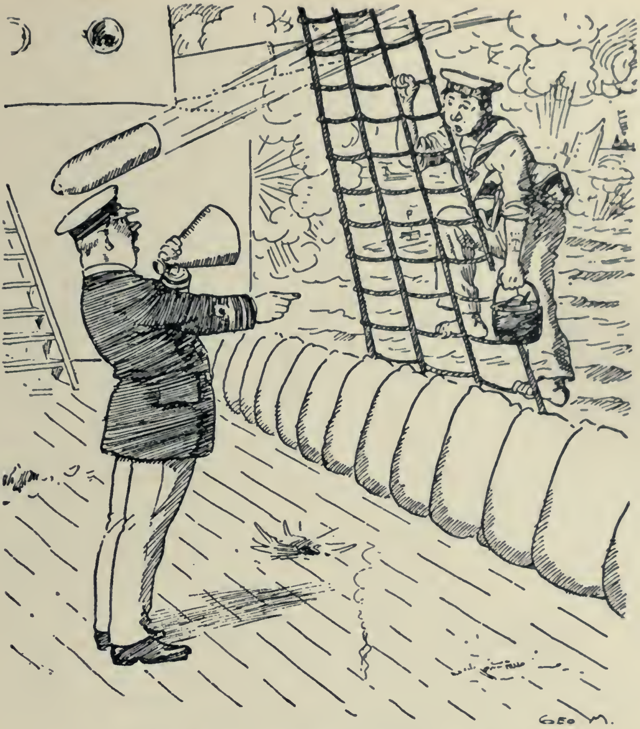
" Go on and tell Captain Malinger that General Stethoscope is sweeping out his hospital for him," he said cuttingly.

The scared orderly shot off and returned later even more scared and still without Malinger. The General, who had by then got the fluff and the kitten somewhere near the door, was overcome with astonishment.

" Did you give him my message ? " he asked.



BRIDEGROOM-ELECT. "—— and we wants to have the hymn, 'The flag that waved o'er Eden.' "



THE RESOURCEFUL HANDYMAN

OFFICER (*during an engagement*). "Where are you going with that glue-pot, you —— idiot?"

HANDYMAN. "The Captain told me to nail the colours to the mast, Sir."

OFFICER. "Well?"

HANDYMAN. "Well, it's a *steel* mast, Sir."

" Yes, Sir," stammered the orderly, trembling visibly.

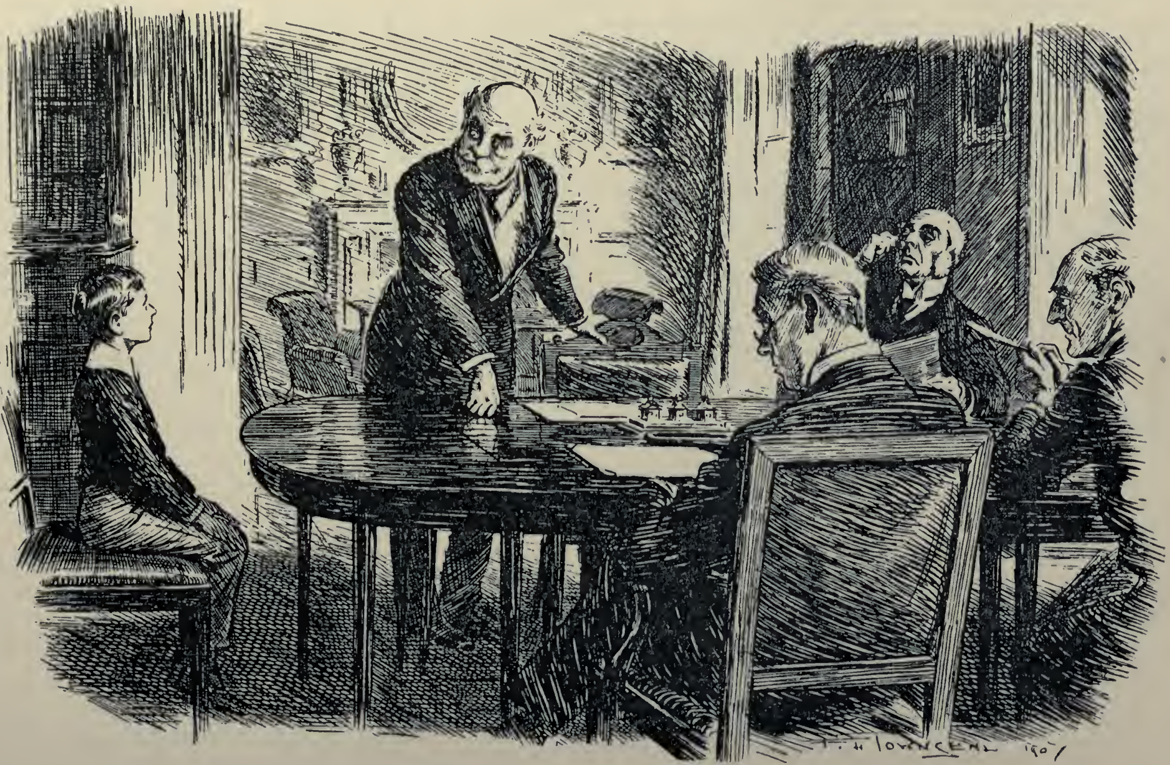
" What did he say, man ?"

The orderly merely trembled a bit more and made no reply.

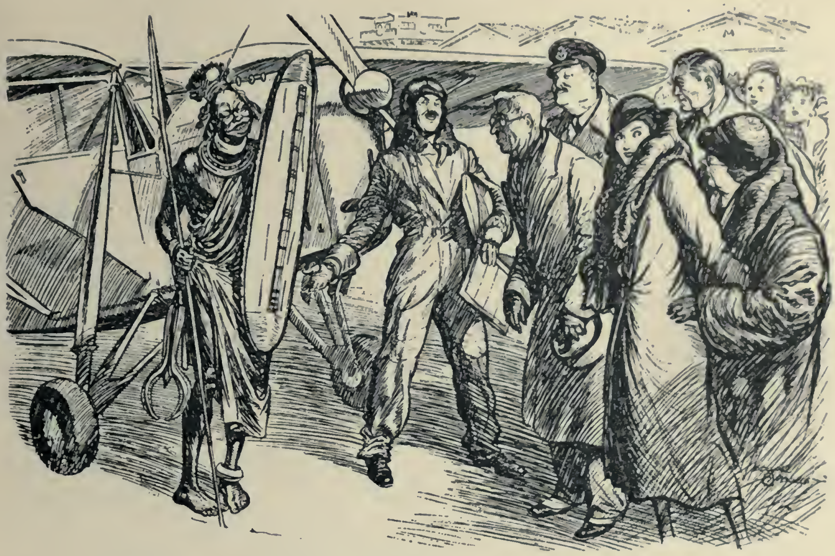
" What did Captain Malinger say when you told him General Stethoscope was sweeping out his hospital ?" wrathfully thundered the Great Man.

" Please, Sir," faltered the orderly, " he said, ' Let him carry on. I expect it needed it.' "

We were quite right. Captain Malinger did resign his commission that night. But at least he made a good exit. A. A.


F. H. TOWNSEND 1907

ADMIRAL. "And what made *you* wish to become a sailor, my boy?"
NAVY CANDIDATE (*in perfect good faith*). "Because he's got a wife in every port, Sir!"



CAPE TO LONDON FLYER. "What am I to do with Eustace here? I found him stowed away soon after I left West Africa."

## Naval Gadgets

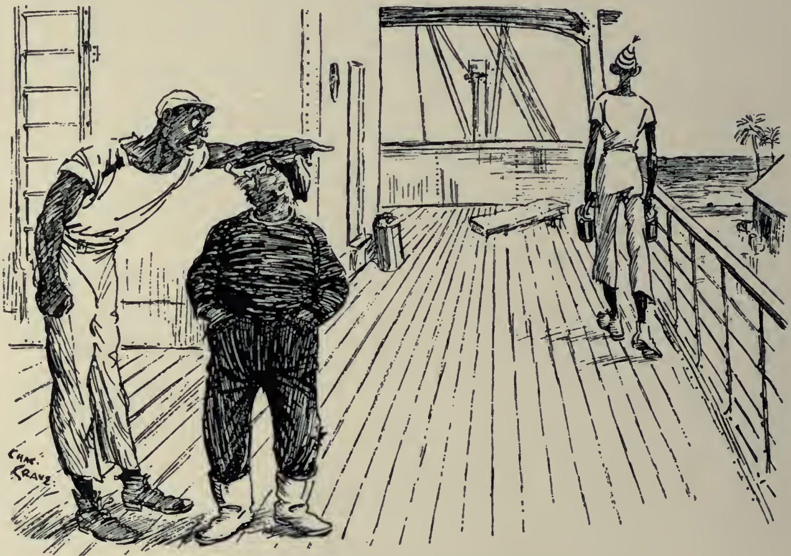
ONE of the great advantages of serving in a really modern ship is that it possesses a complete telephone system. Every office and most cabins have an instrument, and somewhere, tucked away in the bowels of the ship, there is an exchange and an operator.

It has often been a matter for speculation what are the principles upon which telephone operators are selected ashore. On board, however, the matter is not in doubt for one moment. Suppose, for instance, that an operator is to be detailed from the Foretop Division, it is not to be expected that Lieutenant Blank, the officer in charge of that division, is going to detail Able Seaman A (who is his most efficient deck-scrubber and most zealous brightwork-polisher), nor yet Able Seaman B (who is the mainstay of the divisional office) for a job which will mean that he is never going to see them again. No ; what he does do is to walk along the ranks of his division until he spots Ordinary Seaman C, whose lack of forehead, gaping mouth and general vacuity of expression indicate an almost total absence of grey matter, and that man will be detailed for telephone operator. If he happens to suffer from adenoids and an impediment in his speech as well, those are of course additional natural qualifications for the post.

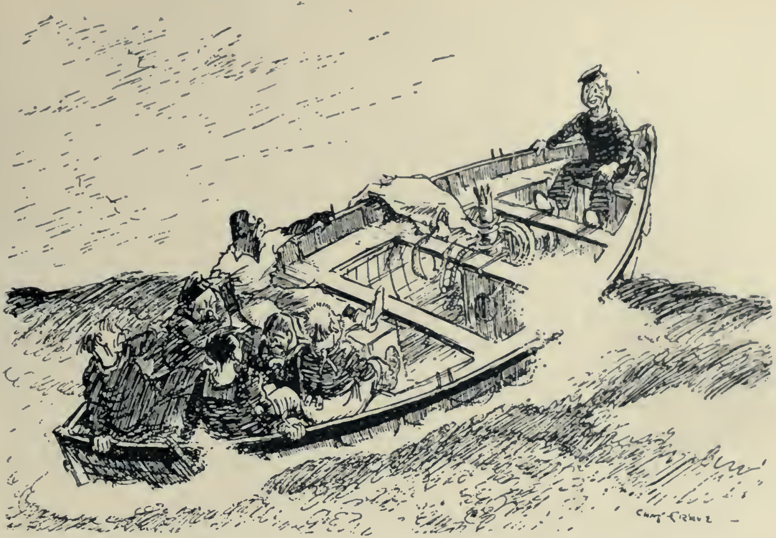
In spite of this it does sometimes happen that one establishes telephonic communication with the person one wants to talk to. After all there are only about one-hundred-and-fifty numbers on the switchboard, so the sea-going operator has not the infinite variety of wrong numbers to choose from that his brother (or sister) ashore has. In consequence, by the law of chances, he is bound to hit the right number sometimes.

Besides, one gets accustomed with experience to discovering immediately to what part of the ship one has actually been connected without waiting for a reply. For instance, you ask for the Ward-Room Ante-Room, wishing to speak to a messmate. If you hear " BXQ 'oist. 'And me a long pad. Where's that——boy ? " you've got the Signal Bridge. If you get a musical fragment by a high-powered male-choir, it's the Stokers' Mess Deck. And should you hear nothing but rhythmic snores it's a pound to a button that you are on to the Chaplain's Cabin. In any of which cases you can ring off at once, moisten the lips and start afresh.

It is no good getting angry and abusing the operator. He wins every time. The Naval telephone instrument, you see, is not fitted with a bell, but with a very powerful buzzer—the sort of thing that they let fly in factories at noon to remind the workmen of their lunch-pails. The practical-joke department



NEGRO SAILOR. "De mate call me de biggest liar in de ship."
BRITISH SAILOR. "Well, ain't yer?"
NEGRO SAILOR. " 'Ow can dat be when dat niggah is taller dan me."



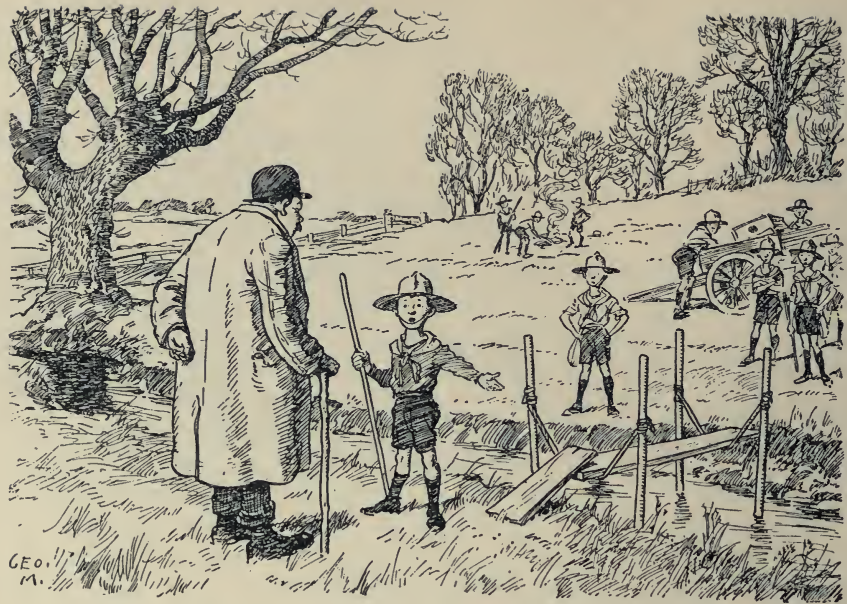
THE OPTIMIST. "Well, lads, our luck's in. This boat was built to carry thirty-two people, an' there's only seven of us in it."

of the Admiralty has fitted the buzzer in the earpiece of the instrument, and this constitutes the operator's chance of revenge. You call him a useless ullage; he performs on the buzzer and you wake up in the sick-bay with a severe concussion and a perforated ear-drum.

On the rare occasions when the ship lies alongside a dockyard they connect our telephone up with the shore exchange, the theory being that you can then ring up any part of the ship from the town and vice versa. This facility was recently the undoing of Lieutenant Dash.

Lieutenant Dash is a very keen student of the theatrical art as represented by the local music-halls. This means that he often does not return to the ship at night until after the ward-room bar has closed. In order to avoid the resulting dearth of refreshment he has for long been in the habit of ordering a whisky-and-soda and sandwiches to be placed in his cabin to await his return, a proceeding which is contrary to the law and the prophets.

A few nights ago he went ashore as usual and it was not until he was well into the town that it struck him that he had forgotten to give his customary order to the steward. He bethought himself of the telephone, rang up the ship and asked for the ward-room pantry. The line was bad and he could hear little, but, as soon as he was sure that someone had answered, he roared out, " Lieutenant Dash speaking. Put a whisky-and-soda and some sand-



ZEALOUS BOY SCOUT. "You can cross by this bridge, Sir. It will save you a long walk round."

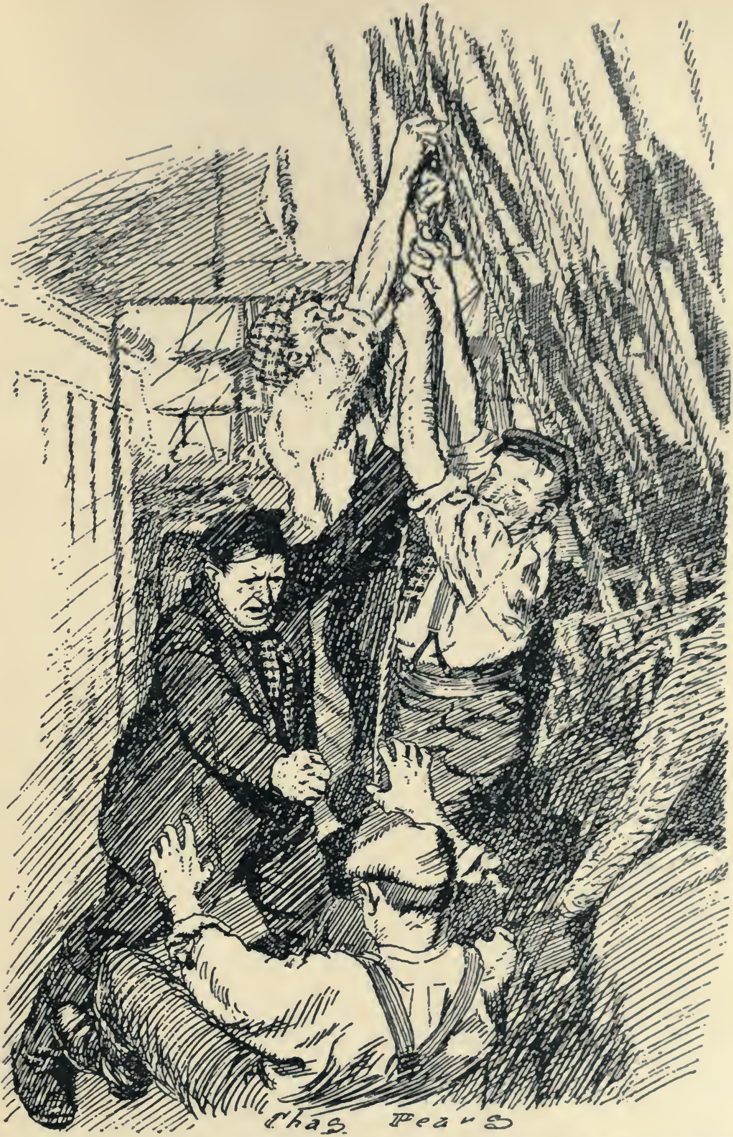
CAUTIOUS STOUT PARTY. "Thank you, my boy, but I'm afraid it would hardly bear me."

ZEALOUS BOY SCOUT. "Oh, that's all right, Sir. We have first aid and ambulance on the other side!"

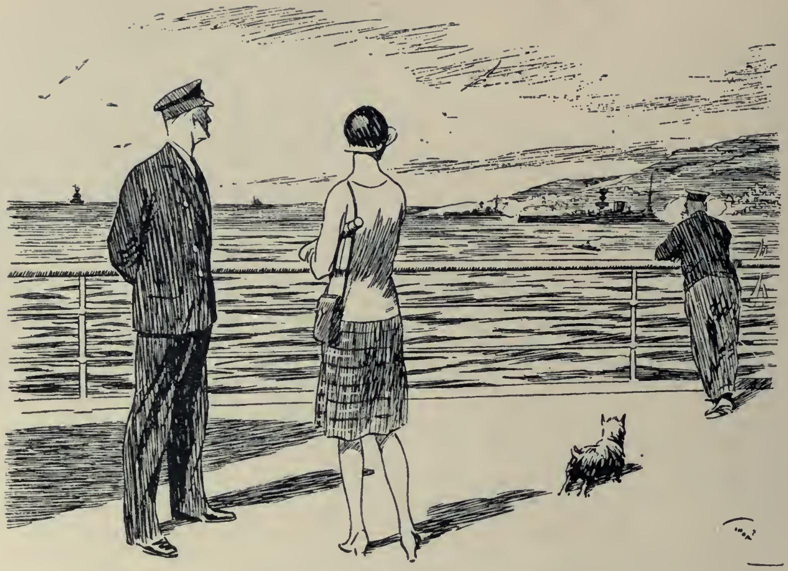
wiches in my cabin before you close the bar." He repeated this twice, hung up and went on his way rejoicing.

When he got to his cabin that night there were the sandwiches and there was the whisky. It struck him as a little peculiar that the plate was of the very recognisable fluted pattern which is not supplied to ward-rooms but only to captains. That fact sank in slowly, but he did not fully realise the situation until he noticed a folded chit on the top of the whisky-glass. This he opened and read :—

> The Commanding Officer presents his compliments to Lieutenant Dash and hopes he will enjoy his supper. The Commanding Officer further hopes that he and Lieutenant Dash will have an early opportunity of discussing their apparently varying interpretations of the exact meaning of Article 107842 of the King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions.



BOSUN (*to new deck hand who has trodden on his toes while hauling on a rope*). " 'Beg your pardon,' indeed! That's bloomin' fine language to use to a ship's bosun."



"And how do you tell whether they're just firing a salute or really angry?"

## A Parting

"I COME ashore off a Cardiff tramp—the worst as ever I see;
She was all the things you could name," said Bill, "as a ship's no right to be;
She was gritty an' grimy, an' smelly an' slimy, the same aloft as alow,
But it's always 'ard at the last," said he, "when it's time for a man to go.

"There was nothing to pleasure a seaman's eye in the blessed whole shemozzle;
She was ugly as sin from her slab of a stern to her blunt old lump of a nozzle;
She rolled like a pig an' she steered like a dray, she crawled like a bloomin' 'earse,
An' the things she done in a seaway, Lord! they'd make a parson curse.

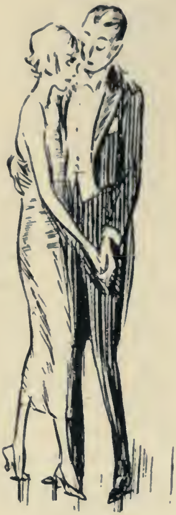
"But there I stood like a bloomin' fool on the quay in the drippin' weather,
An' looked at' er, an' thought o' the things us two 'ad seen together—
The work an' fun as was over an' done, the pals, the sprees ashore,
An' the times we'd 'ad both good an' bad as 'd never come round no more.

"An' I spat in the dock, an' I turned to go with a kind of a mist in my eye,
An' a fool of an ache in my fool of an 'eart as I said, 'Ol' girl, good-bye';
For let 'em be good uns or let 'em be bad, an' let 'em be fast or slow,
It's always the same with a ship," said Bill, "when it's time for a man to go."

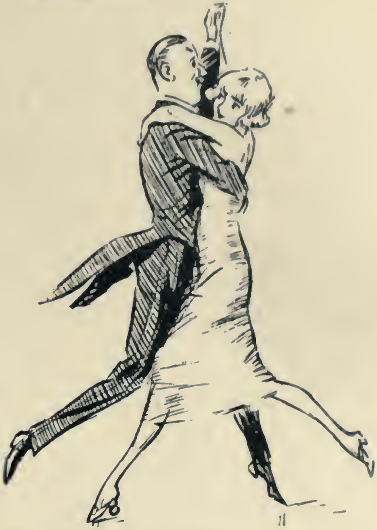
C. F. S.

# All Things to all Ranks

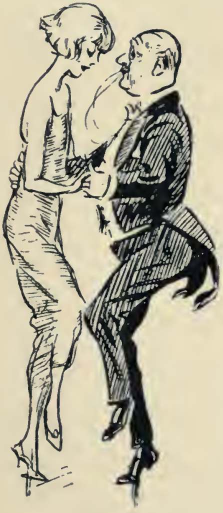
HOW TO DANCE WITH—



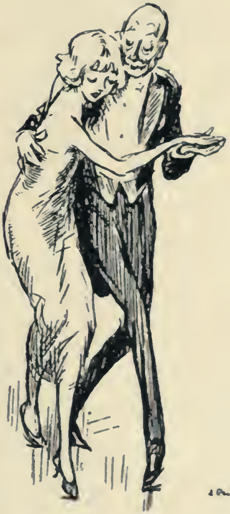
A Subaltern.



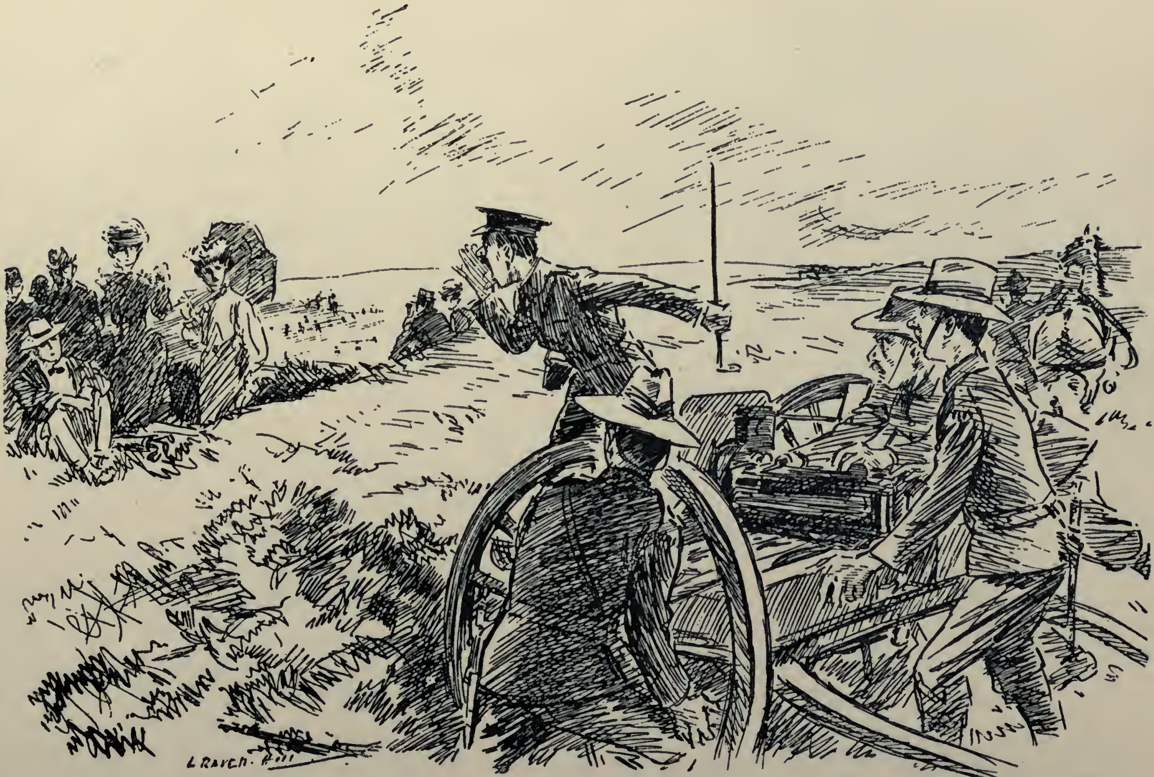
A Captain.



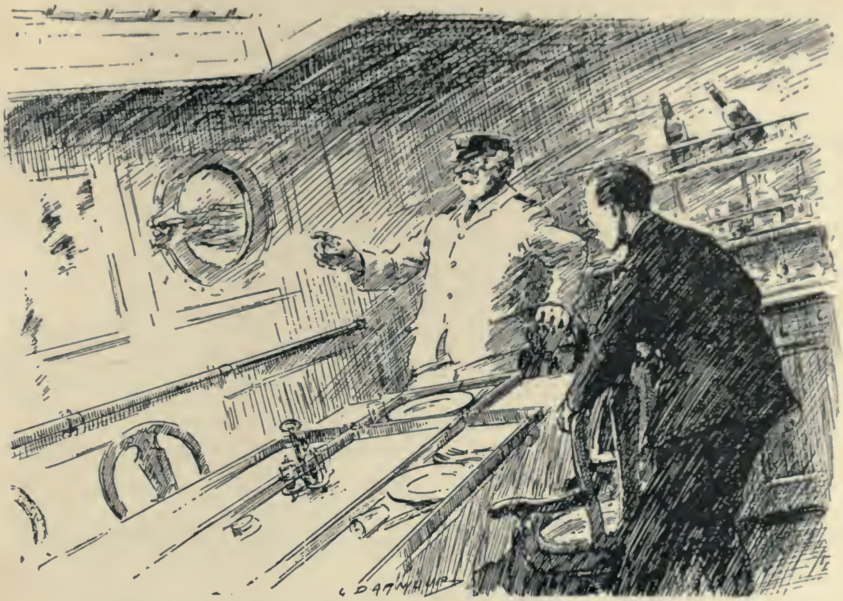
A Major.



And a Colonel.



Our only Subaltern, finding his gun masked and realising that no military command will fit the situation, rises to the occasion and shouts, "FORE!"



OLD SEA-DOG (*to nervous passenger*). "Roll? She *can* roll! D' ye see them marks on the wall? That 's our feet."

## The Boys of the Old Brigade

I ARRIVED, as unfashionable worms like myself sometimes do, rather early at the gorgeous portals of the Hotel Bulbul, and the ex-king of Ruritania, who is using up his old uniforms at the door, obviously had his doubts about me. I antidoted my dress-suit with my ticket, however, before he had time to send me round to the waiters' entrance.

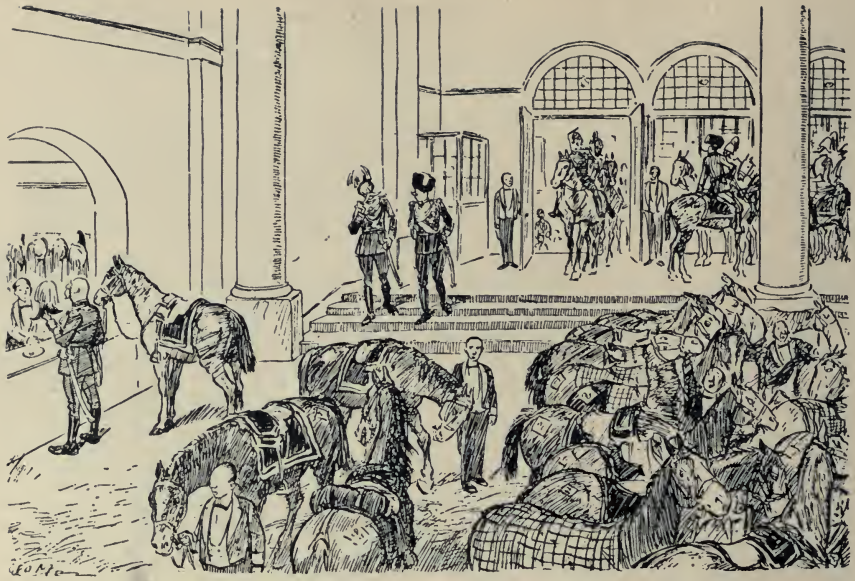
" Where," I asked, " is this dinner being held ?"

He scrutinised the card. I had a crushing feeling that there were dozens of dinners going on inside, all more important than mine.

" The Hall of Mirrors, Sir. Straight down the stairs."

I went down the stairs and surrendered my hat and coat. Then I coyly produced my diminutive clasp of honours, decorations, medals and awards, and pinned it on the lapel of my coat, partially destroying this in the process.

In the antechamber to the Hall of Mirrors I found a number of small fry like myself. We stood about nervously, gulping cocktails and thinking that this was a lot to get for seventeen-and-tenpence, exclusive of wines. And then —oh, then . . .



Entertainments at which We have never Assisted

Big Night at the Cavalry Club: The Cloak-room.

The doors were flung back, and into the room began to enter streams of gorgeous men in faultless evening dress, with rows of glittering decorations and jewelled identity discs hanging down their shirt-fronts on red and purple ribbons. They had grace, deportment, beauty, *bel air*, *tournure*, *sangfroid* and *embonpoint*, and showed not a sign of *mauvaise honte*, dickeys or social blemishes. I had previously only read about people who look like this, and I had not attended an Army dinner before. My last war celebration was in 1919, before I went abroad, when we scraped together about twenty officers from my old battalion for a dinner. It was an adequate meal. I remember that after it I took a 31 bus instead of a 13, and argued with the conductor in French. On that occasion our prize medallist was the colonel, who sported the Zulu medal—or was it the Maori? I forget. This was no such sordid business.

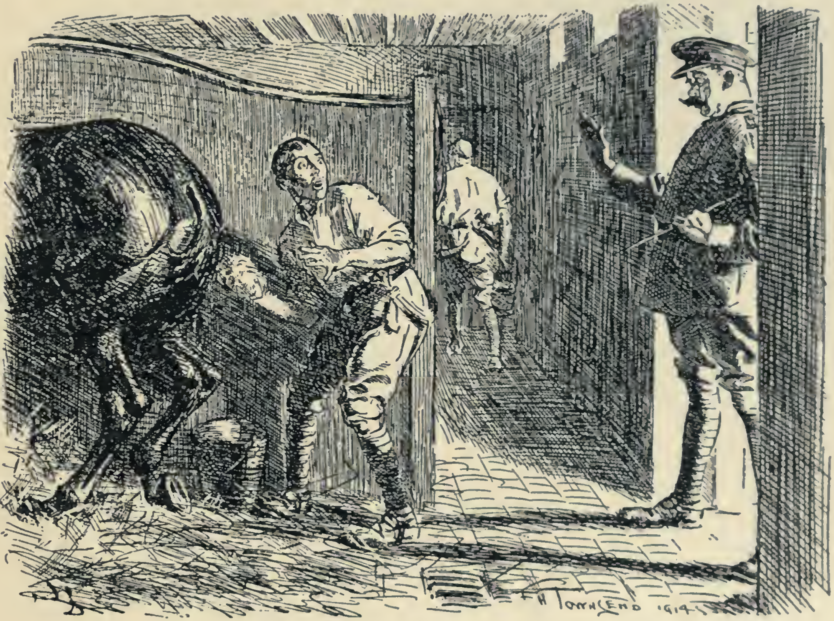
It was difficult to believe that these Olympians were, or had been, my brother officers. I saw the well-remembered features of many of our warriors of mark—the O/c Army Fat Collectors, the Army Baker, the Commandant of the Divisional Vegetable Garden; but, instead of the ration tunics of yore, they wore the outfit of Ambassadors, and Le Queux Ambassadors at that.

My old Divisional Commander's paltry four rows of shaggy ribbon had burgeoned into a crop of miniatures which made him walk with a list to starboard, and he had an eruption of gold, silver and enamel stars all over him which can only be described as scorbutic.

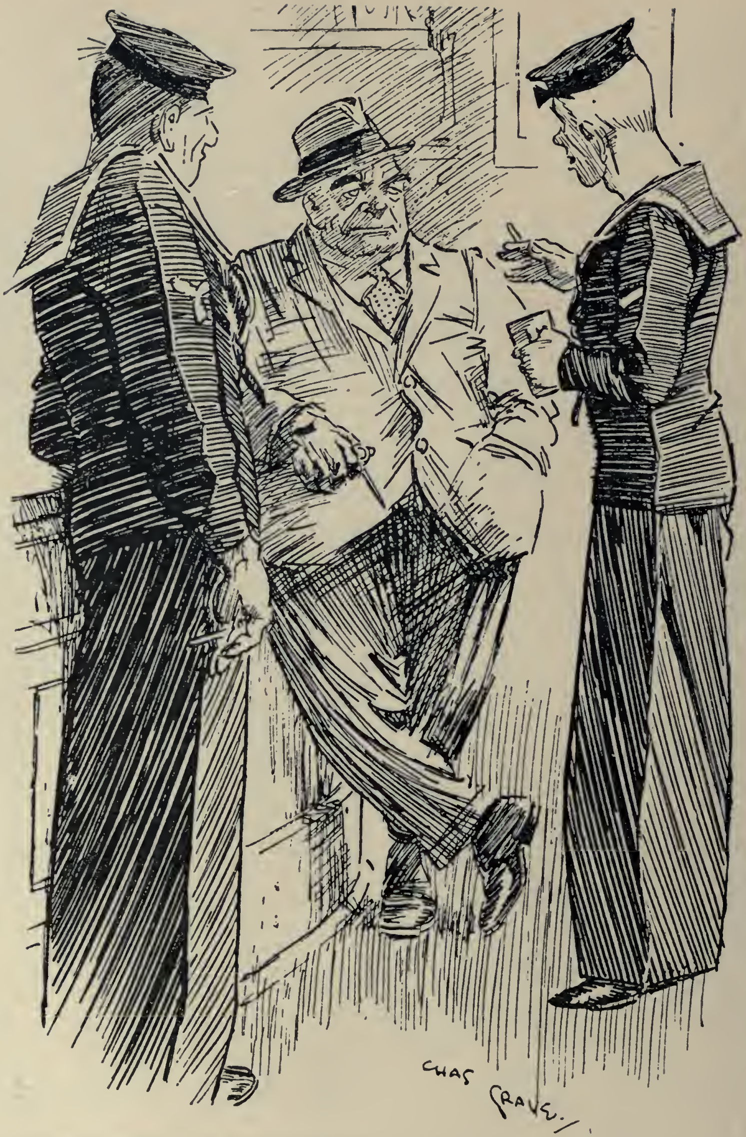
There was a blinding flash from a sort of photographic trench mortar in one corner, my dress-suit turned green and instantly turned black again, and we began dinner.

I found myself opposite Pilbeam, our late Scout Officer, and Fortescue, the Commander of " A " Company. I was shocked to see that they had let themselves get plump. They were aware of it themselves, however, for as I sat down they whispered together, and I caught the word " fat." Evidently they were discussing treatment.

" What are you doing nowadays ? " I asked Pilbeam. During the War his hobby had been brooding in No-Man's-Land, and he was popularly supposed to have grown an extra pair of feet on his lower chest owing to much crawling. Probably liquor-running or an illicit small-arms business was the present pursuit of a swashbuckler like this.

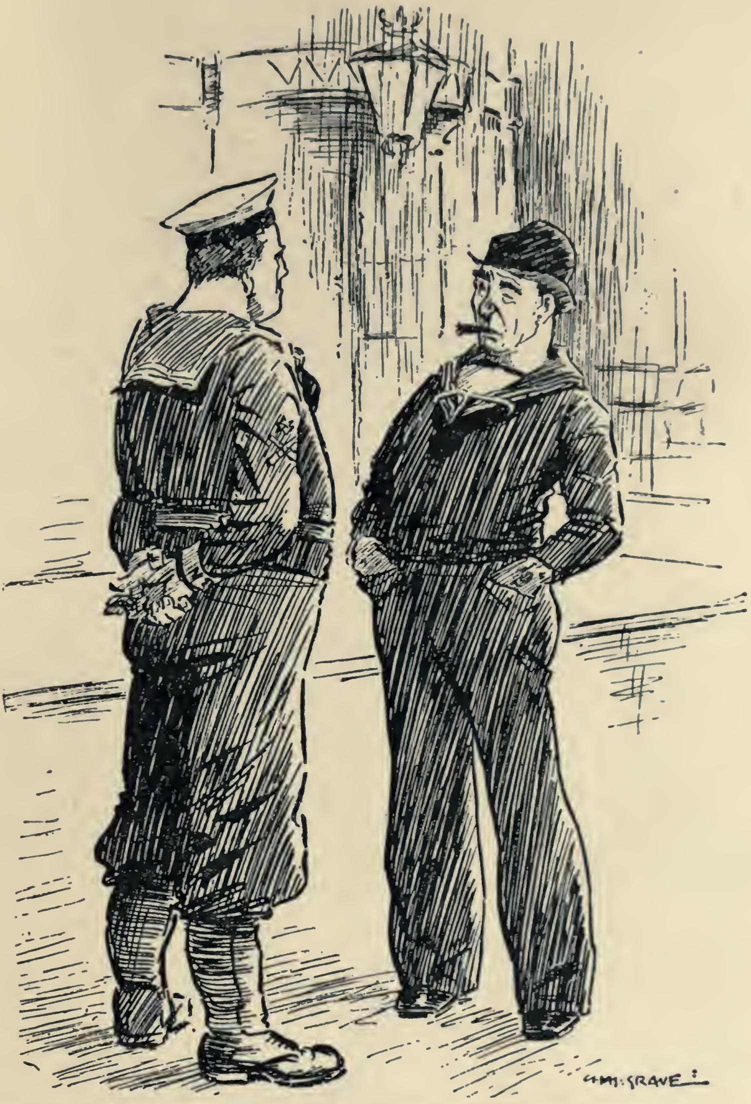


SERGEANT (*to new recruit who is grooming his horse very gingerly*). "Now then, cully, just you be careful 'ow you dust that there 'orse; 'e 's a delicate piece, 'e is, and 'e shows the slightest scratch."



EX-PETTY OFFICER. "*Waves a hundred-foot high!* Well, I done twenty-two years in the service, an' *I* never saw waves a hundred-foot high."

SAILOR. "Ah, but don't forget, things 'ave gone on since you was at sea."



PETTY OFFICER OF PATROL. "Hullo, you. What's your ship?"
SAILOR (*returning from revelry*). " 'Ow long 'ave you been blind? It's wrote plain enough on my cap, ain't it?"

" I am in the wholesale fish trade," he replied.

Well, that was that. I turned hopefully to Fortescue. I remembered him volunteering for a particularly fearsome pill-box raid, from which he crawled back a hundred yards with his thigh broken.

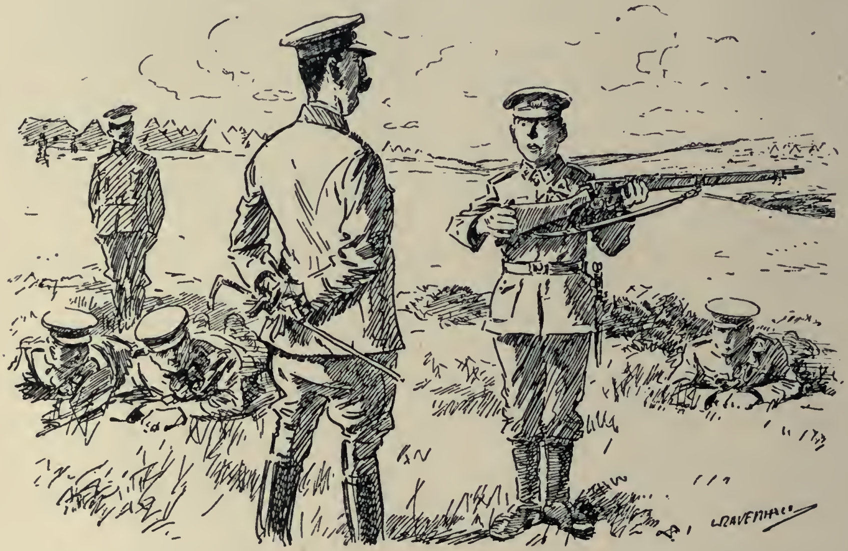
" I am in leather," he said ; " and unless split hides pick up I don't look like being in it much longer. The present state of the leather market is a crime. Where have you been ? I haven't seen you at any of these shows before."

" I've been abroad," I explained. " What shall we drink ? Thick, clear or bubbly ? "

" Ginger-ale for me," he answered. " I find that if I drink anything at night I can't sleep."

This was the man who, after three days and nights under incessant shell-fire in water-logged shell-holes, consumed in my presence a supper of tinned-ham sluiced down with champagne in pint-mugs and afterwards slept with his head on a box of Mills bombs.

Pilbeam ordered Vichy water.

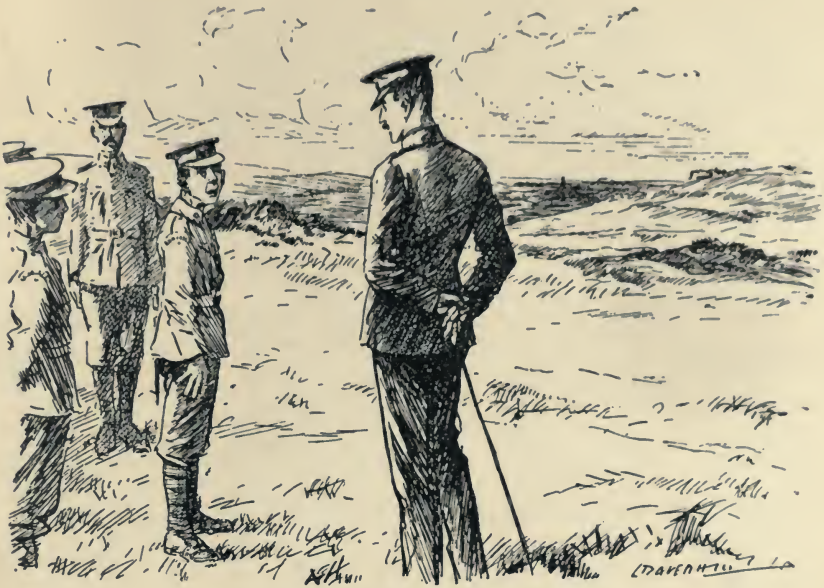


OFFICER (*at distance judging practice*). "Well, have you learnt anything new to-day?"

PRIVATE. "Yes, Sir; if you takes the bolt out of your rifle and looks through the barrel and a man just fits inside he's three hundred yards away."

OFFICER. "And what is there remarkable about that?"

PRIVATE (*after consideration*). "Nothin', 'cept that I didn't know it before."



"INTELLIGENCE" DEPARTMENT

COMPANY OFFICER. "In which direction can you see furthest?"
PROMISING RECRUIT. "The way I looks!"

" This is very different to B Sector," I remarked, trying to work up an appropriate atmosphere.

They assented.

" How's your youngest, Fortescue ?" asked Pilbeam.

" Not so good. He doesn't put on weight. My wife worries rather."

" What do you feed him on ? " Pilbeam inquired.

" ' Bonzova.' The doctor said——"

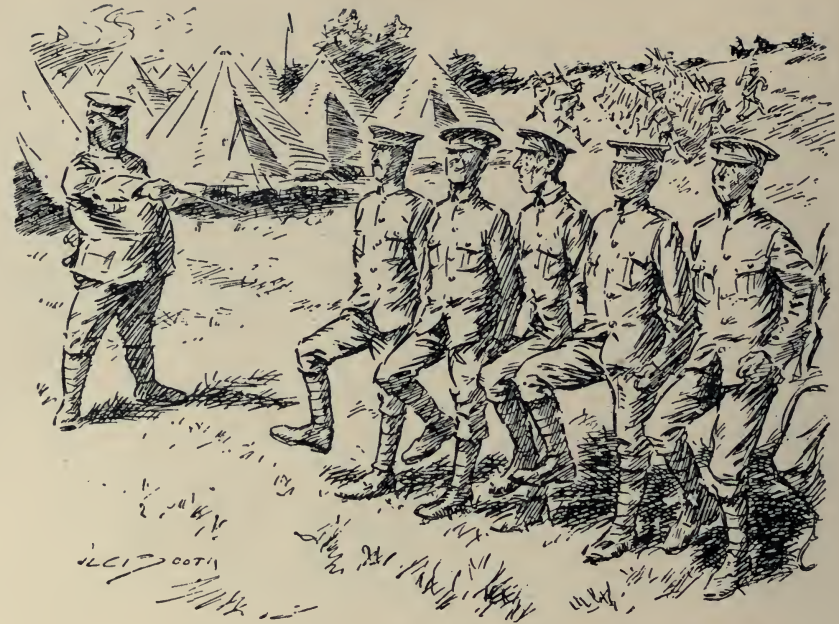
" Ah, you ought to try ' Yellins.' When we had trouble with our boy——"

I ate my fish thoughtfully. I was beginning to see that it was nearly eight years since the Armistice.

* * * * * * *

When I got home that night I sneaked up to my wardrobe and unearthed a tried and familiar friend, one Samuel Browne. He was a little dusty, but he still shone with that deep purple lustre which had been the pride of my batman.

I slipped the strap over my shoulder and pulled the belt through the buckle with trembling fingers. It ran painfully towards the old familiar hole—and



SERGEANT. "Now then, *number three*! What d' ye mean by markin' time with both legs at once?"

then ran back outwards. It was no use. My old friend and I were growing gradually apart.

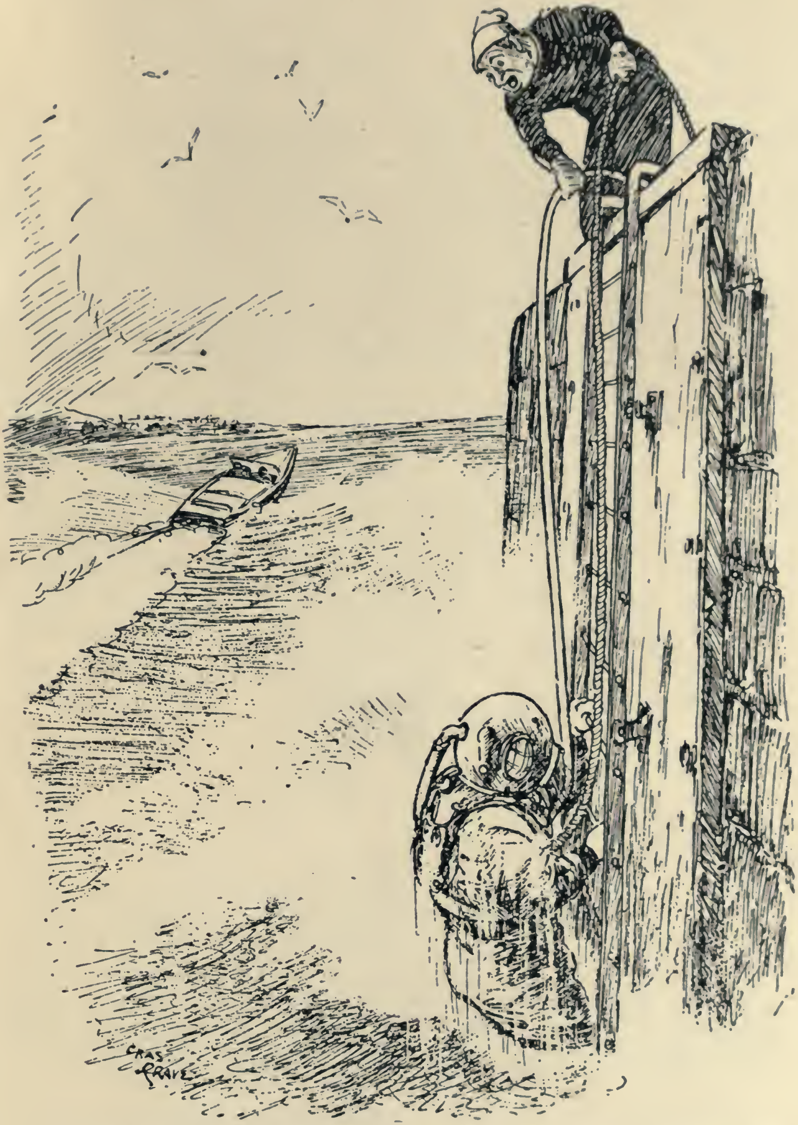
I went slowly down the stairs feeling like a dropsical Greenwich pensioner. My wife was in the hall.

" Those medals look nice on your black coat," she observed. " But I wish you could wear your uniform. It always suited you so well."

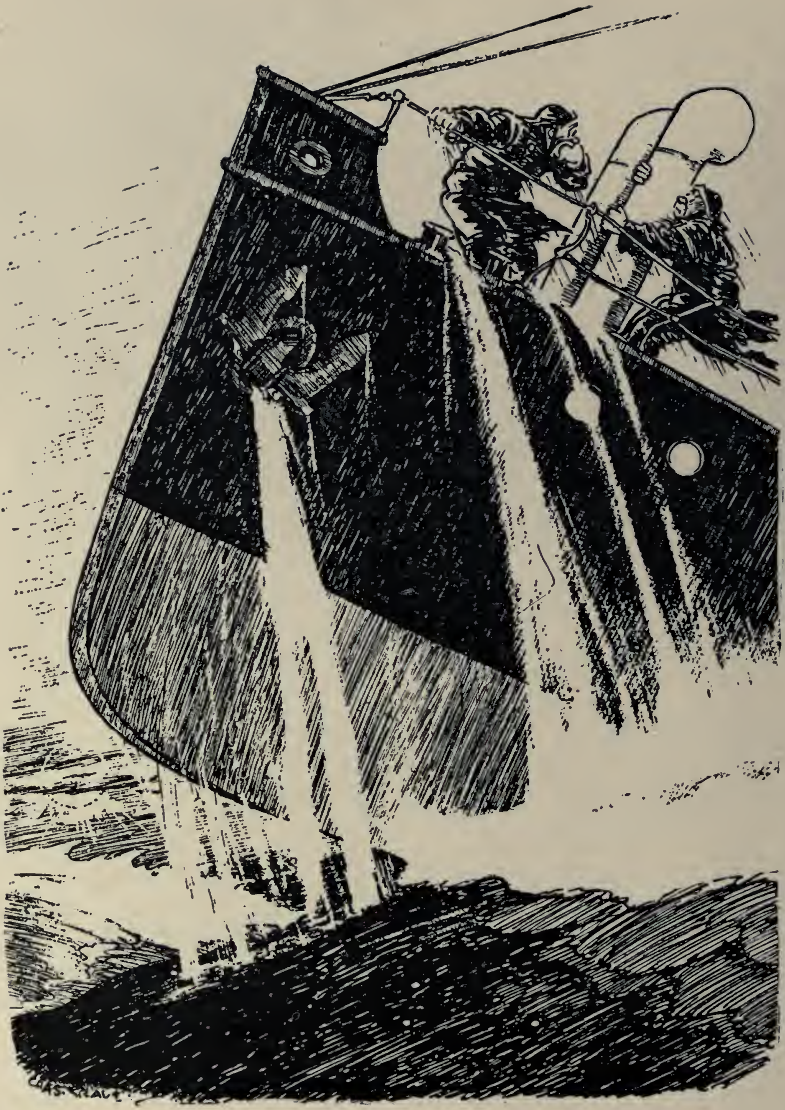
" I don't suppose it would fit me now," I said pathetically.

She looked at me anxiously. " You've been working too hard at that horrid office," she observed with obvious sincerity. " Try to get home a little earlier and you 'll soon fill out again."

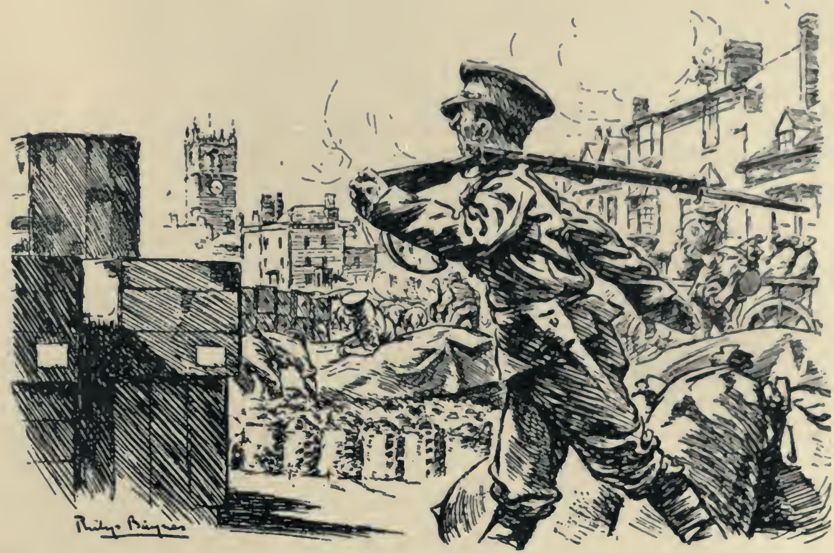
I gambolled back up the stairs and threw my Sam Browne on top of the wardrobe. All is not yet lost. I have concealed the evidence and shall do secret exercises in the bathroom until such time as Sam Browne and I can hold our own little private reunion.



CONSIDERATE HELPER (*to diver caught in wash of speed-boat*). " 'Ave they wet yer much, 'Arry?"



"My own view is that things will take an upward turn this year."



THE IMPATIENT WARRIOR

TERRITORIAL (*put on sentry over stores*). "'Arf-past four and no bloomin' war yet!"

(*May 14, 1913*)

## Demobbed

(INDIA, 1920)

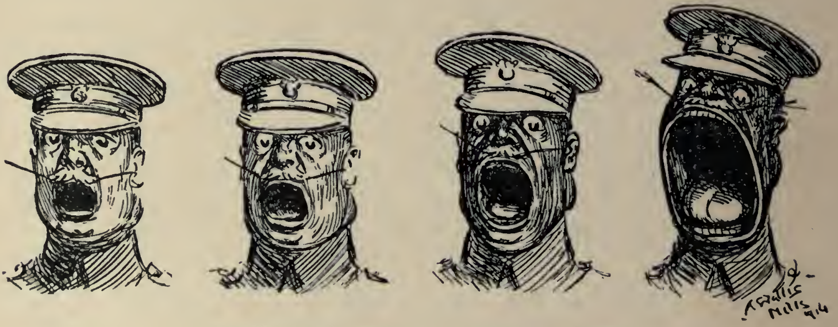
"I'M goin' home," said Hennessey, "for
I've been East too long ;
I want the English hedges an' fields an'
the English thrush's song,
An' the honest English faces an' never
nobody black ;
It's home for mine," said Hennessey,
" so it's down your tents and pack.
It'll pass out here
For a month or a year,
But not for a lifetime—no dam fear.
I want my folks," said Hennessey, " an'
I'm jolly well goin' back."
But *I* said, " Home's gone different an'
I've somehow lost the touch,
An' nobody's written for fifty years, so
*they*'re not worryin' much ;
An' I like it here ; I love it." Says
Hennessey, " Well, I'm shot !
Would ye die an' be buried in India ?"
" Well, Natty," says I, " why not ?"

" East Africa, then," said Hennessey ;
" it's a promisin' place is that—
Money to make an' jobs galore, easy an'
rich an' fat ;
An' think of the ridin' an' shootin' an'
the camp an' the trekkin' too ;
*You*'ve no ties," said Hennessey ; " it's
the place for a chap like you.
There's a grand career
For a pioneer,
Which is more than ever you'll see
out here.

East Africa's it," said Hennessey, "if the half they say is true."
But *I* said, "Blow East Africa an' slavin' yourself all day;
I'm an idle man—bone idle—with a little bit saved away,
An' I like them palm-tree beaches an' the warm blue sunlit sea;
East India, yes, an' welcome, but East Africa—no, not me."

"Well, Palestine," said Hennessey; but I cut him short and sweet,
An' "Natty," I said, "I've heard it all an' I don't want to repeat—
Jerusalem or Mombasa, Tahiti or Timbuctoo,
Or careers an' pioneerin' an' the rest of it all—nah poo!
It's no good, Nat,
For I tell you flat
I've cottoned to India an' that's just that;
*Bus hogeva;* all done—finish; I'm here till the trees turn blue,
For I love them early mornings, shiny an' clear an' grey,
An' I love the cool o' the evening when the temple drummers play,
An' the long, long, lazy afternoons, when the whole creation sleeps—
Quit it? Old man, I couldn't; I'm India's now for keeps.

"So Hennessey, you go home," I says, "an' see to the wife an' kid."
"You'll follow me there one day," says he, an' I says, "Heaven forbid!
I'll just be goin' about an' about an' keepin' an open mind
An' sometimes doin' a job o' work, but not if I'm not inclined;
An' I won't care
If I'm here or there,
Jungle or forest or feast or fair;
I'll take it all as it comes along, as the Maker o' things designed;
I'll tramp it North to the Kashmir hills an' South to the Nilgiris;
I'll find my friends as I find my fun—and that's where I dam well please;
An' never no *saman* or houses or taxes or servants to send things wrong."
"It wouldn't suit me," said Hennessey.
"It wouldn't," says I. "So long!"



From the Recruit's Point of View

SERGEANT. "Form Fours!" "As you were! Form Fours! !" "*As you were! !* Form Fours! ! !" "***! ! ! *****! ! ! !"

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